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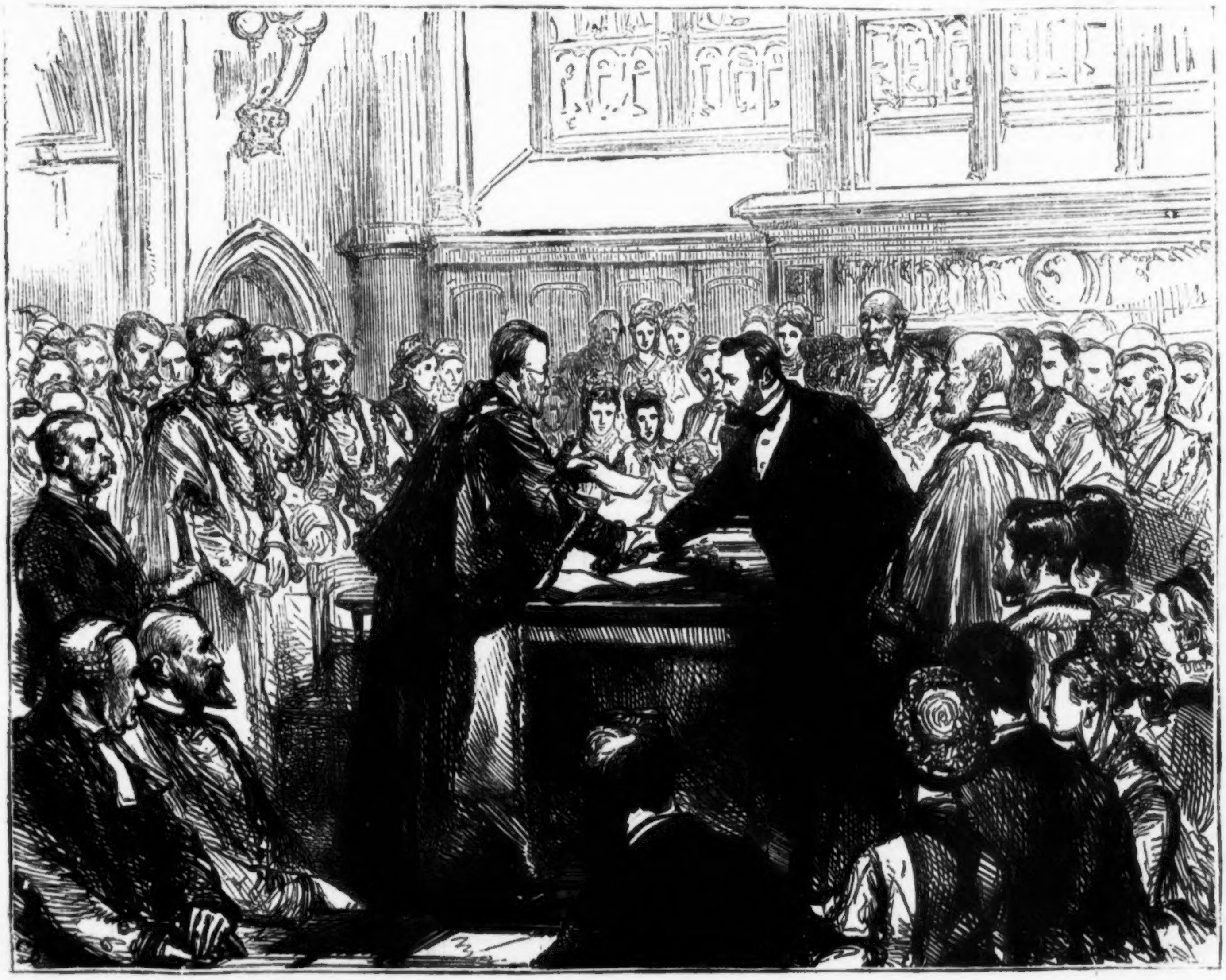
AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN ABROAD.

Ulysses S. Grant, who re-entered the American army in 1861 as an Aide-de-camp; who was Colonel and Brigadier-general in the same year, and General in 1866—the rank being created expressly for him—became President of the United States in 1869, and held the office for eight years, retiring on March 4th, 1877. These sixteen years remind one of a similar period in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, extending between the years 1795, when he was a young



GENERAL U. S. GRANT AT GUILDHALL, LONDON—THE WELCOME OF THE LORD MAYOR.

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captain of artillery—and 1810, when, with the Empire which he had formed at its apex of splendor and glory, he married the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa, and thus allied himself to the proud and ancient House of Hapsburg. The resemblance, it is true, consists only in the rapid rise in the fortunes of the two heroes, and the influence exerted thereby upon their respective countries.

But what may be esteemed as a higher honor still, as the world views these things, than had yet been conferred upon him, was waiting for ex-President Grant, when he retired from his official position, and sunk rank, title and authority in simple citizenship. After sixteen years of arduous and responsible labor in the cause of his country, it was natural that the chieftain should seek rest, and that by travel and association with foreign peoples he should endeavor to relieve mind and body of the strain which these had so long borne without wavering, or without relinquishing for a single instant, even, the vast purposes which he had in view. In announcing his intention to visit Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, General Grant doubtless never for a moment contemplated a reception differing in courtesy or evidence of esteem from what is customarily extended by any people toward visitors of name and repute. He departed from these shores as a citizen representative of a sovereign people. That he was received at the Court of St. James and by the nobility and aristocracy of Great Britain, the most exclusive in the world, as individual sovereigns are customarily received, was at once a graceful compliment to his own merit and acknowledged worth as an officer and statesman, and a concession no less graceful to the actual sovereignty of the people of the United States of America.

General Grant sailed from Philadelphia on the American Line steamship *Indiana*, on Thursday, May 17th, 1877. During the week previous to his departure he was the recipient of numerous attentions on the part of distinguished officials and citizens of Philadelphia. On the 14th he held a reception at the Union League Club House, the guests being introduced by ex-Secretary Borie; and afterward reviewed the First Regiment of Infantry, N. G. of Pennsylvania, which paraded before the Club House. General Grant had also visited the Permanent Exhibition Building on May 10th, the day of its opening. On the 16th he received the veteran soldiers and sailors to the number of 1,200 at Independence Hall, after which, in company with Governor Hartranft, he drove to the residence of Mr. Geo. W. Childs, where he took luncheon, and where, in the evening, he was serenaded, the house being brilliantly illuminated, and a review of soldiers' and sailors' orphans being a part of the programme. On the morning of the 17th the ex-President took breakfast with Governor Hartranft, Senator Cameron, General Sherman and Hamilton Fish, after which he was escorted to the wharf, where he took a small steamer and proceeded to the *Indiana*. The escort down the river comprised some twelve or fifteen steamers and a fleet of river craft, all decorated with flags and generally dressed in holiday attire. Among those accompanying the ex-President, were the Mayor and City Council of Philadelphia, the Philadelphia judiciary, the city delegation in Congress, United States Senators from Philadelphia, Governor and State officers, the General-in-Chief of the United States Army, four members of General Grant's Cabinet, and a large number of distinguished citizens.

The *Indiana* made a quick and pleasant voyage, arriving in Liverpool on May 28th. All the passengers agreed in reporting that throughout the journey General Grant threw off the reticence so characteristic of him, and became cordial and familiar. He rose early, and generally paced the deck for an hour with Mrs. Grant, enjoying the morning breeze. After breakfast it was his custom to enter the smoking-room, where he joined in general conversation with a geniality and frankness unexpected by those who knew him only by repute. The customary reticence, however, was still preserved whenever any question of politics came up as a topic of conversation, while as to the events of the war he spoke with entire freedom.

On arriving at Liverpool, General Grant was met by General Adam Badeau, United States Consul-General at London, with several prominent Americans; and on reaching the wharf the party were received by the Mayor of Liverpool and members of the Common Council, who extended to them the hospitalities of the city. This courtesy being thankfully accepted, the party proceeded to view Liverpool, where they remained two days. On the 30th, General Grant visited Manchester, where he was received by the Mayor and members of the corporation, and where he made the longest speech of his life, filling no fewer than thirty-two lines in a printed verbatim report. His reception in Liverpool and Manchester certainly surprised General Grant, and he expressed his satisfaction frequently. The reception, in fact, was by no means confined to officials, who had him immediately in charge. Wherever he appeared in public, crowds assembled and cheered him to the echo. Already the extraordinary friendliness which was afterward everywhere manifested in England had begun to show itself emphatically. During his stay in London, General Grant was the guest of the Minister of the United States, Hon. Edwards Pierrepont; and from the time of his arrival in the British capital he was not only the object of public curiosity, but was the recipient of courtesies and hospitalities on the part of the leading members of the aristocracy and nobility, to an extent unprecedented in the case of a private citizen. On June 5th the general held a reception at Mr. Pierrepont's house, at which there was a large attendance, including the Lord Chancellor and Lady Cairns, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord and Lady Cardwell, Lord and Lady Selbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol. This reception was followed by a dinner at Lord Houghton's, and by another given by the Duke of Devonshire; following which there occurred a reception at the pleasant house of General Badeau, in Beaufort Gardens. General Badeau, who formerly held the position of aide-de-camp to General Grant, resumed his old office by a special appointment from Washington. From this time forward every day had its special reception or dinner, and every evening its ball or other entertainment, designed to show hospitality and courtesy toward the distinguished American visitor.

On June 15th there was conferred upon General Grant the honorary freedom of the City of London with the customary ceremonies. The affair took place at the Guildhall, about 800 ladies and gentlemen being present. These included several members of the Government, American official representatives, merchants and members of the American colony, as well as distinguished citizens of London. Among the guests were Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many members of Parliament. The entrance to the hall and corridors of Guildhall was laid with crimson cloth, the walls being decorated with mirrors and exotics. General Grant was accompanied by Mrs. Grant, and by Minister and Mrs. Pierrepont. He was received at the entrance of the Guildhall by a deputation of the city government, and being conducted to the library, listened to the resolution of the special court of the Common Council convened to confer the freedom of the city. An address being made by the Chamberlain admitting General Grant to the freedom of the city, the right hand of fellowship was extended to him by that official, and its cordial grasping by General Grant completed the ceremony, and was received with loud applause. The General then subscribed his name to the Roll of Honorary Freemen, after which he was conducted by the Lord Mayor to the Guildhall, where an elegant luncheon had been provided. The document conferring the freedom of the City of London upon General Grant was inclosed in a gold casket, having on the obverse central panel a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left of this the monogram and arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side is a view of the entrance to Guildhall and an appropriate inscription. At the ends two emblematic figures in gold, finely modeled and chased, represent the City of London and the United States. Other ornaments are, laurel wreathed with corn and cotton; a cornucopia, emblematic of the fertility and prosperity of the United States; and the rose, shamrock and thistle. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the City of London. The casket is supported by two American eagles, modeled and chased in gold, the whole standing on a velvet plinth, decorated with stars and stripes.

On the 16th, General Grant dined with the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House, and on the 19th with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. On the 21st, these festivities culminated in a grand dinner at the residence of Minister Pierrepont, when, for the first time in the history of rank and title, a simple citizen of a Republic took precedence of all rank, except royalty itself. On this occasion there were six ambassadors present, four dukes, three marquises, five earls, and the Lord Chancellor of the realm. According to the complicated *technique* of the British system of precedence, all of these distinguished personages should properly precede the American guest in the procession, which passed from the drawing-room to the dining-room. In this instance, however, such was not the case; and in England, where these matters are considered as of vastly greater importance than is accorded them here, it is conceded to have been the crowning triumph of worth and diplomacy that General Grant should have ranked everybody present, giving way only to the heir-apparent of the Crown of England. At this dinner, General Grant sat at the right hand of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Richmond being on Mrs. Grant's right. All of this strikes the average American as of very little moment; but in England, and throughout the courts of Europe, such concessions mean a great deal, and are, in fact, to be recognized as the agencies employed in tacitly according to General Grant rank allowed by customary usage only to royalty itself.

On the evening following the dinner at Minister Pierrepont's, the Queen gave a state ball at Buckingham Palace, at which General Grant was present. On the same evening he also appeared at Covent Garden Opera House, where "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by Mademoiselle Albani as a special honor.

On the evening of the 23d of June, the General was the guest of the Corporation of Trinity House, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is the master. The duke being absent, the Prince of Wales presided, the assemblage being brilliant and representative. In responding to the toast of his own health, the first given after that of the Queen, the Prince of Wales thus referred to the distinguished American guest:

> "On the present occasion, it is a matter of peculiar gratification to us as Englishmen to receive as our guest General Grant. I can assure him for myself, and for all the loyal subjects of the Queen, that it has given us the greatest pleasure to see him as a guest in this country."

Earl Carnarvon proposed the health of the visitors, coupling with the toast the name of General Grant. He said:

> "Strangers of all classes, men of letters, arts, sciences, statesmen, and all that has been most worthy and great, have, as it were, come to this centre of world civilization. I venture, without disparagement to any of these illustrious guests, to say that never has there been one to whom we willingly accord a freer, fuller and heartier welcome than we do to General Grant on this occasion. Not merely because he has performed the part of a distinguished general, nor because he has twice filled the highest office which the citizens of his great country can fill, but because we look upon him as representing that good-will and affection which ought to subsist between us and the United States. It has been my duty to be connected with the great Dominion of Canada, stretching several thousand miles along the frontier of the United States; and during the last three or four years, I can truthfully say that nothing impressed me more than the interchange of friendly and good offices which took place between the two countries, under the auspices of President Grant."

To these complimentary remarks, General Grant replied that he felt more impressed than he had possibly ever felt before on any occasion. He came here under the impression that this was Trinity House, and that trinity consisted of the Army, Navy and Peace. He thought it was a place of quiet, where there would be no talk or toasts, and was, therefore, naturally surprised at hearing both. The General referred particularly to the complimentary remarks made by his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and by the Earl of Carnarvon, and briefly returned thanks to both. At this banquet there were present Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, Prince Leiningen, Prince of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Carnarvon, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Chief-Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn.

General Grant now left the residence of Minister Pierrepont, and during the remainder of his visit in London was the guest of General Badeau.

It is proper at this point to present a letter written by General Grant to George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia, which, as it contains the General's own views, so far as he had formed any during the brief period which had then elapsed since his arrival in England, is worthy of preservation:

> "London, June 19th, 1877.
>
> "My Dear Mr. Childs: After an unusually stormy passage for any season of the year, and continuous sea-sickness generally among the passengers after the second day out, we reached Liverpool Monday afternoon, the 28th of May. Jesse and I proved to be among the few good sailors. Neither of us felt a moment's uneasiness during the voyage. I had proposed to leave Liverpool immediately on arrival, and proceed to London, where I knew our Minister had made arrangements for the formal reception, and had accepted for me a few invitations of courtesy. But what was my surprise to find nearly all the shipping in port at Liverpool decorated with flags of all nations, and from the mainmast of each the flag of the Union most conspicuous. The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find standing-room, and the streets to the hotel where it was understood my party would stop were packed. The demonstration was, to all appearances, as hearty and as enthusiastic as in Philadelphia on our departure. The Mayor was present with his state carriage, to convey us to the hotel; and after that he took us to his beautiful country residence some six miles out, where we were entertained with a small party of gentlemen, and remained over night. The following day a large party was given at the official residence of the Mayor in the city, at which there were some one hundred and fifty of the distinguished citizens and officials of the corporation present. Pressing invitations were sent from most of the cities in the kingdom to have me visit them. I accepted for a day at Manchester, and stopped a few moments at Leicester and at one other place. The same hearty welcome was shown at each place, as you have no doubt seen. The press of the country has been exceedingly kind and courteous. So far, I have not been permitted to travel in a regular train, much less in a common car. The Midland road, which penetrates a great portion of the island, including Wales and Scotland, have extended me the courtesy of their road and a Pullman car to take me wherever I wish to go during the whole of my stay in England. We arrived in London on Monday evening, the 30th of May, when I found our Minister had accepted engagements for me up to the 27th of June, leaving but a few spare days in the

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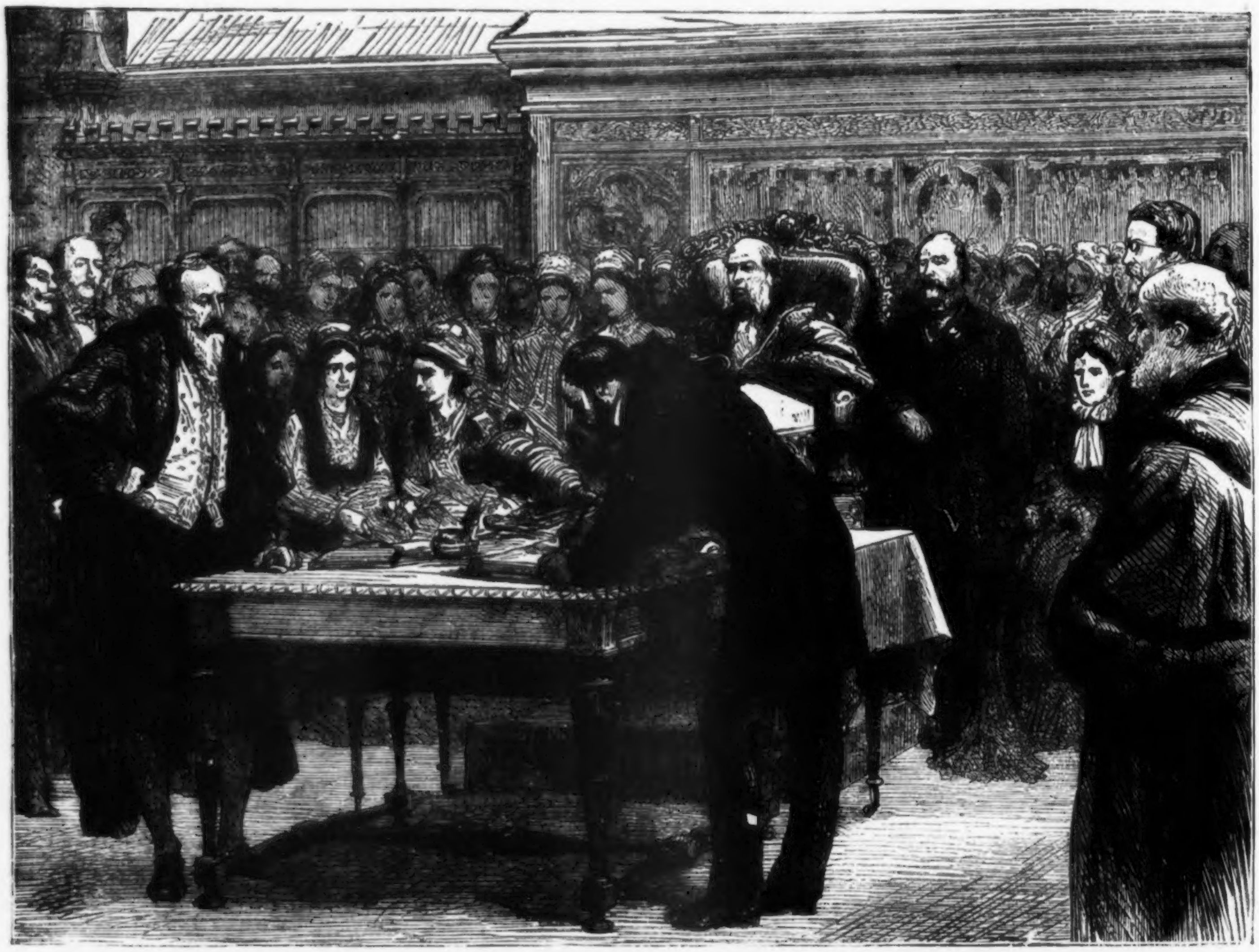
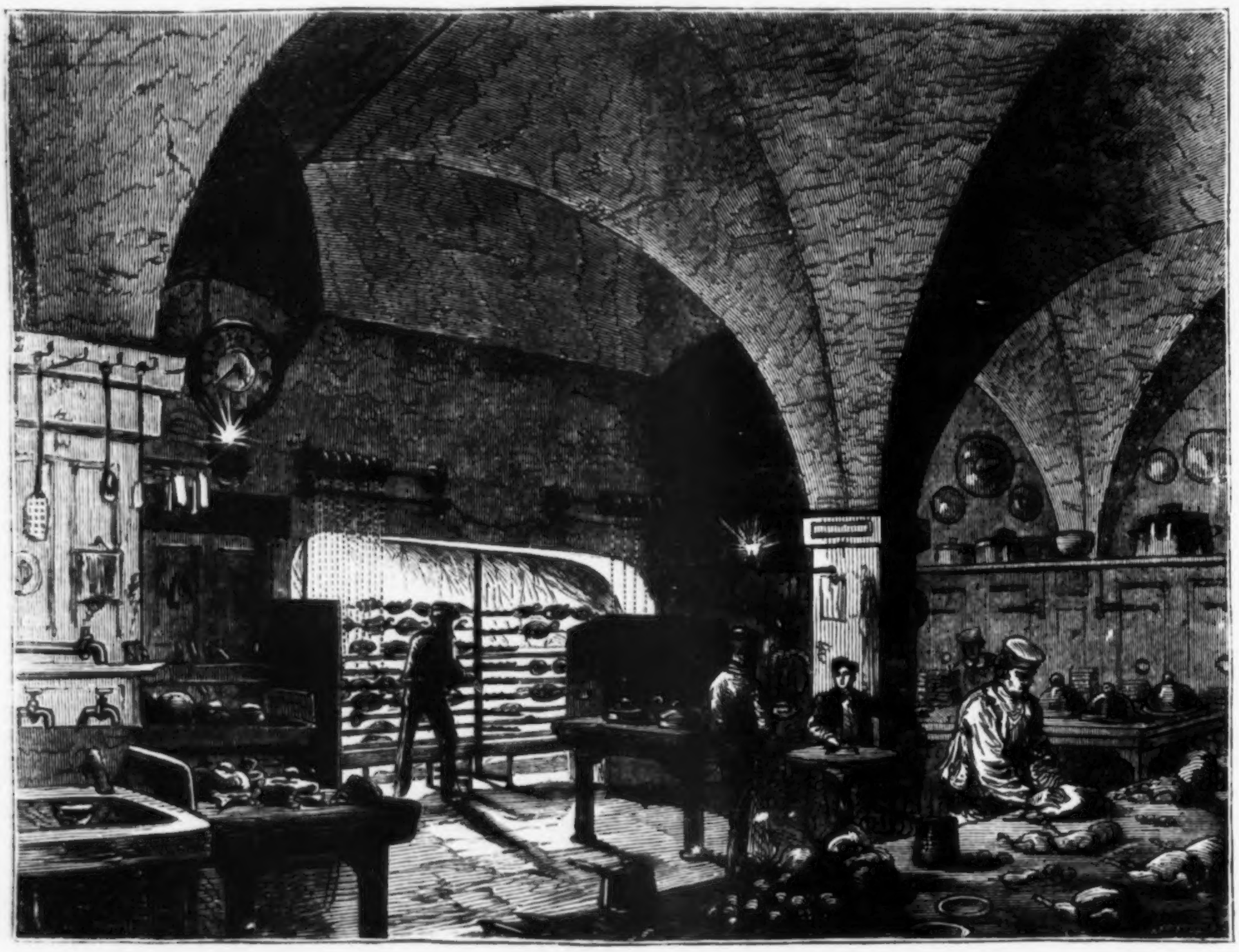


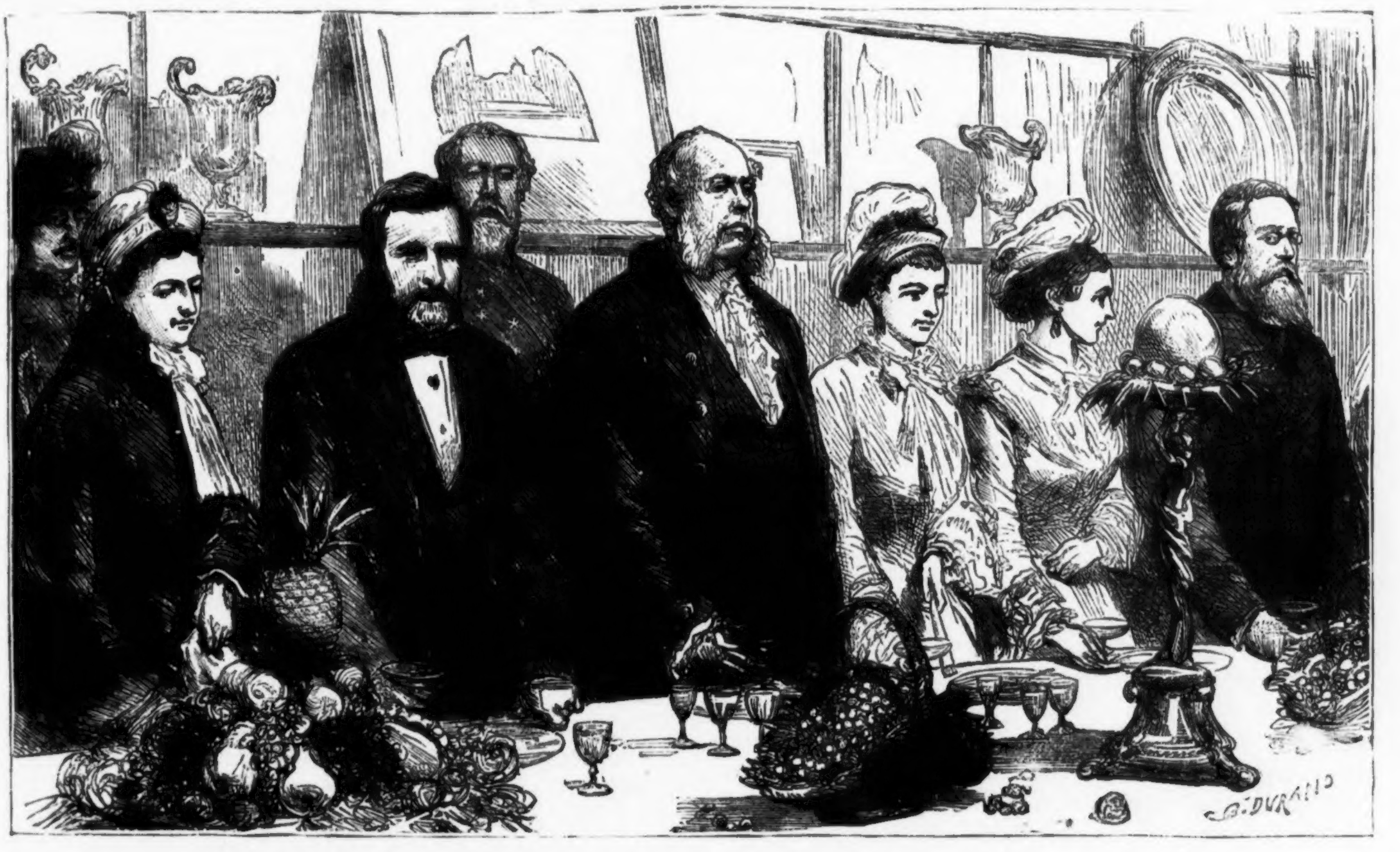
CONFERRING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON.—GENERAL GRANT SIGNING THE RECORD.



THE KITCHEN IN THE MANSION HOUSE.—PREPARING FOR THE BANQUET.

interval. On Saturday last we dined with the Duke of Wellington, and last night the formal reception at Judge Pierrepont's was held. It was a great success, most brilliant in the numbers, rank and attire of the audience, and was graced by the presence of every American in the city, who had called on the Minister or left a card for me. I doubt whether London has ever seen a private house so elaborately or tastefully decorated as was our American Minister's last night. I am deeply indebted to him for the pains he has taken to make my stay pleasant, and for the attentions extended to our country. I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country honored and respected abroad, and I am proud that it is respected by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousies between England and the United States abated, and every sore healed. Together, they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove causes of war by creating mutual interests that would be so much endangered by war. I have written very hastily, and a good deal at length, but I trust this will not bore you. Had I written for publication, I should have taken more pains.

"U. S. GRANT."



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET TO GENERAL GRANT—DRINKING THE HEALTH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

On the very day when this letter was written, General Grant attended a *fête* given in his honor at the Alexandra Palace. Here he was warmly received by the public, and listened to a concert, the programme of which was largely made up of American airs. These included "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia," besides which there was performed a new march, entitled "Ulysses," composed in honor of General Grant by a Mr. Hill. The programme was interpreted by Mademoiselle Rose Hersee, Signor Foli, and other artists, and by the choir and band of the Alexandra Palace, and the bands of the Royal Artillery, and the Coldstream Guards. Beside the pieces already mentioned, there were played the "Soldier's March and Chorus" from Faust, and the well-known air "Hail to the Chief."

It was on the evening of this day that the dinner party was given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, in honor of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, at which General Grant was present as an invited guest, with the Dukes of Cambridge and Wellington, the Marquis of Hartington, Earl Granville, the Duke of Manchester, Mr. Pierrepont, General Badeau, and the principal members of the Cabinet.

An interesting incident of General Grant's tour was his visit to the city of Bath, on the occasion of the show of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, the oldest of the great English Associations, and one which has done the most to popularize in Great Britain the numerous inventions of the Americans. Bath, which is celebrated as a watering-place, is well-known to the readers of "Pickwick Papers," and to all those who are familiar with the history of Beau Nash. The fall of a foot-bridge, occurring this year, resulted in some loss of life and serious injury to many pleasure-seekers, and served to cast a gloom over the city of Bath. Recognizing this, General Grant telegraphed his regrets and desired to put off his visit. The authorities, however, would not hear of a postponement, and the trip was accordingly made; the General being received by the Mayor and Corporation of the city. His worship presented a brief address, offering to General Grant, in the name of the citizens of Bath, a hearty welcome, and assuring him that Bath always accepted with gratification any opportunity of showing its respect for the great country to which he had rendered signal services, and which had reposed in him its highest confidence. The General responded in a few words, expressing his gratitude for the reception accorded him and his regret that a distressing accident should have signalized the occurrence of the exhibition.

The General was entertained at luncheon in the Grand Pump Room, which was once frequented by Beau Nash and his companion exquisites. The carriage in which the Mayor and General Grant drove to the show-yard was adorned with American flags, and wherever he appeared the distinguished visitor was the object of enthusiasm and applause—a vast crowd assembling at the depot, when the train departed conveying him to London.

On June 26th, General and Mrs. Grant, and the American Minister proceeded to Windsor, to accept the invitation extended by the Queen. Her Majesty received her guests at the foot of the grand staircase, a ceremony only usual

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in the case of crowned heads. In the evening, a dinner party assembled, including royalty and dignitaries of the highest rank; and on the following morning, General and Mrs. Grant drove through Windsor Great Park in one of the Queen's carriages, and afterward to the Great Western Railway Station, where the party took the noon train to London.

On the same evening, a state concert was given at Buckingham Palace, at which were present General and Mrs. Grant, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Christian, and the Princess Helena, the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Duke of Cambridge.

On the following day he visited Liverpool, by appointment, to attend a banquet given in his honor, and which was held in the large ball-room of the Town Hall. On this occasion, General Grant appeared in his uniform of General of the United States Army, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. He sat on the right of the Mayor, having next to him Lieutenant-general Sir Henry De Bathe, Commander of the Forces in the Northern District. The Mayor, in proposing General Grant's health, referred to the sterling qualities which he possessed as a soldier, and which had enabled him to restore peace and prosperity to his country. In response, General Grant said that the reception he encountered in England was far beyond his expectation, and was such as any living being might feel proud of. He believed, however, that it was indicative of the friendly relations which existed between two peoples, who were of one kindred, blood, and civilization, and he hoped that friendship between them would continue to be cultivated, and would long endure.

Referring to some remarks relative to the British Army, he said there were as many soldiers now in camp at Aldershot as in the regular army of the United States; but, if necessary, the United States could raise volunteers, and he and Mr. Fairchild (Consul at Liverpool) were examples of what those volunteers were.

General Grant returned to London on the 29th of June. On the evening of July 2d, he visited the House of Lords, and stood at the foot of the throne. The Earl of Carnarvon, upon perceiving his presence, quitted the Treasury Bench and chatted with him in a friendly manner for some moments, after which the General proceeded to the House of Commons, where he remained for a short time in the gallery for distinguished visitors.

On the following day, a deputation of forty men, each belonging to a different trade, and representing altogether about one million English workmen, waited on General Grant at General Badeau's house, and presented him an address, welcoming him to England, and assuring him of their good wishes and deep regard for the welfare and progress of America, where British workmen had always found a welcome. Brief but cordial speeches were then made by various members of the deputation, to all of which General Grant replied in the following language:

> "In the name of my country, I thank you for the address you have presented to me. I feel it a great compliment paid my Government, and one to me personally. Since my arrival on British soil, I have received great attentions, which were intended, I feel sure, in the same way for my country. I have had ovations, free handshakings, presentations from different classes, from the Government, from the controlling authorities of cities, and have been received in the cities by the populace; but there has been no reception I am prouder of than this, to-day. I recognize the fact that, whatever there is of greatness in the United States, as indeed in any other country, is due to labor. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor there would be no government and no leading class, and nothing to preserve. With us, labor is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded, it is because man dishonors labor. We recognize that labor dishonors no man, and no matter what a man's occupation is, he is eligible to fill any post in the gift of the people. His occupation is not considered, in selecting, whether as a law-maker or as an executor of the law. Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, all I can do is to renew my thanks for the address, and repeat what I have said before, that I have received nothing from any class, since my arrival, which has given me more pleasure."

On July 5th, General Grant left London and proceeded to Folkestone, where he embarked on the special steamer *Victoria*, for Ostend. At Folkestone, the General received the Mayor and Corporation, and was addressed by the former on behalf of the city. In response to this address he spoke as follows:

> "I thank you for what has been said in honor of my own great country. It has been a feeling of mine, of many years' standing, that the United States and Great Britain should be the very best friends. You have kindly referred to my efforts, as executive of the United States, to settle the questions that were existing between the two countries, and which were liable, at any time, to create disturbance. Fortunately, however, these difficulties were settled in a manner creditable to both countries. There was no desire on my part, and I am sure there was none on the part of the thinking people of the United States, that England should be humiliated in any sense, and there was certainly a determination on our part that we should not be humiliated; but we wanted a settlement that should be honorable to both nations. That was my desire, at all events."

On the following evening, July 6th, General Grant reached Brussels, and commenced his continental tour, traveling incognito. At Brussels he was visited by the King of Belgium, and after remaining there until July 9th, proceeded to Cologne, Coblentz, and thence to Frankfort-on-the-Main. But as this article is designed to follow the footsteps of the illustrious tourist only during his stay in Great Britain, we need only observe that his further design included journeying to Berlin, *en route* for Sweden and Norway, after which his course would be uncertain.

While in London, General Grant by no means confined his movements to dining-out and appearing at receptions. It is related that it was customary for him to make almost daily visits to the city — that is, the business portion of London — through which section he strolled quietly with General Badeau, acquainting himself with the various points of local interest.

As to the General's opinions with regard to what he saw in England, some of these have leaked out through interviews and correspondence. The appearance of the country, as he traveled through it, impressed the General sensibly. The lovely verdure and highly finished cultivation made a marked impression upon his mind. He appears to have been also deeply impressed with the well-ordered cities, whose streets struck him as being lighted, cleaned, and policed with remarkable system. The noise of the street crowds, and their general good nature, also attracted his attention.

General Grant commented freely upon the American political system, in which he admitted there were many unsatisfactory elements. The scramble for office, the strife for spoils, and the freedom of public criticism he included among these.

Perhaps the most graceful and at the same time just commentary upon General Grant's visit to Great Britain was furnished by Mr. G. W. Smalley, the accomplished correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who wrote as follows:

> "Now that General Grant has actually gone, and the long triumph of his reception has come to an end, I wish to repeat that his coming here has been of real service to his country. It has really knit a little closer the ties that bind England and America. In some of the talk upon this subject, there has been a trace of exaggeration, but put all the exaggeration aside, and enough remains to be of substantial value. It has been one other benefit, which General Grant has conferred upon his country. He has taken as

little as possible of the glory to himself. It is for the Republic, and in the name of his fellow-citizens, that he has invariably accepted the many marks of affection and attention bestowed upon him. In his demeanor there has been nothing to criticise and much to admire. In the friendship shown him, in the honors laid at his feet, there has been a sincere wish, on the part of Englishmen, of all classes, to show their good-will and respect for the Chief Magistrate, for the General, and for their own kindred across the ocean."

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable among the entertainments afforded to General Grant while in London was the dinner given him by Mr. John Russell Young, of the New York *Herald*, at the Grosvenor Hotel, on June 29th. The exceptional feature of this dinner was the fact that most of the guests were journalists. Among these were the following: Mr. Thomas Walker, for some time editor of the *Daily News*, a powerful journal, which sustained the American cause during the rebellion, while almost every other London paper defended that of the Confederates; Mr. Frank Hill, present editor of the same paper, and Mr. Robinson, its manager; Mr. Frank Rae and Mr. Pigott, writers on the *News*, were also present; Mr. Lucy, editor of *Mayfair*, a new weekly; Mr. MacDonald, business manager and news manager of the *Times;* Mr. Stebbing, his editorial colleague, and Mr. MacDonell, the *Times* leader-writer, were also among the guests. Others were Mr. Frank Greenwood, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. Traill, of the same paper; Mr. George Augustus Sala, the well-known correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph;* Mr. Edward Dicey, editor of the *Observer;* Mr. Edmund Yates, the novelist, and editor of the *World*. The American journalists present included Mr. Moncure D. Conway; Mr. William Winter, the graceful dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune;* and Mr. Chamberlain, son of the well-known journalist. Among the guests not newspaper-men were Monsignor Capel, Mr. Roscoe Conkling, Sir Joseph Fayrer, who was physician to the Prince of Wales in India; Mr. MacMillan, the publisher; and General Badeau. Here may properly be quoted some remarks concerning General Grant, made by Mr. Lucy, already mentioned, at this dinner:

> "I do not know any man who can be silent with equal effect. He has a stern, steadfast way of regarding an interlocutor, which suggests that, if his tongue were loosed, he could rather astonish him with his eloquence. To a man who generally has an interminable *queue* of people waiting to be introduced, this is an invaluable gift; as each man goes away with the impression that, but for the crush, the General would have opened his heart and confided to him his views on current topics, particularly his estimate of the character of the late President Johnson. At worst, there broods above the round head (it is not round, but square) and shortly cut hair of Ulysses the lull that fell over Shiloh when the battle was over, and the appalling silence of Appomattox Court-house as Lee advanced, with head erect and sword held hilt outward."

Summing up the incidents which occurred during General Grant's stay in England, and the reflections which occur naturally upon these, we are first impressed with the thoroughness and universality of the consideration accorded him. It was a revelation to the American public to find that the English, who are not exactly a demonstrative people, should have first formed so high an estimate of our General and ex-President, and next, that they manifested their opinion so emphatically. After this, we must concede that what might reasonably have turned the head of almost any man appears to have affected General Grant not at all. Accepting all the dignities, honors and attentions showered upon him as bestowed only upon one of forty millions of sovereign Americans, he modestly, yet with a dignity which is of itself self-assertive, rejects all personal claim in the matter, and assumes for himself only his republican prerogative of citizenship. One other potent influence occurs as a result of this visit besides that referred to by Mr. Smalley. This is the awakening in the minds of the American people of a comprehension of the esteem in which the deeds of General Grant, both military and civil, have caused him to be held abroad; and following this, there has naturally been aroused among his countrymen a corresponding increase of admiration. In fact, it is gradually dawning on the American mind that there is probably no other so popular American in or out of his native country as General Ulysses S. Grant, the conqueror of peace for his country; and the conciliating statesman, who produced accord out of discord through the High Joint Commission at Geneva.

BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

Some years ago, a mercantile case of considerable magnitude was depending in the Court of Queen's Bench, in which, though the pleadings were unavoidably complicated and voluminous, the merits lay within a nutshell, and seemed to be so clearly with the plaintiff, that he could not comprehend what the defendant meant by persevering in his determination to incur the heavy cost of a trial before a special jury in London.

Again and again were the pleadings and proofs anxiously reviewed, but displayed nothing warranting the defendant's pertinacity.

The present Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer led for the plaintiff, and the late Sir William Follett for the defendant; and at the plaintiff's consultation all his three counsel expressed their curiosity to know what the defendant could be about; and the day of trial was awaited with no little anxiety.

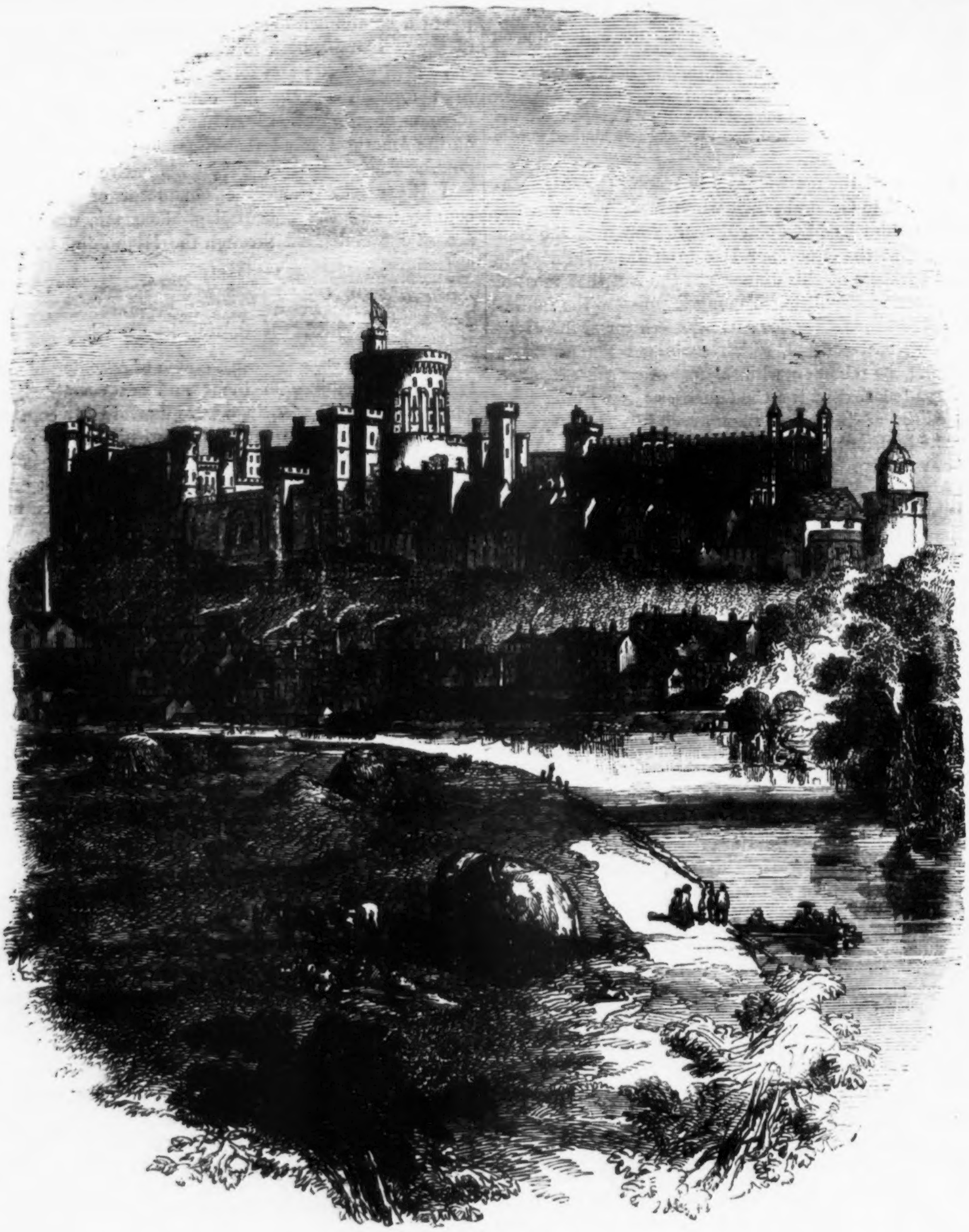
Now, mark! On the afternoon of the day but one before that fixed for the cause to come on, a young clerk of the defendant's attorney was dining at Dolly's chop-house with a friend, whom he was telling of a "great commercial case" in their office, in which Sir William Follett was going to nonsuit the plaintiff, because of a flaw in the declaration—a defective breach—in support of which a considerable number of witnesses were coming up on behalf of the plaintiff from Cheshire. He mentioned what the defect was, and that was distinctly overheard by one of the plaintiff's principal witnesses, whose person was unknown to the speaker, and who, hastening his dinner, started off to the plaintiff's attorney, and told him what he had heard.

The attorney instantly drove off to his junior counsel; a second consultation was fixed; the blot was acknowledged to exist, to the consternation of the plaintiff's attorney, a very able and vigilant practitioner, who had bestowed great pains on the case. An effort was made, unsuccessfully, to amend; the record was therefore withdrawn, and the witnesses were sent back. The declaration was ultimately amended at a fearful cost, all expenses previously incurred being, of course, thrown away.

Before the cause had become ripe, however, for trial, the plaintiff died; the defendant, a foreign merchant, fell into embarrassed circumstances; and the executors of the plaintiff recovered nothing. The slip in the declaration had been made by the junior counsel, a consummate pleader, whose large practice occasioned him to draw the declaration, which was long and intricate, in too much haste."

If you pursue good without labor, the labor passes away and the good remains; but if you pursue pleasure with evil, the pleasure passes away, and the evil remains.

He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice in both.

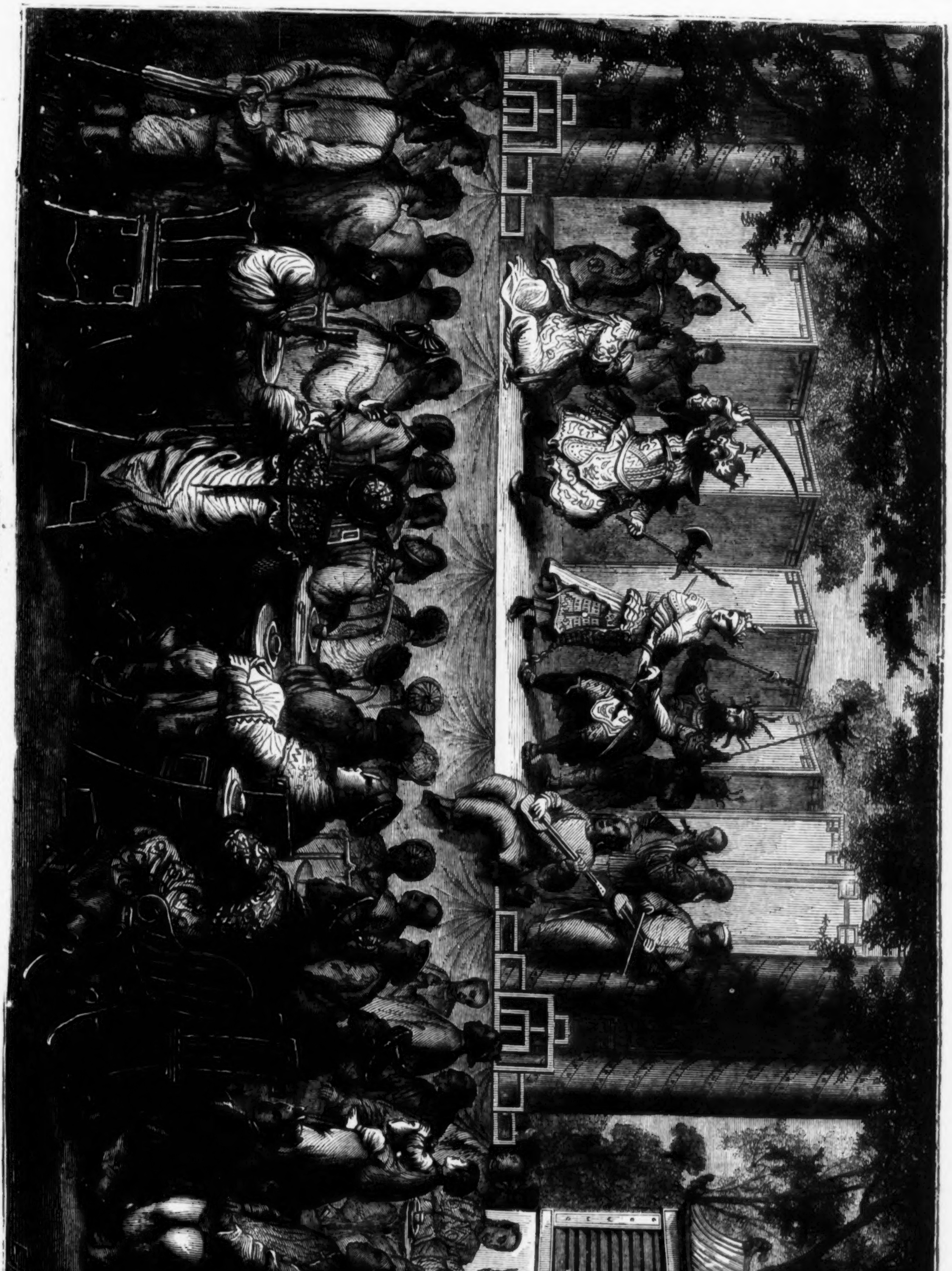


WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.

AN AFTERNOON AT A PEKIN THEATRE.

The announcement that a famous troupe of Chinese comedians were to give a performance of unusual brilliancy, and the recommendations of Professor Li, an accomplished amateur of the dramatic art, for me on no account to allow the opportunity to slip, led to my paying a visit to the principal theatre of Pekin. I had already seen the *Palm Flower Snatched Away* performed at Shanghai, but this was a piece written in the Soochow dialect, and some of the parts had been sustained by women—a thing contrary to law since the Emperor Tchien Loung had raised an actress to the dignity of an imperial concubine, and now only tolerated in the treaty ports.

The Pekin Theatre is a large, square building, one side of which is occupied by the stage, while running round the other three are wooden galleries. I took my place at a table in one of these, in company with my friend the Professor, and sipped a cup of unsweetened tea handed me by the servants, while the venerable Li regaled himself with dried watermelon seeds and Tientsin grapes. There were no females present, as at Shanghai and Canton, where the fair sex, attired in gossamer silks or furs, according to the season of the year, and with their hair adorned with natural flowers, lean indolently against a couple of female servants, who carry their pipes and fans. But young apprentice actors,



AN AFTERNOON AT A PEKIN THEATRE.—INTERIOR DURING THE PERFORMANCE.

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recalling our "Children of the Revels" of a former century, kept passing from table to table, offering pipes to the worthy tradesmen who formed a large proportion of the audience, or drinking with them a cup of hot Chao-Chin wine. In their elegant theatrical costume—wide crimson trowsers, large hanging sleeves of bright blue, and a couple of long peacock's feathers waving like antennæ on either side of their gilt headdresses—they resembled huge, bright-colored beetles. From the habit of acting, their gait, attitudes and gestures had something measured and affected; still, they were by no means ungraceful. All these youths, I was informed, had received a distinguished literary education.

A cacophonous overture, chiefly sustained by continuously thundering gongs and shrieking fiddles, mingled with the doleful notes of glass trumpets and bamboo flutes, and the strongly marked rhythm of castanets and tambourines, came to an end, and the performance commenced. The first piece, according to a written programme, sold like ours throughout the house, was an historic opera, or drama intended to be sung, entitled, "*Ta tchin tshe*," or "*Golden Branch Beaten*," which in the language of every-day life means the "Emperor's Daughter Thrashed." After a procession of eunuchs, uttering feminine cries, the Emperor, wearing a robe embroidered with precious stones, and with a long, white beard, made his appearance, and softly sang, "The golden crow appears in the east, the jade rabbit has sunk toward the west, the bell of the brilliant sun has sounded thrice;" all of which simply meant that the sun had risen, the moon had set, and the Emperor had left his private apartments; an event sufficiently important to be notified to all the world by three strokes of a bell.

Still singing, the sovereign continued to relate the troubles of his reign: how a dangerous revolt, headed by An Lou Chan, the lover of his concubine, Tang kouei, had only been quelled after superhuman efforts by his general, Conodze In. "I am now happy," he chants in conclusion, "for the earth is tranquil, the sea calm, the river beautiful, and the Fong Houang" (the king of the birds) "is about to descend;" an incident which only occurs when the sovereign is virtuous, as in the case of the Emperor Kang Shi.

The Empress now arrives, and thus announces her coming: "I have left the Radiant Sun, and I come to the Golden Palace to approach the Ten Thousand Years;" which, stripped of all hyperbole, signifies, "I have come from my chamber to the throne-room, to see the Emperor." The latter inquires the reason of this visit; and the lady replies, "Your rapid courser," that is, the Emperor's son-in-law, "has dared, for I know not what reason, to brutally strike our daughter." The daughter, here introduced upon the scene, relates the circumstances of the insult. "He returned to the palace intoxicated," remarks she, "and quarreled with me, saying that it was his father and he who drove away the rebels and restored you to your throne. I answered nothing; at which he became furious and struck the Golden Branch, calling me a girl who does not know how to blush, an idiot who puts off new clothes to put on old ones. Moreover, he wanted me, a jade leaf of the Golden Branch, to kotow before my father-in-law." The Empress, who in her humility affects the title of concubine, joins her daughter in demanding vengeance for the outrage; and on the Emperor desiring them both to retire, assuring them that justice shall be done, the young lady admonishingly warbles as she makes her exit, "If you do not have him decapitated, the jade leaf of the Golden Branch will not feel satisfied."

The Emperor administers to her a mild reproof, and then sings aloud to his attendants, "Eunuchs, your Emperor commands you to introduce my imperial elder brother, Conodze In.' The injunction is at once obeyed, and Conodze In slowly advances up the stage, accompanied by his son, Couo Ai, who, bound with cords, is thus rebuked by him: "Little slave, your act was that of a madman. The Emperor loved you as he loved his daughter. Whatever induced you to get intoxicated and beat her? In a few seconds your head will fall. Alas, I am very old, and my garments will be stained with blood." To which the young man responds somewhat chirpily, "My father, no more of these lachrymose lamentations. She is the daughter of the Emperor, it is true, but after all she is my wife. I will prostrate myself before my sovereign, who will scarcely order me to be flayed alive."

By this time they have arrived in presence of the Emperor, who addresses Conodze In with much condescension. "You alone restored me my kingdom. I am Emperor, and you are only a mandarin; still, I will not permit you to kneel before me. Eunuchs, bring a gilt arm-chair. The Emperor and the mandarin are about to discuss affairs of State." Here Couo Ai makes his presence known by exclaiming that his bonds hurt him; whereupon the Emperor demands, "Who is the mandarin's son that is bound outside the door? Answer me, my elder brother." The father sings in response, "It is my son, Couo Ai, who in a regrettable state of inebriation struck your daughter without any cause. I have brought him here to receive his punishment—to have, in fact, his head cut off."

"Gently," sings the indulgent Emperor; "elder brother, you are going a little too far. Couo Ai is a very young man, and my daughter a very young woman. An old proverb says that however wise a mandarin may be, it is very difficult for him to rule his household. In my opinion, Couo Ai should not be punished. Unfasten his bonds, eunuchs, and replace his mourning garments by a court dress."

At this the father overwhelms the Emperor with his thanks, while the son proceeds to explain how the unfortunate affair arose.

"My wife," says he, "refused to prostrate herself before my father on his birthday, although my brothers and their wives did so without exception."

"It is well," exclaims the monarch; "you show proper filial respect."

Thereupon, not only does the Emperor abstain from punishing his son-in-law, but, out of gratitude for the services rendered by the latter, presents him with a scarlet robe embroidered over with golden dragons, a tablet commemorative of his heroism and his filial virtues, to be hung up in his hall of reception, and a sword of justice, with which he is privileged to decapitate any culprit without previously obtaining the imperial sanction.

The Golden Branch is now sent for, and, to her great astonishment, finds herself admonished in this fashion: "In not going and prostrating yourself before your father-in-law you have failed in your duty toward the Emperor, your parents, and your husband. I give you a cup of precious wine, which you shall offer to your father-in-law at his palace, as a token of repentance. In future, do not come here unless I send for you."

After this display of pretended indignation, the sovereign musingly remarks: "Couo Ai deserved punishment, but could I make my daughter a widow? Not only have I refrained from punishing him, but I have given him presents in acknowledgment of the heroism which he and his father displayed in defense of my dynasty."

A warlike drama followed. Processions of "supers," with banners of different colors, according to the party they belonged to, passed up and down the stage. Princes magnificently arrayed in gilt cuirasses and velvet boots, and accoutred with huge quivers and broad, stiff belts, and with their faces painted red and black, kept blowing into their beards to indicate the violence of their anger, insulted each other in song, and met in single combat with mace and lance. They bounded in turn like tigers or acrobats over their adversary's head, and broke off in the midst of their encounters to drink a cup of tea brought to them by a servant in ordinary modern attire. One of them suddenly gave vent to a shrill cry, like the crow of a cock, and then the audience, usually so apathetic, warmed as it were by these various facts, the glitter of lances and battle-axes, and the waving of multitudinous banners, began to exclaim, "Hao, hao!" in sign of approbation.

The actors, despite their strange and conventional style, are not devoid of talent, but the absence of scenery and properties necessitates having recourse to some singular manœuvres. If a warrior wishes to mount his steed, he takes several strides in a majestic manner, lifts his right foot from the ground, and swings his leg over the back of an imaginary animal. The audience understand from this that he is now in the saddle, and when he switches the air with a stick, they know that he has started off full gallop. A severe-looking old man, broken down by age, advances, holding in either hand a square of canvas on which is painted a wheel. This signifies that the emperor has arrived in his chariot. An upright mandarin, unappreciated by his sovereign, flies in desperation to a wood. His mother follows him, carrying in front of her a canvas representation of a rock, which, after having expressed her sorrows in song, she deposits in a corner. The son, on his part, resolves to set fire to the forest, and to avenge himself in Chinese fashion by committing suicide. A resinous torch is brought to him, and he lights it, thereby giving the audience to understand that the forest is on fire. He next brandishes the torch and blackens his face with the smoke. The mother utters shrieks; but, disregarding them, he opens his mouth, bites as it were at the flame, and falls, supposed to be reduced to something like a cinder.

For the moderate outlay of from six to seven tiaos—that is to say, from three shillings to three shillings and sixpence—any spectator is privileged to have the programme of the entertainment varied according to his fancy. Profiting by this circumstance, after three noisy spectacular entertainments, I was able to witness a "shiao shi," that is, a realistic representation of an ordinary incident of modern life, entitled, "Fou Pang tseung tchouo" (or, "Fou Páng lets fall his Bracelet"). The characters were four in number—Mrs. Shen, the widow of Mr. Soun; Miss Soun-yu-tchiao, her daughter; Mr. Fou Pang, a young bachelor; and an old woman, who acts as matrimonial agent.

At the commencement of the piece, the young lady is discovered soliloquizing on the loneliness of her condition: "Sad, with frowning brows, I embroider to kill time; with my long sleeves I wipe away my tears; always, with me, new griefs succeed to old ones. I raise the lattice, and in melancholy mood regard the chrysanthemums. I have not courage to dress my hair near the window. I complain of my sad lot and am vexed with myself; the destiny of all pretty women, it is well known, is unhappy. My name is Soun-yu-tchiao; my father is dead, my mother remains a widow; our fortune is slender. I am already eighteen, and have not yet a husband. My mother is absorbed in her devotions; morning and night she prostrates herself before Buddha, burns perfumes and neglects the household affairs, so that I am not likely to see the day of my happiness approach. When I think of this my tears flow like the rain of an Autumn night, and each drop is a real grief to me."

The Chinese women, as a rule, are very superstitious, and several times a day they burn, in honor of Buddha, of the genii of the kitchen, and of the wicked spirits, sham ingots of gold and silver paper, regarding the value of which these deities, if deceived at all, must certainly be somewhat skeptical. They are continually running to the pagodas to consult the bonzes respecting their own healths and that of their children, when the priests of Buddha, instead of prescribing castor oil or quinine, order a certain number of little bits of paper, inscribed over with cabalistic characters, to be burnt before an idol, and the ashes swallowed by the patient in a cup of tea.

Mrs. Shen, who now makes her appearance, is a woman of this class, and observes that those who wish to escape from the tumult of the world must put all ordinary preoccupations aside. To her daughter's question as to why she has risen so early, she replies:

"I heard of the arrival of the pilgrim bonze, and have been listening to his explanation of the sacred books."

The daughter sneers at the bonze in question; which greatly irritates the mother, who threatens her with the enduring punishment meted out to the wicked, and orders her to go on with her embroidery until she returns at midday to prepare their repast.

Left alone, the young girl resumes her soliloquy, alternately singing and speaking. After lamenting her uncertain future, she notices that the door of the house is closed; why should she not set it ajar and amuse herself a little? "Quite alone, shut up in the inner room! quite alone! alone I sit, alone I lie down! Poor, pretty woman, whose lot is so hard! Much sadness, many tears! I know well enough that it is not proper for a young girl like me to stand at the door, but it is only for a moment, and nothing extraordinary is likely to happen."

At this juncture the long-wished-for lover makes his appearance, gayly warbling:

"I am taking a stroll merely to amuse myself, and will pass before the door of the Soun family. I observe a charming creature, as beautiful as Tchangho' (the divine beauty inhabiting the moon); "I perceive her pretty face, so tender that a breath of air, a fillip from a feather, would lacerate it. At the sight of her I am bereft alike of soul and senses." Here the young gentleman gives over singing, and soliloquizes also: "Attention! this beautiful person must be the daughter of the widow Shen; her physical charms excel those of all other women in the empire. I am Fou Pang. To make her my wife is the object of my ardent desire. I should like to speak to her, but unhappily the rites forbid a young girl to converse with a young man." At this point he breaks out into song again: "Although we are neighbors, I have not the right to infringe the rules of decorum. I dare not offend in any such manner. Besides, there is nothing in common between us. I am a man of family, I have the pride of my rank; I should be afraid of the ridicule and contempt of the people of the neighborhood; I hesitate, and yet my heart is on fire. Shall I let slip so favorable an opportunity? I will pretend to lose something: it is a good mode of arriving at a marriage."

Fou Pang, with a lover's indifference to the rites, determines upon addressing the damsel, and the following dialogue ensues:

"A question, miss, if you please; is this Mother Soun's?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Another question, if you please; is Mother Soun at home?"

"My mother, sir, is not at home."

"Ah, you are Miss Soun, then? I salute you."

"Sir, I salute you in return. A question, sir. What is your lofty name, what are your rich forenames? what is the reason you ask me if my mother is at home?"

"My name, miss, is Fou, my forename is Pang, my fancy-name is Yun Tchang. I inhabit the lane in front. I have

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heard that in your residence you breed good cocks; I wish to buy a couple."

"We have, indeed, some cocks, sir, but I cannot sell them in my mother's absence."

"Since, miss, your noble mother is not at home, I will buy them elsewhere."

"As you please, sir," replies the young girl; to which Fou Pang politely rejoins:

"Miss, I take the liberty to retire."

As the amorous swain is leaving, he remarks to himself, "I will loosen my bracelet, which I wish to be the gage of our betrothal. I will let it fall from my sleeve while bowing. If she picks it up there are nine chances to ten that the marriage will take place. I will go at once and ask my mother to find a third party to arrange the affair."

THE PLEASURES OF PIG-STICKING ON THE BANKS OF THE TIGRIS.

The young lady now sings, "On leaving me he had a smiling air; he saluted me, and intentionally let fall a jade bracelet. Why should not we become husband and wife? why should we not imitate the couples of mandarin ducks that sport among the water-lilies? I should then have some one to lean upon until my death."

The third person, who is indispensable to all Chinese marriages, here appears in the form of an old woman, who had seen the bracelet fall from a distance.

"These two young people," observes she, "smile lovingly at each other; their passion is warm, and only an intermediary is needed to arrange the marriage. The desire of gain is aroused in my old body, and why should I not secure the price of this mediation? I am the mother of the pork-butcher Leon Piao; my name is Hou Che, the go-between. An instant ago I perceived Mr. Fou in company of Miss Shen; their glances met, and on parting he let fall a bracelet. The brokerage of this business shall not escape me."

It is now the young lady's turn, and she proceeds to warble, "I gaze at this bracelet of jade by the light of the lamp. I do nothing but sigh; my tears fall one by one like pearls."

Mrs. Hou Che here interposes: "Miss, console yourself; I will bring him to you, and you will converse together at your ease Will that suit you?"

"Alas, madame," replies the young girl, "we are very poor; I have no gage to send him."

To which the old woman rejoins, "In exchange for the bracelet, a pair of embroidered slippers will do very well."

On the damsel handing these to her, she promises to bring an answer within three days' time, which calls forth endless protestations of gratitude on the part of the lovesick Soun-yu-tchiao.

"Fix the day when you will bring him to me," exclaims she; "it will be a good action, and I will be as grateful to you as to the mother who gave me birth. It is useless to ask me if I desire this marriage. I could live happily with him even as his second wife, and die peaceably with closed eyes."

The old woman bids her be easy in her mind, to go on with her embroidery, and keep the house-door shut until the happy moment arrives.

"I turn up the wick of the lamp and I await the phœnix," replies the young girl: to which the old woman rejoins:

"That is my business; I undertake to bring the butterfly into the garden."

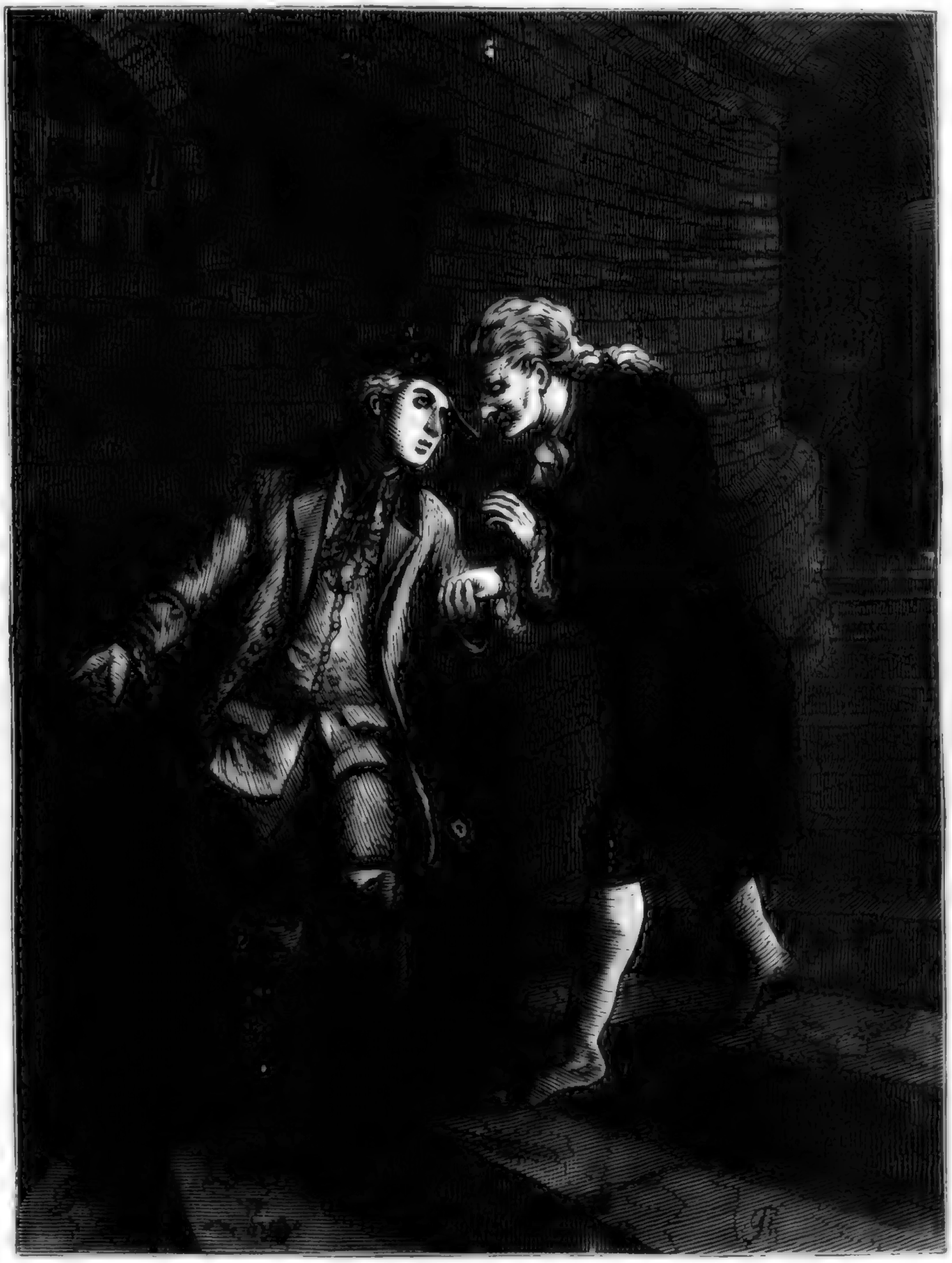
"Perfect!" exclaims Miss Soun; "a pretty butterfly will enter the garden."

With which little speech this trifling sketch of modern Chinese manners comes to an abrupt close.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

In the early part of the French Revolution the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Seventy-two prisoners who were condemned were thrown into the Cave of Death on the 9th of December, there to await the execution of their sentence. This could not be the next day, because it was the Decadi. One of the prisoners, of the name of Porral, only twenty-two years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, profited by this interval to devise a plan of escape.

His sisters having, by means of a very large bribe, obtained access to this abode of horror, began to weep around him.



THE CAVE OF DEATH.—"THE FATHER, OVERCOME BY HIS DUTIFUL AFFECTIONS, YIELDED, AND, SUPPORTED BY HIS SON, MADE HIS WAY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRCASE."

"It is not now a time to weep," said he; "it is a moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavor to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate; bring me files, a chisel, a turnscrew, and other instruments; bring wine in abundance; bring in a poniard, that, if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defense. By this gate, which looks into the Rue Lafond, you can give me these things; I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them."

The sisters retired, and in the course of the day, at different visits, brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls, and about sixty bottles of wine. Porral communicated his project to four others, bold and active like himself, and the whole business was arranged.

The evening arrived; a general supper was proposed, the last they thought they should ever eat. The prisoners supped well, and exhorted each other to meet their fate the next morning with heroism. The wine was briskly circulated, till the company were laid fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock the associates began their labors; one of them was placed as a sentinel next the door of the cave, armed with a poniard, ready to dispatch the turnkey, if at his visit at two o'clock in the morning he should appear to suspect anything; the others, pulling off their coats, began to make their researches.

At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak, and double-barred; by degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them; but still they could not force it open—it was held by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with a chisel, and, looking through, they perceived it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a distance. This was a terrible moment! They endeavored in vain to cut the rope with the chisel or file, but they could not reach it. A piece of wax candle, however, was procured; and being lighted, and tied to the end of a stick, they thrust it through the hole in the door, and burnt the cord asunder. The door was then opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward.

This door, they found, led only to another vault, which served as a depot for confiscated effects and merchandise. Among other things, was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited by the discovery to make an exchange of linen; and instead of the clean ones which they took, they left their own, which they had worn for many weeks. Two doors besides that at which they had entered now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one; but they had scarcely applied the file, when they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind. A general consternation seized the party; the work was stopped in an instant; perhaps the door led into the apartments of the jailer. This idea recalled to their minds that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit. One of the party returned toward the Cave of Death, to see whether all was safe; and it was agreed to suspend their labors till his return.

When the scout returned, he said that on his arrival at the Cave of Death he shuddered with horror to find the turnkey there already. The man, however, who had been left as sentinel, had engaged him to drink with him; and the scout joining the party, they plied him so well, that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consolatory news.

Quitting the door at which they had heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding-doors, one of which they opened, and found themselves in a long, dark passage. At the end they perceived another door; but, listening, they heard voices; it in fact led to the guard-house, where several soldiers in their national uniform were assembled. This was, indeed, a terrible stroke; had they, then, got so far, only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered? Must all their labors prove then at length fruitless?

One only resource now remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they conceived must lead to the great court of the Hotel de Ville.

In fact, having forced the door, it appeared they were not mistaken; that they were at the bottom of a staircase which led into the court. It was now half-past four o'clock; the morning was dark and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase, when Porral cried out:

"What are you about! If we attempt to go out at present, all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and if any one should be perceived in the court, the alarm would instantly be given, and all would be discovered. After having the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution still to wait a while. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and the passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees; and mingling with the numbers that are constantly passing and repassing, we can get away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock' the prisoners are summoned to execution; between eight and ten there will be time enough for all of us to get away. We will return to the cave; and when the time of departure arrives, each of us five will inform two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three, as they set off, inform fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all escape."

This plan appeared judicious and safe; it was unanimously agreed to, and the associates, returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done.

Montellier, a notary, and Baron de Challoy, to whom the means of escape were offered, refused to avail themselves of them, the former from a confidence of a pardon, as he had been mistaken for his brother; and the latter, though in the flower of his age, declared all his ties in the world were broken, and that life had nothing now to offer which could make him desirous of prolonging it. They were both guillotined the next morning.

The fate of the fifteen who fled was very dissimilar, and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen, who, on quitting the cave, was, according to the plan arranged, privately to apprise fifteen others, instead of doing so, cried aloud, "The passage is open; let him that can escape." This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made alarmed the sentinel without; he called to the turnkey; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived what had been done, and closing up the door by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nesple, who had excited this movement, was, with three others, retaken, and executed. Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend, in an obscure street; but he was discovered, brought back, and guillotined.

It was not thus with Porral, the original author of the plan. He was the first that came forth from the cave. As he passed the sentinel in the court, he addressed him: "My good friend, it rains and snows very hard; were I in your place I would not remain out of doors such weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room." The sentinel thanked him, and following his advice, the coast was left more clear for the prisoners. Porral took refuge in the house of one who was considered a good patriot, and escaped the observation of a party of the commissaries who entered the house. As soon as they were gone, he began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Place Belle-Cour, he found parties of the gendarmery dispersed everywhere. Porral went into a house, and making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess; but the desire of saving an innocent person rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret, and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner. The gendarmes arrived; they searched the house; they came into the garret where Porral was concealed. Here they found a large cask, the top of which was fastened down by a padlock. They asked for the key; the women went down-stairs for it. While they were gone, one of the gendarmes leaned against the planks, while a second said, "'Twould be droll enough if we were to find one of the fugitives in this cask." "More likely plate or money," says a third, "for it seems very heavy." The key at length arrived; the cask was unlocked, and was found to be full of salt. The gendarmes swore at the disappointment, visited the roof of the house, and then retired. In the evening, Porral, dressed in woman's clothes, with a basket on his head and another on his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotière, and quitted the city.

Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among the bushes in the marshes of the Trevaux Perrache, where he was nearly frozen to death, but he got away to a place of safety.

One young man, Couchoux, who was of the five that had opened the way for escape, made choice of his father, who was nearly eighty years of age, as one of the fifteen; but the poor old man's legs were swollen, and he was scarcely able to walk. "Fly, fly, my son!" said he; "if thou hast the opportunity, fly this instant! I command it as an act of duty, but it is impossible that I should fly with thee. I have lived long enough—my troubles will soon be finished, and death will be deprived of its sting, if I can know that thou art in safety." His son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that his persisting in his refusal would only end in the destruction of both. The father, overcome by his dutiful affections, yielded: and, supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the staircase, but to ascend it was out of his power; he could just drag his legs along the ground, but to lift them up was impossible. His son, though low in stature, and not strong, took him up in his arms; the desire of saving his father gave him strength, and he carried him to the top of the stairs. His filial piety was rewarded, and both escaped.

THE PLEASURES OF PIG-STICKING ON THE BANKS OF THE TIGRIS.

By A. Locher.

During the prevalence of cholera in Bagdad (Mesopotamia), in August and September, 1865, the few European residents of the "City of the Caliphs," among them the author of this article, spent five weeks in a temporary tent-camp, pitched close to the left bank of the River Tigris, about twenty miles below Bagdad, on the site of the famous defunct city of Ctesiphon, or "Madain," by which latter name the ruins thereof are known to this day among the Arabs.

My friends W—— and J——, like myself, inveterately fond of hunting, occasionally returned to the camp with wild pigs, which we had slain with our rifles. A young Englishman, Captain C——, then commander of one of the few steamboats which ply on the river, insinuated, one day at the dinner-table in our camp, that he considered it neither sportsmanlike nor gentlemanlike to hunt wild pigs with powder and ball, but it invariably should be done on horseback, with the lance.

Considering myself insulted by this remark, I informed him that I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Major Probin, the famous one-armed tiger-slayer of Western India (indisputably, though small in stature, the greatest tiger-slayer that ever lived), Captains Davidson and Baumgardtner, of India sporting fame, likewise highly dangerous to lions and Bengal tigers, Messrs. Green and Anderson, South African Nimrods and wholesale slaughterers of elephants, as well as with many others of nearly equal prominence in the annals of hunting, all of them reputed gentlemen, and none of them considering it beneath his dignity, or injurious to his sporting fame, to bowl over a wild boar with a ball from their unerring rifles.

Only partially satisfied with my explanation, Captain C—— made arrangements there and then with his English friends for a pig-sticking expedition to take place the following week.

On the day fixed for the sport, a few horsemen left the camp long before sunrise, splendidly mounted, and armed with the customary long spears or lances. Not far from camp they came up with a small troop of pigs, which, however, on the approach of the hunters, took refuge in the dense and thorny brushwood in that locality. Owing to the small number of Arab beaters (men on foot employed to scare and drive the game before them by loud yelling, and beating of the bushes with heavy sticks) they had with them, our sportsmen had to perform most of that unpleasant work themselves, by forcing their horses through the dense thickets.

By dint of almost superhuman efforts, the party finally succeeded in driving the game out on the open plain; but at what a price! The legs of the poor fellows, especially those of their gallant horses; were horribly lacerated by the bushes, prickly pears, and other thorny plants, and blood, trickling from their wounds, marked their track as they advanced.

As soon as the game was driven from under cover a hot chase commenced, poor piggy taking to his legs with a will, and endeavoring to reach another cover some few hundred yards distant, closely pursued by the well-mounted hunters, who thrust at them right and left with their sharp, long lances whenever they succeeded in coming up to them; which, by-the-way, is no easy matter, for though the fleet Arab horses can overtake any wild pig in a straightforward race, the latter, when pursued, will never take a direct course, but will dodge and evade his pursuer by swerving abruptly round to either right or left, by running in a zigzag line, by stopping suddenly in his course, turning briskly round, and running back in the direction whence he came.

Pig-sticking on the banks of the Tigris is very hard and dangerous work, for the pigs of that region appear not only to be particularly fleet-footed, but the country itself is, in a great many places, very unfavorable for fast riding, by reason of its clayey soil, baked on the surface as hard as stone by the scorching heat of Summer, and split in all directions by deep fissures, varying from one inch to two feet in width, and from one to six feet in depth, so that any horse, going at full speed, and happening to step in one of the larger fissures, must inevitably break one or more of his legs, and at the same time afford his rider a splendid opportunity to break his neck, amusements rather too expensive, in my opinion, to be indulged in for the sake of a paltry wild pig.

After a hot chase of about half a mile, Mr. E—— and Mr. J——, two excellent horsemen, each succeeded in securing his pig, while Captain C—— (the party who had so severely criticised the shooting of pigs) was still dashing after "the wily porker" he had singled out for his prey. Heedless of the dangerous ground over which he sped with amazing velocity, his eyes intently fixed on the bristly fugitive scarcely five yards ahead of him, he was just about plunging the blade of his lance into the panting side of the all-but-exhausted boar, when—crash! down broke horse and rider with a terrible shock.

When the rest of the hunting party arrived at the spot of the accident, a horrid sight presented itself; with both his forelegs wedged in one of the fissures referred to above, lay the poor horse, completely stunned by the terrific fall, with head and chest frightfully lacerated, and bleeding profusely; fully twenty feet ahead of the horse lay the helpless rider, with his face downward, just as he fell, and to all appearances a corpse. On being picked up, his face was one horrid mass of gore, which flowed copiously from nose, mouth and ears, while his eyes were shut, and the orbs thereof turned ghastly upward.

A field-flask of brandy, the only stimulant at hand, was applied at once, but without avail, for he gave no signs of life. There being no appropriate means to convey the man back to the camp, one of the horsemen was dispatched in hot haste to the tents, to obtain a litter and a mattress, as well as to procure the immediate attendance of the surgeon of the gunboat at the service of the British Consul-General of Mesopotamia and Political Agent of Bagdad, who had the boat anchored for the protection of our camp, in the river, right in front of our tents.

While some of the hunting party attended to their prostrate companion, the rest proceeded to extricate the horse. Finding, however, both of the animal's forelegs broken, they, of course, immediately dispatched the poor brute, to end his sufferings.

Assistance from the camp soon arrived. Upon careful examination, the surgeon pronounced the unfortunate man to be still alive, but in a very critical condition, having sustained a concussion of the brain, broken his left arm, right wrist, and the collar-bone, and but for his robust constitution, there would have been little hope left for his recovery.

He was still senseless when brought into camp, but soon after recovered sufficiently to be able to open his eyes. It took the patient fully three months to recover entirely from the effects of that accident. He never again quarreled with me about the respective merits of pig-shooting and pig-sticking.

A DUEL WITH RAWHIDES IN KORDOFAN.

Dueling, grave a subject as it is, has its absurdities that provoke a smile. None, however, strike us more strangely than the singular mode of dueling among the Kordofans. Giving satisfaction there is a serious matter.

When two men appeal to the code to settle a quarrel, it is not an affair of swords and pistols. The two repair to the place chosen, generally some open ground. The friends and kindred assemble, and all is made ready for the combat. The preparations are simple. They consist in an *angareb*, or crib, on either side of which the duelists are placed, each armed with a lash made of hippopotamus leather. Then an attempt is made to arrange the matter. If this fails, the one who has drawn the first fire lays on his rival with all his strength. He receives it without wincing, and deals as good a blow as he gets. Lash follows lash, on neck, shoulders, sides—but not on the head—drawing blood, and lacerating the flesh. But, intense as the pain may be, no expression or groan is given. The spectators are equally silent, and the battle goes on till the rawhide drops from the nerveless grasp of one of them. The victor then throws his down, they shake hands, declare themselves satisfied, and the quarrel is ended. Friends then [illegible] for them, wash their wounds, and drink deep of *merissa*, or beer, in honor of the unflinching duelists.

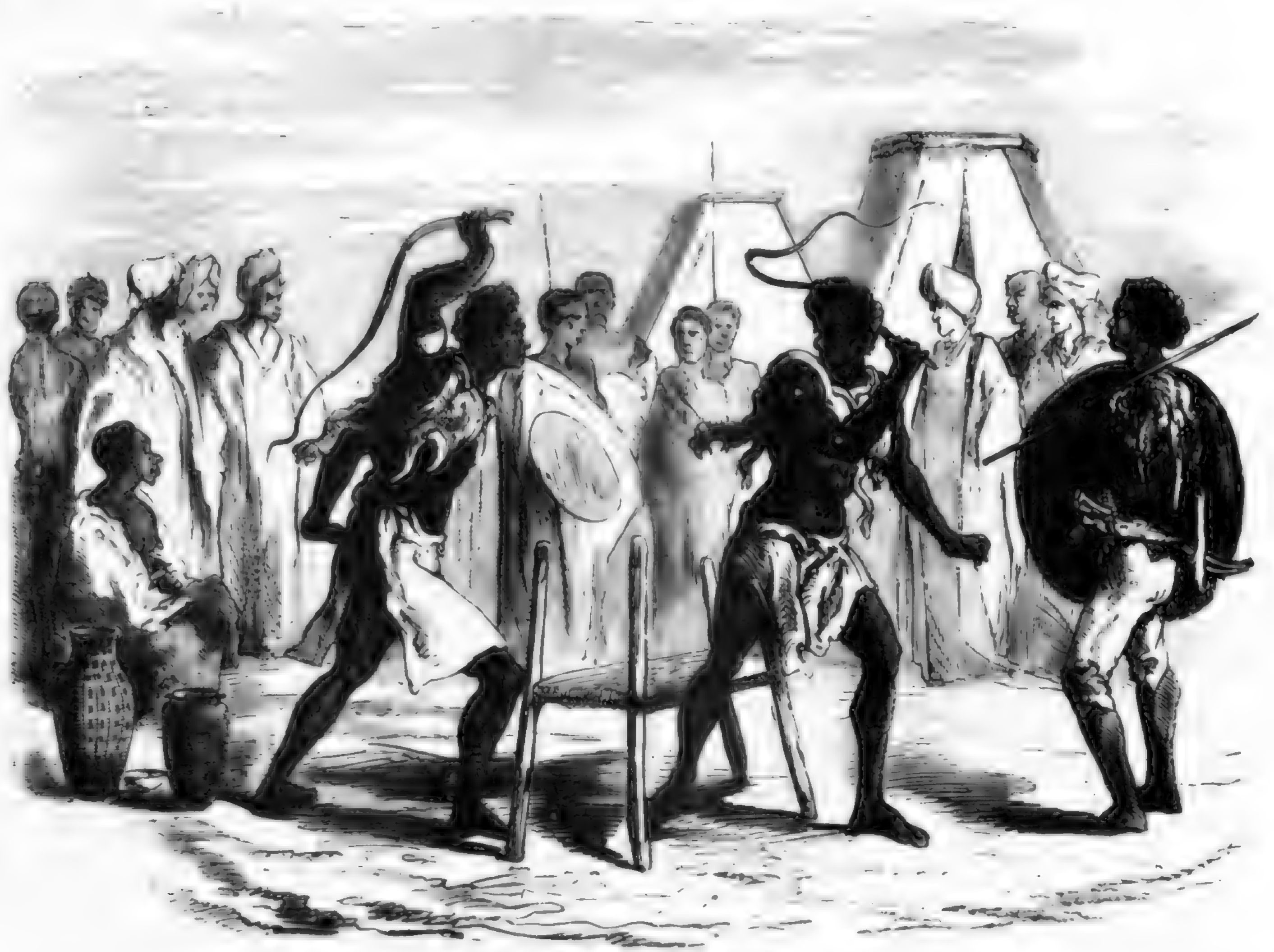
IRISH HUMOR.

The lowest class of the Irish have more native humor than any other body of the people in the same rank of life. Fielding, the barrister, the son of the author of "Tom Jones," used to relate the event of a bet made on the subject at one of the club-houses in St. James's Street, then crowded with English and Irish chairmen, and which was to be decided by the reply of one of each country to the same question.

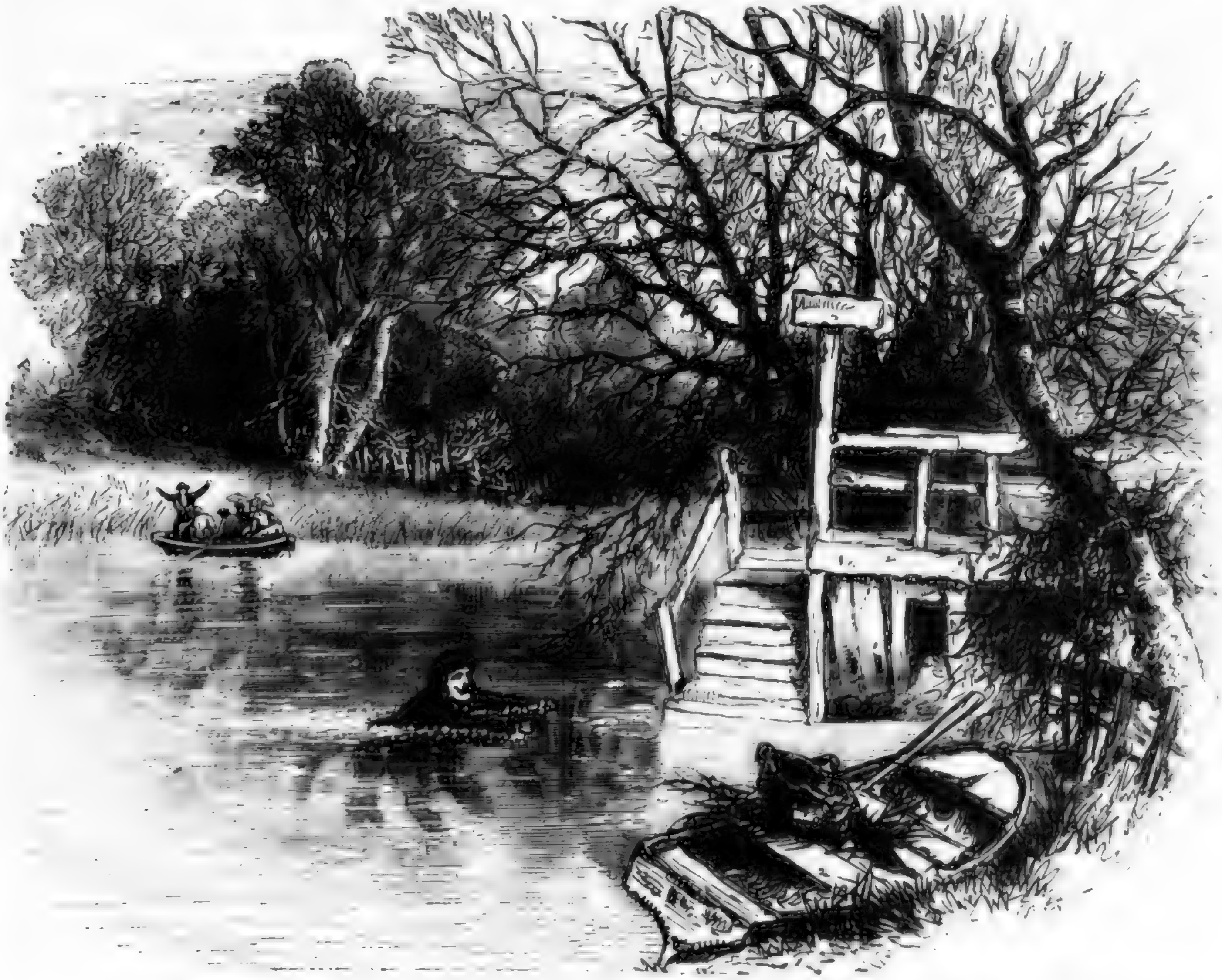
It was: "If you were put naked on the top of St. Paul's, what would you be like?"

The English chairman was first called in, and the question being put to him, he ran away sulkily, and refused to give any direct answer, saying they were making fun of him. Pat was then introduced, and the question being propounded to him, 'What should I be like?' says he; 'why, like to get cowld, to be sure, your honor.'"

"This," says the narrator, "they call mother-wit; and the most illiterate have a quickness in parrying the effect of a question, or giving an evasive answer. I recollect hearing Sir John Fielding give an instance of this, in the case of an Irish fellow who was brought before him when sitting as a magistrate at Bow Street. He was desired to give some account of himself, and where he came from. Wishing to pass for an Englishman, he said he came from Chester. This he pronounced with a very rich brogue, which caught the ears of Sir John. 'Why, were you ever in Chester?' says he. 'To be sure I was,' says Pat; '*wasn't I born there?*' 'How dare you,' said Sir John Fielding, 'with that brogue, which shows you are an Irishman, pretend to have been born in Chester?' 'I didn't say I was born there,' says he; 'I only asked your honor whether I was or not.'"



A DUEL WITH RAW HIDES IN KORDOFAN.



NOBODY'S LOVER.—"TOM LEAPED FROM THE BOAT INTO THE WATER, AND SWAM LIKE A FISH FOR THE PIER."

NOBODY'S LOVER.

Two STATELY dowagers strolling leisurely up and down a veranda that opened upon one of the loveliest gardens that ever blossomed in this world of lovely sights and sounds and scents.

Ah! I always lost myself when I stood on tiptoe and looked over the hedge into that garden; when glimpses of the falling, laughing waters in the fountain came to me, and great, cool stretches of shade tempted like a dream of Elysium.

And I used to lean over the doctor's chair, and sigh so portentously, that the dear fellow would rouse himself from some dream about typhoid or pneumonia, and say:

"What now, my dear?"

"Oh, I wish I was a young woman, and Tom Halbert would ask me to marry him!"

"What would you say?" looking very fierce, and pinching my fingers.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Halbert. I am dreadful sorry, but I am engaged to the young doctor over the way, and I love him dearly."

"I don't believe it!" with a smile shining out of the frown. "If you do, why do you go sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt—*i. e.*, Tom Halbert's roses and honeysuckles?"

"Richard, I wish we had a grown-up daughter," I answered, taking no notice of the irrelevant question.

"You'd turn matchmaker—of course you would—and marry her to Tom Halbert's house and garden, and Mrs. Halbert, his mother——"

"And Tom. And I'd have roses on my table every day in the year, and be a happy woman."

"Not at all. You'd sigh for the moon—you would. There goes the office-bell. It's time a stop was put to your nonsense, Mrs. Richard. Here, Tartar"—to the big, black St. Bernard—"watch your mistress, and keep Tom Halbert off."

And he was away, with a laugh and a kiss. And I, sitting in the golden October sunshine, and seeing the two stately dowagers decorously walking up and down, knew to a certainty that they were scheming, one to keep, and the other to get possession of, this beautiful home of Tom Halbert's. Else, why did Madame Halbert bar the door to young, pretty girls; and why did Madame Oliver, with Felicie and Roberta and Dulcie—I almost forgot Dulcie; she was only a girl just out of her short frocks and pinafores, and nobody ever remembered her—why had she stormed the castle and laid siege to the fortress, at an outlay of ever so much new finery for the girls, and no end of *finesse* for herself.

Mrs. Halbert was enlarging on the great loss she had sustained in General Halbert—the general was gouty, and as cross as two sticks, but how was Mrs. Oliver to know?

"It is a dreadful thing to be widowed," said the devoted relict, wiping her eyes with a trifle of Valenciennes.

"My dear, I can sympathize with you. I, too——"

Remainder lost in indistinctness. Unutterable things taken for granted.

"You have a great consolation in your charming daughters," said Mrs. Halbert.

"And you in your estimable son," said Mrs. Oliver.

"A son is not like a daughter," sighed Mrs. Halbert.

"Ah, my dear, you don't know my trials. Felicie and Roberta will have a hundred thousand apiece. What a lure to fortune-hunters!" and she shuddered.

Mrs. Halbert's fine eyes flashed out in a gleam of pleasure, and then she shuddered too—or pretended to.

"You have no such fear. Tom can marry as he likes. Perhaps even now he is preparing to give you a daughter."

"Tom?" with a little well-bred shriek. "No, indeed! Tom is so awkward and ugly and shy! Oh, dear! Tom is nobody's lover. Who would marry Tom?"

"Felicie! Roberta!"

Mrs. Oliver did not say this aloud. It was only something inside that clamored those names.

"But why should Felicie and Roberta, who had a hundred thousand apiece?" asks the reader.

Because there were people who understood the nature of Mrs. Oliver's investments. They were in ships that never came home from sea, in *châteaux en Espagne,* in acres in No Man's Land, in unquarried mines in the Mountains of the Moon; and so not exactly available.

But Mrs. Halbert could not know this, having met her at a little watering-place, where Felicie and Roberta made eyes at Tom, and frightened him into more than usual shyness.

At first Mrs. Halbert had hedged herself about with a chilling dignity. Tom must not marry at all. Halbert House was hers only till Tom married. All Mrs. Halbert's heart—I am afraid there wasn't very much of it, in the first place—was in the grave of her dead son Jack. To Tom she had never been more than a stepmother. Tom resembled his father, and Mrs. Halbert had private reasons for disliking her husband. And so Tom got only indifference, with a dash of coldness; a little sharp satire occasionally; now and then a ladylike sneer at his big, loosely-knit, somewhat awkward body.

"Who would think that round-backed, clumsy lout was my son?" he overheard her say to her maid one day.

Tom never forgot it. And he grew up absurdly self-conscious and shy—a big, genial fellow, with a heart as tender as a woman's, which overflowed toward his horses and dogs, and, most of all, his flowers. So he made the broad domain one splendid blaze of beauty, and fled from the sight of a woman as if she had been the veritable temptress herself. He made one exception. That was Mrs. Richard, the doctor's little wife, over the way. She used to stop and stare at his flowers, till he was out of all manner of patience. One day she plucked a spray of honeysuckle which ran riotously over the wall. Tom saw her.

"What right have you to pick my flowers?" he growled.

The little woman turned white, gazing blankly at the big, brawny fellow, half hid in the mass of climbers.

"Oh, sir, I thought—you have so many—you wouldn't mind."

Tom gave a growl. The little woman quaked, and sobbed out something repentant.

Tom stole a glance from under his shaggy eyebrows. The soft place in his heart was touched.

"Stop a minute!"

He gathered a huge bunch of fragrant, creamy blossoms.

"Oh, you are so good!" she cried, in her thanks.

Tom colored, and turned away.

"Come in any time and help yourself," he said, dreadfully embarrassed.

She thanked him again, smiling.

"I wish you would come and see my husband!" she called to him, as he was hurrying away.

"I never go anywhere, thank you," said poor Tom.

But he came. And this was how it happened that Tom Halbert sat one day in Mrs. Richard's parlor. The little woman was sewing, and Tom's great hands were busy in her work-box. They were white hands, though, and very nice and shapely. Mrs. Richard had found out, a good while ago, that there was something very sweet in his blue eyes—something in his smile that warmed one's heart. Mrs. Richard liked to see him sit there; and Tom liked it, too.

"It seems pleasant to be with you again. Somehow, it's a homelike place, Mrs. Richard."

Mrs. Richard was pleased. She liked to have him appreciate the cozy comfort of her snug nest.

"I wish, Tom, you had a home of your own. Halbert House is very beautiful, but——"

"I understand," he broke in. "Chairs all in a row; pictures straight on the wall; nothing lying about; no work, no books, no litter, such as children and—and women make," said Tom, reddening furiously at the last words.

Mrs. Richard laughed.

"I should think there would be litter enough now. I saw some immense Saratoga trunks go in to-day."

"The Olivers," said Tom, opening his eyes.

"Well, I dare say, if you were to go in upon them now, you'd think chaos and old night were come again."

"Should I?" asked Tom, simply. "They always look very nice when they come down."

Mrs. Richard sewed upon her seam.

Tom studied a pincushion attentively.

"Tom Halbert, you want a wife!"

"Mrs. Richard——"

He stopped, grew white, grew red, and stared at her in a helpless, appealing sort of a way.

"I can't help it!" exclaimed Mrs. Richard.

She was in a fever to free her mind.

"You know you do. If you don't you ought to—a big fellow like you, with lots of money. Why, you'd be a thousand times happier. I say I think it's a shame, when somebody is dying for you to love her, and take care of her, that you don't do it."

"Oh, Mrs. Richard, do you think I could?" he gasped.

"What?"

"Make anybody have me."

"Why not?"

"Such a big, awkward——"

"Nonsense!"

"Plain——"

"Not at all."

"Shy, bashful lout as I am."

"For shame, Tom Halbert! You are very nice-looking."

"Oh, Mrs. Richard!"

"I speak truly."

Tom blushed. Oh, *how* he blushed! Mrs. Richard blushed, too. I am sure I don't know what for.

"Women don't care for beauty—women who are of any value. They ask if a man is true and good and loyal, and if he loves them."

"You really think, then, I might try?" said Tom, with tremulous eagerness.

"Try? Of course! And you'll succeed. She can't help seeing what a dear fellow you are."

Mrs. Richard's feminine curiosity began to clamor.

"You mean to tell me who it is!" she insinuated, softly. "I know you've thought of some one."

"Oh, yes, I've thought of her," said Tom, sighing like a furnace, "all day and all night, too, ever since I saw her at that wretched seaside place. The others flirted and left her to amuse herself. Anybody else would have moped. But she didn't. She played with the children; she ran up and down the beach; she did a good turn to all the old women. And she was always singing, and as fresh and bright as a rose—as sweet, too. Don't you like yellow hair, all in short curls and ripples, as if the wind had blown it? I do. I liked her because she was such a piece of sunshine."

"It's Felicie, I suppose," said Mrs. Richard. "She is very piquant, very sparkling."

"Felicie!" in a frightened tone.

"It's Roberta, then. I like that better. Roberta is very graceful, like a lily."

"It isn't Roberta. Good Heavens, Mrs. Richard! don't you see it's—Dulcie?"

"Dulcie!" in astonishment. "Dulcie! Why, she's only a child."

"A child—is she?" said Tom, looking very much alarmed.

"You dear goose, she isn't much more than sixteen."

"Oh, yes, she is!" recovering himself. "She's eighteen or twenty. I shouldn't wonder if she was twenty."

"And she isn't Mrs. Oliver's child at all, but only her husband's. And she hasn't a penny of her own."

"I'm glad of it," said Tom, savagely. "I wouldn't marry a woman with money. It's enough for her to have all the good looks on her side."

"Oh, Tom!" she sighed, "you'll have a battle to fight. Mrs. Oliver will be against you. And your mother—if she'd ever consent to your marrying at all, it would be to a woman with money. But that child! Oh, Tom! you soft-hearted, easy man! what are you going to do against two women—ay, four women?"

A gleam of fire flashed from Tom's eyes.

"If Dulcie will have me, all the king's oxen and all the king's men sha'n't draw me the other way. But, oh! Mrs. Richard, it's too much to hope for! She is so lovely, so everything that is sweet!" Tom faltered.

Mrs. Richard comforted him till he took heart.

The little woman was in her element. It was easy enough to take notice of Dulcie, to smile a good-morning to the sweet maiden, when she showed her flower of her face behind the screen of honeysuckle. It was not very hard to coax Dulcie to come and see her, and even to get her into the habit of running over at odd hours, till the place grew like home to her.

But how to manage Tom Halbert, how to persuade him to happen in by accident when Dulcie was there, and how to keep him from getting as red as one of his own peonies—that was another matter!

Dulcie had a sweet voice. What she knew of music she learned, I fancy, from the birds, who, after all, may be supposed to know considerable about it. And so when, in the gloaming, she sang her pretty, quaint, old Scotch melodies in Mr. Richard's parlor, Tom Halbert used to hide behind the vines on the veranda, and listened till his heart ached with delight. Nobody ever knew he was there. He never had the grace to ask for another song, nor applaud ever so lightly. But when the birds had been shamed into silence, and the stars twinkled out into the blue heaven, and the singer fell off into reverie, Mrs. Richard used to hear a step fiercely crunching the gravel, and the gate of Halbert House shut with a bang. And then Dulcie would sigh softly, and presently laugh, and make some little joke, and beg Dr. Richard to see her home.

> "Come, all ye jolly shepherds,
> Come, listen to my song—"

sang Dulcie, one night. Tom knew it. What possessed her always to sing that? Tom smoked away furiously. A whip-poor-will cried out, in a tree, not far off.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" growled Tom.

Softly floated out the singer's words:

> "'Tis to woo a bonny maiden,
> When the kye come hame,
> 'Twixt the gloaming and the mirk,
> When the kye come hame."

"O-o-oh!" said Tom, between his teeth. And then they heard him stride off, and, presently, the gate bang.

Mrs. Richard sighed—she was so vexed.

"I have driven Mr. Halbert off again," Dulcie said. "He doesn't like to hear me sing!"

"Doesn't he?" said Mrs. Richard.

"Oh, dear, no! Haven't you noticed he always goes off pretty soon? It must sound badly to him," she added, apologetically, "after hearing Felicie and Roberta. They have been so well trained. But mamma thinks my voice isn't worth cultivating."

"Indeed! So Mr. Tom doesn't like your singing?"

"Of course not. How could he? If he did, he wouldn't go away, would he?" said Dulcie, innocently.

"My dear, Tom Halbert is a goose, and you're another."

As Dulcie's wondering, smiling face was uplifted, she gave her a kiss, and then Dr. Richard tucked her under his arm, and took her home.

"Dr. Richard, something must be done!"

"Yes, my dear," said Dr. Richard, mildly.

"To bring those two foolish creatures together. If ever a girl deserved a dear, kind, tender husband, it's Dulcie. And Tom——"

Dr. Richard stroked his mustache reflectively.

"Well!" said his wife, seeing he had something to propose, and interrupting herself.

"I was thinking, Mrs. Richard, that if the law allowed me to take two wives——"

"Dr. Richard, don't make irrelevant remarks. I am overwhelmed by the nature of my plan."

"What is it?"

"A picnic!"

"A truly original suggestion!"

"You see, Tom would be host, and he *couldn't* run away; and there are such chances for love-making at a picnic."

Dr. Richard scowled.

"You'll stay at home, madam," in a fierce tone.

Mrs. Richard laughed merrily, and immediately set about perfecting her scheme.

"A picnic!" said Mrs. Halbert, the next morning, twirling a little scented note in her hand.

Mrs. Oliver eyed it, loftily, through her glass.

"My dear Mrs. Halbert, who is this person? Mrs.—Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Richard. Dr. Richard is our family physician."

"And she proposes to us a—a picnic!" in a tone of amazement.

Mrs. Halbert colored.

"You know, Mrs. Oliver, that in the country one can't choose one's neighbors, and Mrs. Richard is a very nice, refined little woman."

"But, really—really——"

"Don't be silly, mamma!" broke in Felicie. "I like picnics. I want to go."

"And so do I," said Roberta. "If Mr. Tom can spare time from his potting and pruning to attend to us."

"With the greatest pleasure," stammered Tom, getting very red. And Roberta's eyes brightened.

The picnic speedily developed. All the conditions were perfect. Lovely weather; an exquisite spot, half in shade, half in sunshine; beautiful women, agreeable men, and nice things to eat.

Tom was radiant, until Roberta bore down upon him.

"You must drive me yourself, Mr. Halbert—won't you, please? I'm dreadfully timid, and I don't dare trust myself with one of the grooms."

Poor Tom! He had calculated upon taking Dulcie—Dulcie, who stood on the veranda in a white muslin dress—the prettiest picture to be seen that Summer's day,

XUM

But there was no help. Perhaps the gods would be good to him, and let him drive her home.

So he took the reins, and away went the prancing pair.

Felicie drove with a chum of Tom's, very well satisfied.

"There is room for Dulcie with us," said Mrs. Richard.

"Dulcie!"

Mrs. Oliver looked around.

"Oh! is it possible, child, you are thinking of going to a picnic in your best Swiss muslin?" she said, sternly.

"Oh! mamma, I've had it two Summers," she pleaded.

"You can remain at home, Dulcie, until you show a better appreciation of the proprieties of the toilet."

Poor Dulcie! Poor Mrs. Richard! The latter lady shook her small fists at the back of the retreating dowager.

IN MEMORY
LINA

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 287.

"Oh, Mrs. Richard!" sobbed Dulcie; "isn't it too bad?"

"Don't cry, darling! I'll tell Tom, and he will be sure to come back for you. Oh, that old wretch!" *sotto voce.*

Doctor and Mrs. Richard reached the little pier, where the party were to embark, just as the boat pushed off. They had barely time to scramble on board.

Tom stood, oar in hand, amazed and alarmed.

"Where is Dulcie? I thought she was with you!"

"Oh, Tom!" Mrs. Richard whispered, tearfully, "her mother wouldn't allow her to come, at the last minute. We left the darling crying ——"

Tom Halbert stopped to hear no more. The oar dropped from his hand. He made a leap—a great splash in the water followed. The ladies screamed. Roberta tried to faint, but kept one eye open to see the end.

The end was, that Tom got ashore, as, of course, he would, since he swam like a fish. I don't think he meant to drown. He meant only to reach the pier. He missed it, by his usual awkwardness. But it was all one. Presently, he stood on the pier, shaking himself like a dripping Newfoundland.

"Don't wait for me!" he shouted. "Go on! I've forgotten something."

Tom's chum took the cue readily. But it was a melancholy, disappointed party which sailed up the blue river.

Tom drove back to Halbert House to change his clothes, find Dulcie, and ask her to drive back with him. But he forgot all that, when he saw her on the steps with a white, frightened face.

"Oh, Mr. Halbert!" coming up to him with hands outstretched; "has anything happened?"

"No; only one of my blunders. I fell into the water."

Dulcie looked at him, her great, tender, blue eyes slowly filling with tears.

"But you got out again? Oh, if you had drowned!"

Tom lost his senses—I mean, he forgot to be bashful.

"Should you have cared?" he cried, with desperate eagerness. "Oh, Dulcie, should you? I'd drown myself in good earnest, if I thought you'd cry for me."

"That would be very foolish!" said Dulcie, smiling through her tears.

"So it would! I'd rather live for you, you darling girl! I love you better than all the world. I offer you all I am, and all I have. Dulcie, I am plain and awkward, but I love you so dearly! And I would be ever so good to you, if you could only like me. What is the matter now?" added Tom, ruefully. For Dulcie was almost crying again.

"I think you are the best, the kindest man in the world. And I don't think you are plain, at all."

Tom's face grew luminous.

"You love me, then! Oh, Dulcie, you do! For, you see, my hair and my red whiskers *are* hideous."

Dulcie smiled, and looked so ravishingly sweet.

"And if I did, Tom—I mean Mr. Halbert!"

"Tom will do!" cried the delighted fellow. "Oh, my darling girl! I'm so wet, I don't dare touch you—but you might kiss me!"

And she did, standing on tiptoe, and blushing like a rose.

About mid-afternoon the picnic party returned. To them our culprits presented themselves.

"Dulcie, what have you been doing all day?" demanded her mother, sternly.

That naughty girl drew a little nearer Tom. She derived, I fancy, some moral support from his size and strength.

"Why, ma'am," began Tom, pulling at a rose-spray, "Dulcie and I have been having a picnic by ourselves. And we are going to have one the rest of our lives."

The two dowagers looked astounded and incredulous.

"Tom Halbert, what do you mean ?"

"Dulcie, what do you mean ?"

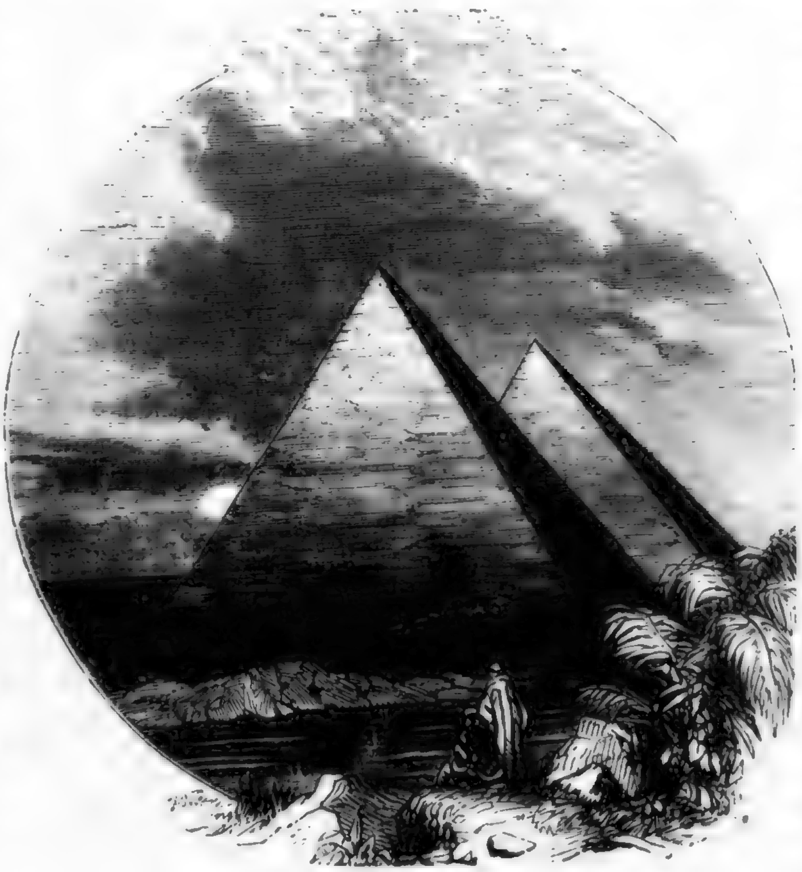
"They mean that they are going to be married. Mrs. Halbert," cried Mrs. Richard, clapping her hands gleefully, "I congratulate you. Mrs. Oliver, I congratulate *you.* And you, too—Oh, Tom, Dulcie ! I'm so glad !"

"So you've been making love to Dulcie all this time ! And I thought you were nobody's lover." And his mother swept past him into the house, which, henceforth, was to be ruled more genially, not less royally, and most happily, by Mrs. Tom Halbert.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PYRAMIDS.

By Richard A. Proctor.

Few subjects have proved more perplexing than the question of the purpose for which the Pyramids of Egypt were built. Even in the remotest ages of which we have historical record nothing seems to have been known certainly on this point. The builders of the pyramids concealed the object of these structures so well, that not even a tradition has reached us which purports to have been handed down from the epoch of their construction. We find, indeed, explanations given by the earliest historians; but they were only hypothetical, like those advanced in more recent times. Including ancient and modern theories, we find a wide range of choice. Some think these buildings associated with the religion of the early Egyptians; others suggest that they were tombs; others, that they combined the purposes of tombs and temples; that they were astronomical observatories; defenses against the sands of the Great Desert; granaries, like those made under Joseph; places of resort during overflows of the Nile; and many other uses have been suggested. But none are found, on close examination, to be tenable as representing the sole purpose of the pyramids, and few have strong claims as presenting even a chief object of these remarkable structures.



PYRAMIDS OF CHEOPS AND CHEPHREN.

The significant and perplexing history of the three oldest pyramids—the Great Pyramid of Cheops, Shofo, or Suphis, the Pyramid of Chephren, and the Pyramid of Mycerinus—and the most remarkable of all the facts known respecting the pyramids generally, viz., the circumstance that one pyramid after another was built, as though each had become useless soon after it was finished—are left entirely unexplained by all these theories save one, the tomb theory, and that does not afford, by any means, a satisfactory explanation.

I propose to give briefly some of the most suggestive facts known respecting the pyramids, and, after considering the difficulties which beset former theories, to indicate one (new so far as I know) which seems to me to correspond better with the facts than any heretofore advanced. I suggest it, however, rather for consideration than as very convincingly supported by evidence.

It is scarcely necessary to say, perhaps, that the history of the Great Pyramid is of paramount importance in this inquiry. Whatever purpose pyramids were originally intended to subserve, must have been conceived by the builders of *that* pyramid. New ideas may have been added by the builders of later pyramids, but it is unlikely that the original purpose can have been entirely abandoned. Some great purpose there was, which the rulers of ancient Egypt proposed to fulfill by building very massive pyramidal structures on a particular plan. It is by inquiring into the history of the first and most massive of these structures that we shall best find out what that purpose was.

According to Herodotus, the kings who built the Pyramids reigned not more than twenty-eight centuries ago; but there can be little doubt that Herodotus misunderstood the Egyptian priests, and that the real antiquity of the pyramid kings was far greater. He tells us that, according to the priests, Cheops "on ascending the throne, plunged into all manner of wickedness. He closed the temples, and forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifice, compelling them instead to labor, one and all, in building the Great Pyramid." One hundred thousand men were employed for twenty years in building it, and ten years were occupied in constructing a causeway by which to convey the stones to the place and in conveying them there.

"Cheops reigned fifty years, and was succeeded by his brother, Chephren, who imitated the conduct of his predecessor, built a pyramid—but smaller than his brother's—and reigned fifty-six years. Thus, during 106 years, the temples were shut and never opened." "The Egyptians so detested the memory of these kings, that they did not like even to mention their names. Hence they commonly call the pyramids after Philition, a shepherd who at that time fed his flocks about the place." "After Chephren, Mycerinus, son of Cheops, ascended the throne. He reopened the temples, and allowed the people to resume the sacrifices. He, too, left a pyramid, but much inferior in size to his father's. It is built, for half its height, of the stone of Ethiopia," or, as Professor Smyth adds, "expensive red granite." "After Mycerinus, Asychis ascended the throne. He built the eastern gateway of the Temple of Vulcan (Phtha); and, being desirous of eclipsing all his predecessors, left a pyramid of brick."

This account is so suggestive, that it may be well to

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inquire whether it can be relied on. Now, although there can be no doubt that Herodotus misunderstood the Egyptians in some matters, and in particular as to the chronological order of the dynasties, yet in other respects he seems not only to have understood them correctly, but also to have received a correct account of them.

The order of the kings above named corresponds with the sequence given by Manetho, and also found in monumental and hieroglyphic records. Manetho gives the names of Suphis I., Suphis II., and Mencheres, instead of Cheops, Chephren and Mycerinus; while, according to the modern Egyptologists, Herodotus's Cheops was Shofo, Shufu, or Koufou; Chephren was Shafre, while he was also called Nou-Shofo or Noum-Shufu, as the brother of Shofo; and Mycerinus was Menhere or Menkerre. But the identity of these kings is not questioned. As to the true dates, there is much doubt; but the determination of the exact epochs when the several pyramids were built is not very important in our present inquiry. We may proceed to consider the significance of the narrative, with sufficient confidence that in all essential respects it is trustworthy.

There are several very strange features in the account.

In the first place, it is manifest that Cheops attached great importance to the building of his pyramid. It has been said, and perhaps justly, that it would be more interesting to know the plan of the architect who devised the pyramid than the purpose of the king who built it. But the two things are closely connected. The architect must have satisfied the king that some highly important purpose, in which the king himself was interested, would be subserved by the structure. Whether the king was persuaded to undertake the work as a matter of duty, or only to advance his own interests, may not be so clear. But that the king was most thoroughly in earnest is certain. A monarch in those times would assuredly not have devoted an enormous amount of labor and material to such a scheme unless he was thoroughly convinced of its importance. That the welfare of his people was not considered is certain. The most natural inference from the narrative is, that his purpose had no reference whatever to their welfare. For it is obvious that his memory would not have been hated if some important good had eventually been gained from his scheme. Many a far-seeing ruler has been hated while living, on account of the very work for which his memory has been revered. But the memory of Cheops and his successors was held in detestation.

May we, however, suppose that his purpose was, nevertheless, not selfish, but intended in some way to promote the welfare of the human race? I say his purpose, because, whoever originated the scheme, Cheops carried it out; it was by means of his wealth and through his power that the pyramid was built. This is the view adopted by Professor Piazzi Smyth and others, in our time, and first suggested by John Taylor.

"Whereas other writers," says Smyth, "have generally esteemed that the mysterious persons who directed the building of the Great Pyramid (and to whom the Egyptians, in their traditions, and for ages afterward, gave an immoral and even abominable character) must, therefore, have been very bad indeed, so that the world at large has always been fond of standing on, kicking and insulting that dead lion, whom they really knew not; he, Mr. John Taylor, seeing how religiously bad the Egyptians themselves were, was led to conclude, on the contrary, that those *they* hated (and could never sufficiently abuse) might, perhaps, have been pre-eminently good; or were, at all events, of *different religious faith* from themselves." "Combining this with certain unmistakable historical facts," Mr. Taylor deduced reasons for believing that the directors of the building designed to record in its proportions, and its interior features, certain important religious and scientific truths, not for the people then living, but for men who were to come 4000 years or so after.

Although I do not propose to discuss here the evidence on which this strange theory rests, there are certain matters connecting it with the above narrative which must here be mentioned. The shepard Philition, who fed his flock about the place where the Great Pyramid was built, is a singular feature of Herodotus's narrative. It reads like some strange misinterpretation of the story related to him by the priests. It is obvious that if the word Philition did not represent a people, but a person, this person must have been very eminent and distinguished—a shepherd-king, not a mere shepherd.

Rawlinson suggests that Philitis was probably a shepherd prince from Palestine, perhaps of Philistine descent, "but so powerful and domineering, that it may be traditions of his oppressions, mixed up afterward in the minds of later Egyptians with the evils inflicted by the subsequent shepherds of better known dynasties, lent so much fear to their religious hate of Shepherd times and that name." Smyth, somewhat modifying this view, and considering some remarks of Manetho respecting an alleged invasion of Egypt by shepherd-kings, "men of an ignoble race (from the Egyptian point of view), who had the confidence to invade our country, and easily subdued it to their power without a battle," comes to the conclusion that some Shemite prince, "a contemporary of, but rather older than, the Patriarch Abraham," visited Egypt at this time, and obtained such influence over the minds of Cheops as to persuade him to erect the pyramid.

According to Smyth, the prince was no other than Melchizedek, King of Salem, and the influence he exerted was supernatural. With such developments of the theory we need not trouble ourselves. It seems tolerably clear that certain shepherd-chiefs, who came to Egypt during Cheops's reign, were connected in some way with the designing of the Great Pyramid. It is clear, also, that they were men of a different religion from the Egyptians, and persuaded Cheops to abandon the religion of his people. Taylor, Smyth and pyramidalists generally consider this sufficient to prove that the pyramid was erected for some purpose connected with religion.

"The pyramid," in fine, says Smyth, "was charged by God's inspired shepherd-prince, in the beginning of human time, to keep a certain message secret and inviolable for 4,000 years, and it has done so; and in the next thousand years it was to enunciate that message to all men, with more than traditional force, more than all the authenticity of copied manuscripts or reputed history; and that part of the pyramid's usefulness is now beginning."

There are many very obvious difficulties surrounding this theory; as, for example, (i.) the absurd waste of power in setting supernatural machinery at work 4,000 years ago with cumbrous devices to record its object, when the same machinery, much more simply employed now, would effect the alleged purpose far more thoroughly; (ii.) the enormous amount of human misery and its attendant hatreds brought about by this alleged divine scheme; and (iii.) the futility of an arrangement by which the pyramid was only to subserve its purpose when it had lost that perfection of shape on which its entire significance depended.

But, apart from these, there is a difficulty, nowhere noticed by Smyth or his followers, which is fatal, I conceive, to this theory. The second pyramid, though slightly inferior to the first in size, and probably far inferior in quality of masonry, is still a structure of enormous dimensions, which must have required many years of labor from tens of thousands of workmen. Now, it seems impossible to explain why Chephren built this second pyramid, if we adopt Smyth's theory respecting the first. For either Chephren knew the purpose for which the Great Pyramid was built, or he did not. If he knew that purpose, and it was that indicated by Smyth, then no second pyramid was wanted. On that hypothesis, all the labor bestowed on the second pyramid was wittingly and willfully wasted. This, of course, is incredible. But, on the other hand, if Chephren did not know what was the purpose for which the Great Pyramid was built, what reason could Chephren have had for building a pyramid at all? The only answer to this question seems to be that Chephren built the second pyramid in hopes of finding out why his brother had built the first, and this is absurd.

It is clear that, whatever purpose Cheops had in building the first pyramid, Chephren must have had a similar purpose in building the second; and we require a theory which shall at least explain why the first pyramid did not subserve for Chephren the purpose which it was meant to subserve for Cheops. The same reasoning may be extended to all the pyramids, forty or so in number. The extension of the principle to pyramids later than the second is especially important as showing that the difference of religion insisted on by Smyth has no direct bearing on the question of the purpose for which the Great Pyramid itself was constructed. For Mycerinus either never left or else returned to the religion of the Egyptians. Yet he also built a pyramid, which, though far inferior in size to the pyramids built by his father and uncle, was still a massive structure, and relatively more costly even than theirs, because built of expensive granite. The pyramid built by Asychis, though smaller still, was remarkable as built of brick.

We are forced, in fact, to believe that there was some special relation between the pyramid and its builder, seeing that each king wanted a pyramid of his own. If Smyth's theory were true, the Great Pyramid would have fulfilled finally and for all men the purpose for which it was built. Since this was manifestly not the care, that theory is, I submit, demonstrably erroneous.

It was probably the consideration of this point, viz., that each king had a pyramid constructed for himself, which led to the theory that the pyramids were intended to serve as tombs. This theory was once very generally entertained. Thus we find Humboldt, in his remarks on American pyramids, referring to the tomb theory of the Egyptian Pyramids as though it were open to no question.

But while we have abundant reason for believing that in Egypt, even in the days of Cheops and Chephren, extreme importance was attached to the character of the place of burial for distinguished persons, there is nothing in what is known respecting earlier Egyptian ideas to suggest the probability that any monarch would have devoted many years of his subjects' labor, and vast stores of material, to erect a mass of masonry like the Great Pyramid, solely to receive his own body after death. Far less have we any reason for supposing that many monarchs in succession would do this, each having a separate tomb built for him. It might have been conceivable, had only the Great Pyramid been erected, that the structure had been raised as a mausoleum for all the kings and princes of the dynasty. But it seems utterly incredible that such a building as the Great Pyramid should have been erected for one king's body alone. Besides, the first pyramid, the one whose history must be regarded as most significant of the true purpose of these buildings, was not built by an Egyptian holding in great favor the special religious ideas of his people, but by one who had adopted other views, and those not belonging, as far as can be seen, to a people holding sepulchral rights in exceptional regard.

A still stronger objection against the exclusively tombic theory resides in the fact that this theory gives no account whatever of the characteristic features of the pyramids themselves. These buildings are all, without exception, built on special astronomical principles. Their square bases are so placed as to have two sides lying east and west, and two lying north and south, or, in other words, so that their four faces front the four cardinal points. One can imagine no reason why a tomb should have such a position. It is not, indeed, easy to understand why any building at all, except an astronomical observatory, should have such a position. A temple, perhaps, devoted to sun-worship, and generally to the worship of the heavenly bodies, might be built in that way. For it is to be noticed that the peculiar figure and position of the pyramids would bring about the following relations: When the sun rose and set south of the east and west points, or between the Autumn and the Spring equinoxes, the rays of the rising and setting sun illuminated the southern face of the pyramid; whereas, during the rest of the year, that is during the six months between the Spring and Autumn equinoxes, the rays of the rising and setting sun illuminated the northern face. Again, all the year round the sun's rays passed from the eastern to the western face at solar noon. And lastly, during seven months and a half of each year—namely, for three months and three quarters before and after midsummer, the noon rays of the sun fell on all four faces of the pyramid, or, according to a Peruvian expression (so Smyth avers), the sun shone on the pyramid "with all his rays."

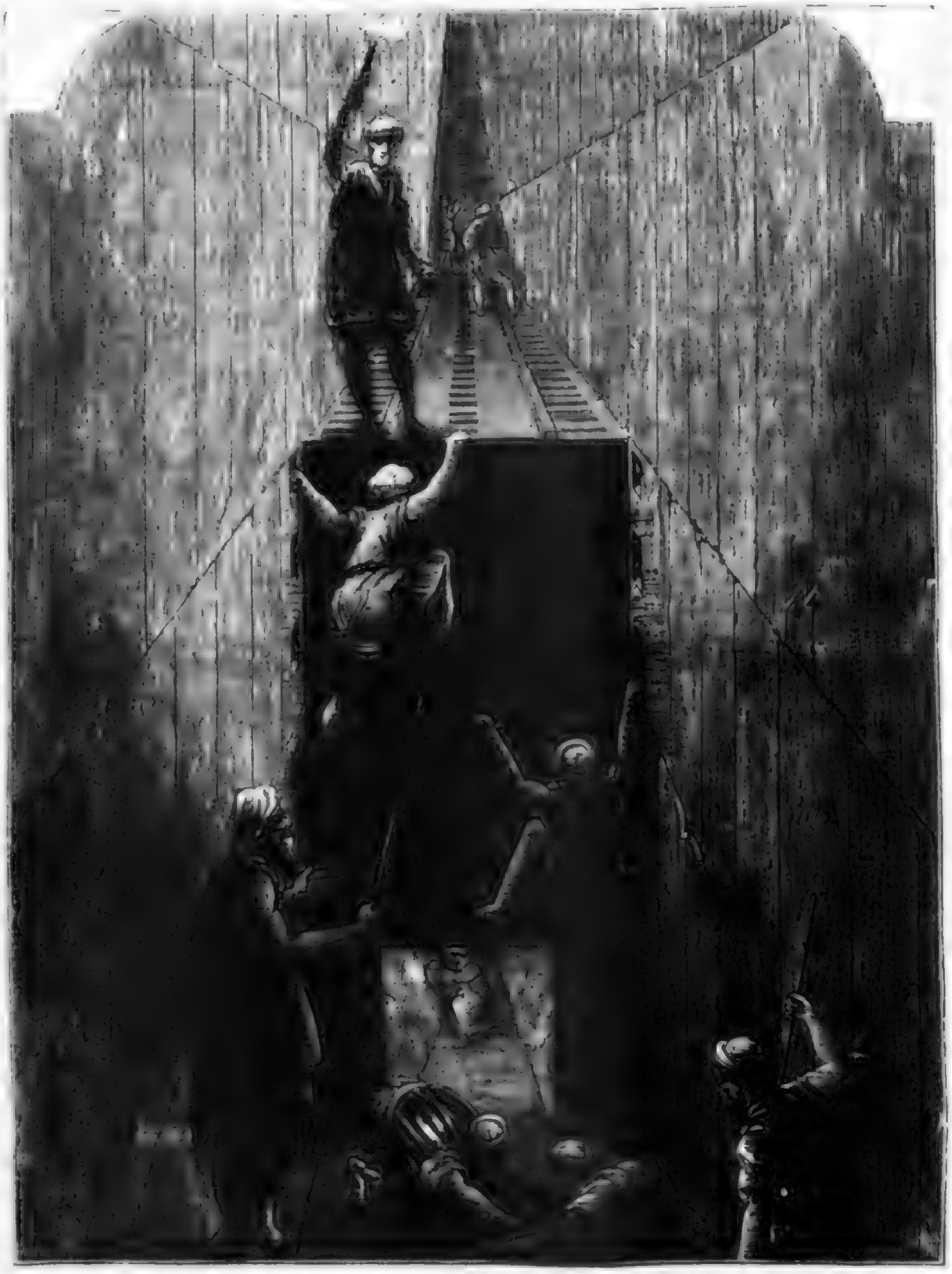
Such conditions as these might have been regarded as very suitable for a temple devoted to sun-worship. Yet the temple theory is as untenable as the tomb theory. For, in the first place, the pyramid form—as the pyramids were originally built, with perfectly smooth, slant-faces, not terraced into steps as now, through the loss of the casing-stones—was entirely unsuited for all the ordinary requirements of a temple of worship. And further, this theory gives no explanation of the fact that each king built a pyramid, and each king only one.

Similar difficulties oppose the theory that the pyramids were intended to serve as astronomical observatories. For, while their original figure, however manifestly astronomical in its relations, was quite unsuited for observatory work, it is manifest that if such had been the purpose of pyramid-building, so soon as the Great Pyramid had once been built, no other would be needed. Certainly none of the pyramids built afterward could have subserved any astronomical purpose which the first did not subserve.

Of the other theories mentioned at the beginning of this paper, none seem to merit special notice, except, perhaps, the theory that the pyramids were made to receive the royal treasures, and this theory rather because of the attention it received from Arabian literati, during the ninth and tenth centuries, than because of any strong reasons which can be suggested in its favor. "Emulating," says Professor Smyth, "the enchanted tales of Bagdad," the court poets of Al Mamoun (son of the far-famed Haroun al Raschid), "drew gorgeous pictures of the contents of the Pyramid's interior. . . . All the treasures of Sheddah Ben Ad, the great antediluvian king of the earth, with all his medicines and all his sciences, they declared were there, told over and over again. Others, though, were positive that the founder-king was no other than Saurid Ibn Salhouk, a far greater one than the other; and these last gave many more minute particulars, some of which are at least interesting to us in the present day, as proving that, amongst the Egypto-Arabians of more than a thousand years ago, the Jeezeh Pyramids, headed by the grand one, enjoyed a pre-eminence of fame vastly before all the other pyramids of Egypt put together; and that if any other is alluded to after the Great Pyramid, it is either the second one at Jeezeh, under the name of the West Pyramid; or the third one, distinguished as the Colored Pyramid, in allusion to its red granite."

Perhaps the strongest argument against the theory that the pyramids were intended as strongholds for the concealment of treasure, resides in the fact that, search being made, no treasure has been discovered.

When the workmen employed by Caliph Al Mamoun, after encountering manifold difficulties, at length broke their way into the great ascending passage leading to the so-called King's Chamber, they found "a right noble apartment, thirty-four feet long, seventeen broad, and nineteen high, of polished red granite throughout, walls, floor, and ceiling, in blocks squared and true, and put together with such exquisite skill that the joints are barely discernible to the closest inspection. But where is the treasure—the silver and the gold, the jewels, medicines and arms? These fanatics look wildly around them, but can see nothing, not a single *dirhem* anywhere. They trim their torches, and carry them again and again to every part of that red-walled, flinty hall, but without any better success. Naught but pure polished red granite, in mighty slabs, looks upon them from every side. The room is clean, garnished too, as it were, and, according to the ideas of its founders, complete and perfectly ready for its visitors so long expected, so long delayed. But the gross minds who occupy it now, find it all barren, and declare that there is nothing whatever for them, in the whole extent of the apartment from one end to another; nothing, except an empty stone chest without a lid."



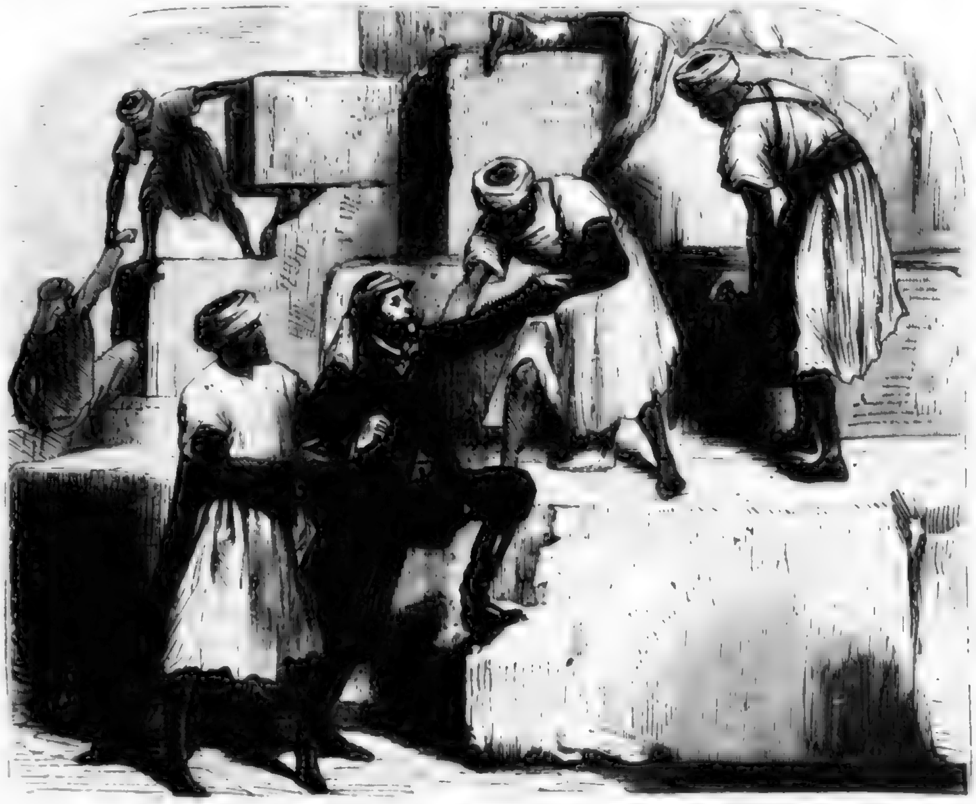
INSIDE THE GREAT PYRAMID—PASSING FROM THE SECOND TO THE THIRD GALLERY.

It is, however, to be noted that we have no means of learning what had happened between the time when the pyramid was built and when Caliph Al Mamoun's workmen broke their way into the King's Chamber. The place may, after all, have contained treasures of some kind; nor, indeed, is it incompatible with other theories of the pyramid to suppose that it was used as a safe receptacle for treasures. It is certain, however, that this cannot have been the special purpose for which the pyramids were designed. We should find in such a purpose no explanation whatever of any of the most stringent difficulties encountered in dealing with other theories. There could be no reason why strangers from the East should be at special pains to instruct an Egyptian monarch how to hide and guard his treasures. Nor, if the Great Pyramid had been intended to receive the treasures of Cheops, would Chephren have built another for his own treasures, which must have included those gathered by Cheops. But, apart from this, how inconceivably vast must a treasure-hoard be supposed to be, the safe guarding of which would have repaid the enormous cost of the Great Pyramid in labor and material! And then, why should a mere treasure-house have the characteristics of an astronomical observatory? Manifestly, if the pyramids were used at all to receive treasures, it can only have been as an entirely subordinate though perhaps convenient means of utilizing these gigantic structures.

Having thus gone through all the suggested purposes of the pyramids, save two or three, which clearly do not possess any claim to serious consideration, and having found none which appear to give any sufficient account of the history and principal features of these buildings, let us consider what are the principal points of which the true theory of the pyramids should give an account.

In the first place, the history of the pyramids shows that the erection of the first great pyramid was in all probability either suggested to Cheops by wise men who visited Egypt from the East, or else some important information conveyed to him by such visitors caused him to conceive the idea of building the pyramid. In either case we may suppose, as the history indeed suggests, that these learned men, whoever they may have been, remained in Egypt to superintend the erection of the structure. It may be that the architectural work was not under their supervision; in fact, it seems altogether unlikely that shepherd-rulers would have much to teach the Egyptians in the matter of architecture. But the astronomical peculiarities which form so significant a feature of the Great Pyramid were probably provided for entirely under the instructions of the shepherd chiefs who had exerted so strange an influence upon the mind of King Cheops.

Next, it seems clear that self-interest must have been the predominant reason in the mind of the Egyptian king for undertaking this stupendous work. It is true that his change of religion implies that some higher cause influenced him. But a ruler who could inflict such grievous burdens on his people, that for ages afterward his name was held in utter detestation, cannot have been influenced by religious motives. It affords an ample explanation of the behavior of Cheops in closing the temples and forsaking the religion of his country, to suppose that the advantages which he hoped to secure by building the pyramid depended, in some way, on his adopting this course. The visitors from the East may have refused to give their assistance on any other terms, or may have assured him that the expected benefit could not be obtained if the pyramid were erected by idolaters. It is certain, in any case, that they were opposed to idolatry; and we have thus some means of inferring who they were and whence they came.



ASCENDING THE GREAT PYRAMID.

We know that one particular branch of one particular race in the East was characterized by a most marked hatred of idolatry in all its forms. Terah and his family, or probably a sect or division of the Chaldæan people, went forth from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan—and the reason why they went forth we learn from a book of considerable historical interest (the book of Judith), to have been because "they would not worship the gods of their fathers who were in the land of the Chaldæans." And the Bible record shows that members of this branch of the Chaldæan people visited Egypt from time to time. They were shepherds, too, which accords well with the account of Herodotus above quoted.

We can well understand that persons of this family would have resisted all endeavors to secure their acquiescence in idolatrous rites. Neither promises nor threats would have had much influence on them. It was a distinguished member of the family, the patriarch Abraham, who said, "I have lifted up mine hand unto the Lord, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet, and that I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldest say I have made Abram rich."

Vain would all the promises and all the threats of Cheops have been to men of this spirit. Such men might help him in his plans, but it must be on their own conditions, and those conditions would most certainly include the utter rejection of idolatrous worship by the king in whose behalf they worked, as well as by all who shared in their labors. It seems probable that they convinced both Cheops and Chephren that, unless these kings gave up idolatry, the purpose, whatever it was, which the pyramid was erected to promote, would not be fulfilled. The mere fact that the Great Pyramid was built, either directly at the suggestion of these visitors, or because they had persuaded Cheops of the truth of some important doctrine, shows that they must have gained great influence over his mind.

But having formed the opinion, for sufficient reasons, that the strangers who visited Egypt and superintended the building of the Great Pyramid were kinsmen of the patriarch Abraham, it is not very difficult to decide what was the subject respecting which they had such exact information. They or their parents had come from the land of the Chaldæans, and they were doubtless learned in all the wisdom of their Chaldæan kinsmen. They were masters, in fact, of the astronomy of their day, a science for which the Chaldæans had shown, from the earliest ages, the most remarkable aptitude. What the actual extent of their astronomical knowledge may have been, it would be difficult to say. But it is certain, from the exact knowledge which later Chaldæans possessed respecting long astronomical cycles, that astronomical observations must have been carried on continuously by that people for many hundreds of years.

It is highly probable that the astronomical knowledge of the Chaldæans, in the days of Terah and Abraham, was much more accurate than that possessed by the Greeks, even after the time of Hipparchus. We see, indeed, in the accurate astronomical adjustment of the Great Pyramid, that the architects must have been skillful astronomers and mathematicians; and I may note here, in passing, how strongly this circumstance confirms the opinion that the visitors were kinsmen of Terah and Abraham.

All we know from Herodotus and Manetho, all the evidence from the circumstances connected with the religion of the Pyramid Kings, and the astronomical evidence given by the Pyramids themselves, tends to assure us that members of that particular branch of the Chaldæan family which went out from Ur of the Chaldees because they would not worship the gods of the Chaldæans, extended their wanderings to Egypt, and eventually superintended the erection of the Great Pyramid, so far as astronomical and mathematical relations were concerned.

But not only have we already decided that the Pyramids were not intended solely or chiefly to subserve the purpose of astronomical observatories, but it is certain that Cheops would not have been personally much interested in any astronomical information. Unless he saw clearly that something was to be gained from the lore of his visitors, he would not have undertaken to erect an astronomical building at their suggestion, even if he had cared enough for their knowledge to pay any attention to them whatever. Most probably the reply Cheops would have made to any communications respecting mere astronomy, would have run much in the style of the reply made by the Turkish Cadi, Imaum Ali Zadè, to a friend of Layard's, who had apparently bored him about double stars and comets: "Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb!" said Ali Zadè, "seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou comest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace. Of a truth thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. Listen, oh, my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto Him in seeking to penetrate the mysteries of His creation? shall we say, Behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years! Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it. But thou wilt say unto me, Stand aside, oh, man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will such knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?" Such, omitting the reference to the Creator, would probably have been the reply of Cheops to his visitors, had they only had astronomical facts to present him with. Or, in the plentitude of his kingly power, he might have more decisively rejected their teachings by removing their heads.

But the shepherd-astronomers had knowledge more attractive to offer than a mere series of astronomical discoveries. Though the visitors of King Cheops had themselves rejected the Sabaistic polytheism of their kinsman, they had not rejected the doctrine that the stars in their courses affect the fortunes of men. We know that among the Jews, probably the direct descendants of the shepherd-chiefs who visited Cheops, and certainly close kinsmen of theirs, and akin to them also in their monotheism, the belief in astrology was never regarded as a superstition. In fact, we can trace very clearly in the books relating to this people that they believed confidently in the influence of the heavenly bodies.

Doubtless the visitors of King Cheops shared the belief of their Chaldæan kinsmen that astrology is a true science, "founded" indeed (as Bacon expresses their views) "not in reason and physical contemplations, but in the direct experience and observation of past ages." Josephus records the Jewish tradition (though not as a tradition but as a fact) that "our first father, Adam, was instructed in astrology by divine inspiration," and that Seth so excelled in the science, that, "foreseeing the Flood and the destruction of the world thereby, he engraved the fundamental principles of his art (astrology) in hieroglyphical emblems, for the benefit of after ages, on two pillars of brick and stone." He says, further on, that the patriarch Abraham, "having learned the art in Chaldæa, when he journeyed into Egypt taught the Egyptians the sciences of arithmetic and astrology."

Indeed, the stranger called Philitis by Herodotus may, for aught that appears, have been Abraham himself; for it is generally agreed that the word Philitis indicated the race and country of the visitors, regarded by the Egyptians as of Philistine descent and arriving from Palestine. However, I am in no way concerned to show that the shepherd-astronomers who induced Cheops to build the Great Pyramid were even contemporaries of Abraham and Melchizedek. What seems sufficiently obvious is all that I care to maintain, namely, that these shepherd-astronomers were of Chaldæan birth and training, and, therefore, astrologers, though, unlike their Chaldæan kinsmen, they rejected Sabaism or star-worship, and taught the belief in one only Deity.

Now, if these visitors were astrologers, who persuaded Cheops, and were honestly convinced themselves, that they could predict the events of any man's life by the Chaldæan method of casting nativities, we can readily understand many circumstances connected with the Pyramids which have hitherto seemed inexplicable. The pyramid built by a king would no longer be regarded as having reference to his death and burial, but to his birth and life, though after his death it might receive his body. Each king would require to have his own nativity pyramid, built with due symbolical reference to the special celestial influences affecting his fortunes. Every portion of the work would have to be carried out under special conditions, determined according to the mysterious influences ascribed to the different planets and their varying positions,

> "Now high, now low, then hid,
> Progressive, retrograde, or standing still."

If the work had been intended only to afford the means of predicting the king's future, the labor would have been regarded by the monarch as well-bestowed. But astrology involved much more than the mere prediction of future events. Astrology claimed to possess the power of ruling the planets—that is, of course, not of ruling the motions of those bodies, but of providing against evil influences or strengthening good influences which they supposed the celestial orbs to exert in particular aspects. Thus we can understand that while the mere basement layers of the pyramid would have served for the process of casting the royal nativity, with due mystic observances, the further progress of building the pyramid would supply the necessary means and indications for ruling the planets most potent in their influence upon the royal career.

Remembering the mysterious influence which astrologers ascribed to special numbers, figures, positions, and so forth, the care with which the Great Pyramid was so proportioned as to indicate particular astronomical and mathematical relations is at once explained. The four sides of the square base were carefully placed with reference to the cardinal points precisely like the four sides of the ordinary square scheme of nativity.* The eastern side faced the Ascendant, the southern faced the Mid-heaven, the western faced the Descendant, and the northern faced the Imum Cœli. Again, we can understand that the architects would have made a circuit of the base correspond in length with the number of days in the year—a relation which, according to Professor P. Smyth, is fulfilled in this manner, that the four sides contain one hundred times as many pyramid inches as there are days in the year.

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* The language of the modern Zadkiels and Raphaels, though meaningless and absurd in itself, yet, as assuredly derived from the astrology of the oldest times, may here be quoted. (It certainly was not invented to give support to the theory I am at present advocating.) Thus runs the jargon of the tribe: "In order to

The pyramid inch, again, is itself mystically connected with astronomical relations, for its length is equal to the five hundred millionth part of the earth's diameter, to a degree of exactness corresponding well with what we might expect Chaldæan astronomers to attain. Professor Smyth, indeed, believes that it was exactly equal to that proportion of the earth's polar diameter—a view which would correspond with his theory that the architects of the Great Pyramid were assisted by divine inspiration; but what is certainly known about the sacred cubit, which contained twenty-five of these inches, corresponds better with the diameter which the Chaldæan astronomers, if they worked very carefully, would have deduced from observations made in their own country, on the supposition which they would naturally have made that the earth is a perfect globe, not compressed at the poles. It is not indeed at all certain that the sacred cubit bore any reference to the earth's dimensions; but this seems tolerably well made out—that the sacred cubit was about twenty-five inches in length, and that the circuit of the pyramid's base contained a hundred inches for every day of the year. Relations such as these are what we might expect to find in buildings having an astrological significance.

Similarly, it would correspond well with the mysticism of astrology that the pyramid should be so proportioned as to make the height be the radius of a circle whose circumference would equal the circuit of the pyramid's base.

Again, that long, slant tunnel, leading downward from the pyramid's northern face, would at once find a meaning in this astrological theory. The slant tunnel pointed to the pole-star of Cheops's time, when due north below the true pole of the heavens. This circumstance had no observational utility. It could afford no indication of time, because a pole-star moves very slowly, and the pole-star of Cheops's day must have been in view through that tunnel for more than an hour at a time. But, apart from the mystical significance which an astrologer would attribute to such a relation, it may be shown that this slant tunnel is precisely what the astrologer would require in order to get the horoscope correctly.

Another consideration remains to be mentioned which, while strengthening the astrological theory of the pyramids, may bring us even nearer to the true aim of those who planned and built these structures.

It is known also that the Chaldæans from the earliest times pursued the study of alchemy in connection with astrology, not hoping to discover the philosopher's stone by chemical investigations alone, but by carrying out such investigations under special celestial influence. The hope of achieving this discovery, by which he would at once have had the means of acquiring illimitable wealth, would of itself account for the fact that Cheops expended so much labor and material in the erection of the Great Pyramid, seeing that, of necessity, success in the search for the philosopher's stone would be a main feature of his fortunes, and would, therefore, be astrologically indicated in his nativity-pyramid, or, perhaps, even be secured by following mystical observances proper for ruling his planets.

The elixir of life may also have been among the objects which the builders of the pyramids hoped to discover.

It may be noticed, as a somewhat significant circumstance, that, in the account given by Ibn Abd Alkohm of the contents of the various pyramids, those assigned to the Great Pyramid relate entirely to astrology and associated mysteries. It is, of course, clear that Abd Alkohm drew largely on his imagination. Yet it seems probable that there was also some basis of tradition for his ideas. And certainly one would suppose that, as he assigned a treasurer to the East Pyramid ("a statue of black agate, his eyes open and shining, sitting on a throne with a lance"), he would have credited the building with treasure also, had not some tradition taught otherwise. But he says that King Saurid placed in the East Pyramid, not treasures, but "divers celestial spheres and stars, and what they severally operate in their aspects, and the perfumes which are to be used to them, and the books which treat of these matters."

But the strongest evidence in favor of the astrological (and alchemical) theory of the pyramids lies in the circumstance that all other theories seem untenable. The pyramids were undoubtedly erected for some purpose regarded by their builders as most important. This purpose certainly related to the personal fortunes of the kingly builders. It was worth an enormous outlay of money, labor and material. This purpose was such, furthermore, that each king required to have his own pyramid.

It was in some way associated with astronomy, for the pyramids are built with most accurate reference to celestial aspects. It also had its mathematical and mystical bearings, seeing that the pyramids exhibit mathematical and symbolical peculiarities not belonging to their essentially structural requirements. And lastly, the erection of the pyramids was in some way connected with the arrival of certain learned persons from Palestine, and presumably of Chaldæan origin.

All these circumstances accord with the theory I have advanced; while only some of them, and these not the most characteristic, accord with any other theory. Moreover, no fact known respecting the pyramids or their builders is inconsistent with the astrological (and alchemical) theory. On the whole, then, if it cannot be regarded as demonstrated, the astrological theory may fairly be described as having a greater degree of probability in its favor than any hitherto advanced.

Marketing Chief Justice.—Mr. Stuart, in his work on North America, tells us that it is much more the fashion at New York for gentlemen to go to market than ladies; and gentlemen very frequently carry home their purchase, especially if it be poultry, in their own hands. "I have," says Mr. Stuart, "again and again met a man of considerable property carrying home a turkey in his hand. I heard, at Richmond, of Chief Justice Marshal, the head of the law-courts, frequently carrying home his dinner from market."

Time and pains allotted to serious improvements should be employed about things of most use and consequence.

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illustrate plainly to the reader what astrologers mean by the 'houses of heaven,' it is proper for him to bear in mind the four cardinal points. The eastern, facing the rising sun, has at its centre the first grand angle or first house, termed the Horoscope or ascendant. The northern, opposite the region where the sun is at midnight, or the *cusp* of the lower heaven or nadir, is the Imum Cœli, and has at its centre the fourth house. The western, facing the setting sun, has at its centre the third grand angle or seventh house or descendant. And lastly, the southern, facing the noonday sun, has at its centre the astrologer's tenth house, or Mid-heaven, the most powerful angle or house of honor." "And although," proceeds the modern astrologer, "we cannot in the ethereal blue discern these lines or terminating divisions, both reason and experience assure us that they certainly exist; therefore the astrologer has certain grounds for the choice of his four angular houses" (out of twelve in all), "which, resembling the palpable demonstration they afford, are, in the astral science, esteemed the most powerful of the whole."—*Raphael's Manual of Astrology.*

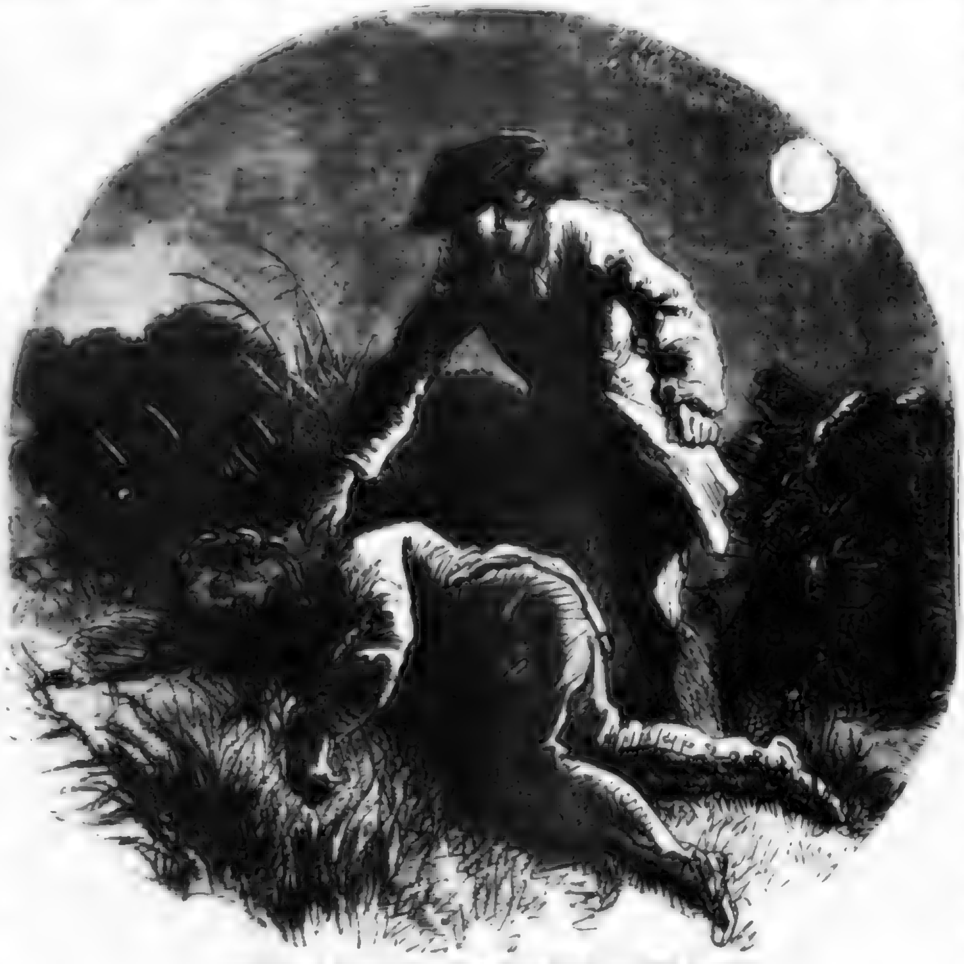
XUM

JONATHAN RUGGLES:

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the Spring of the year 1777 a man named Jonathan Ruggles made his appearance, with his family and household effects, in the then little village of Bennington, Vermont. If he had been there before, as he must have been, his presence had been unnoticed by the village gossips, who, in fact, had too much to do with the rumors of an approaching invasion from the north to pay the usual attentions to the quiet stranger.

But as he took possession of one of the best houses in the village, which, it was soon found, he bought and paid for in gold, the good people of the place became greatly exercised at their lack of information concerning his antecedents and intentions. It was plain that his affairs needed looking into. Inquiries concerning him met with little success That he came from a distant city, and brought finer and more costly furniture than had been seen before; that he had a library and beautiful pictures that had been painted in foreign lands; that he was a refined and delicate man, unused to the rough life of a border town; that his family consisted of a dull, and, it was suspected, deep serving man, called Jacob; an old negro woman, whose unmouthable jargon was wonderfully useful in keeping up talk and telling nothing; and a golden-haired child, called Ellie, were the meagre results of anxious days of collaboration.



JONATHAN RUGGLES.—THE SEARCHER OF THE SLAIN

Some, indeed, hinted gravely of half-discovered secrets, of flashing jewels seen through soft wrappings in the half-open drawers, and folded dresses of glittering silk; and especially of a vailed picture, through whose dark covering the outline of a lady's face was seen—a face so luminous that it shone like the unrisen morn on the mountain-tops, or like the pillar of fire through the darkness of Egypt.

But these wonder-seers were considered persons of phosphorescent imaginations, and not to be trusted. Then came a lull of ineffectual curiosity, as tidings of the approaching enemy reached the excited frontier town, and Jonathan Ruggles and his family went their way in outward peace.

In that half wild community he was a singular man. The most cunning questions could not penetrate his reserve on personal subjects, while he mixed freely with the sturdy yeomanry, and soon became a kind of mouthpiece for them, through which they could express their excited and confused ideas.

Did a knot of hard-headed, tongue-tied farmers meet on a rainy day in the blacksmith's shop and get into a hot discussion about the war, Ruggles, passing by, would step in, and in a few clear words say just what each one was trying to utter, but could not. Were there absurd guesses about the coming invasion, he could tell what would be the course of events so clearly that all were satisfied that his view could be the only correct one.

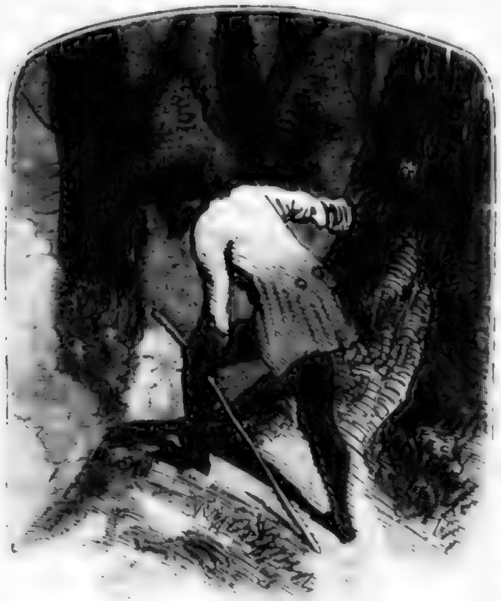
So the Spring passed between hopes and fears, sudden armings and quiet returns to farm labor, alarms of Indian forays and grave preparations for the doubtful future. At night men first thought of their firearms, then of their wives and children, then of their country, and last of God and death.

In spite of all excitements, some yet found time to observe Jonathan Ruggles. These saw indications of a restless eagerness under his outward quiet, and in his set face and thoughtful eyes a corroding sorrow for the past, as if some dark storm had swept over his life and left it full of graves, from which there was not even a strong man's hope of a resurrection.

He had been seen on stormy nights striding off into the forest, with his long beard drenched with rain and his eyes wilder than the lightning's flash which revealed them. Sometimes he was missed for weeks, and then appeared with rough visage and matted hair, as if he had been scouting and camping in the woods. All authentic news of the war reached him first. He knew better than other men what was going on in the far-off world.

He seldom spoke to his man Jacob in the presence of others, but at times the stolid helper passed quick looks of intelligence with his master. With the old negro woman he would talk for hours, but it was in her own barbarous language of Africa. It was wonderful that a man of his culture should find pleasure in the conversation of an unlettered dependent. Perhaps it was the only outlet of his soul. There may be conditions under which the trust and truth of a long-tried and faithful servant are a man's best companions. Who knows but the words of an old negro woman kept him on this side of the line which separates reason from madness, or life from death?

With his little daughter he talked as a man does not usually talk with a child. With others she was only an art-



JONATHAN RUGGLES.—THE SPY.

less child, only possessing more sensitiveness and quickness of appreciation. But in her father's presence she was entirely changed; she would come softly to his knee and ask him to tell her stories of old times and the men who loved little children for the memories they had in their eyes. And she, in a grave, earnest way, would tell of the flowers she had gathered; how the roses cried, they were so sorry, when she plucked one and carried it away; how she brought it back and tied it on the bush to make them glad again, but it died, and the rest all died, too, with grief. How the golden buttercups which she found alone were paler-hearted than those that grew with many others.

She learned from her father scraps of Latin, whose meaning had deepened for centuries, and sunny bits of French and uncouth sayings from the old nurse, which she repeated only to him. So the child was part of his incomprehensible life.

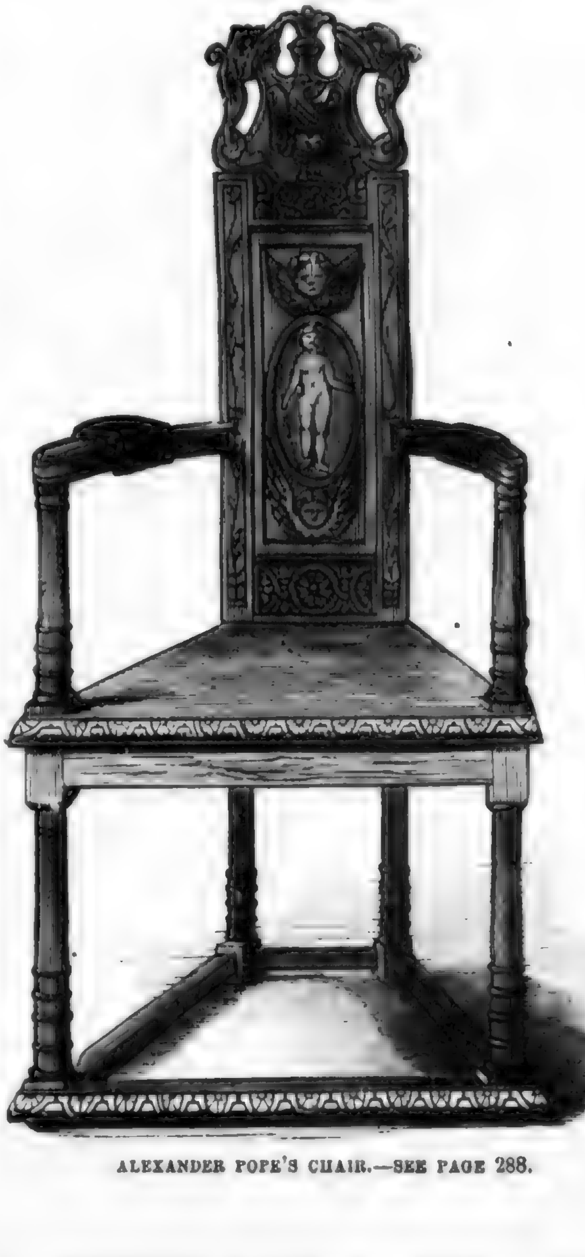
When Burgoyne debarked from Lake Champlain, Ruggles disappeared from home and joined the bands that passed through the dim woods to obstruct the path of the invader. They were a wild set of men, half organized, half armed, but full of resource and individual ability, vigilant, tireless, swift of foot and stout of heart.

This advanced guard of patriots was composed of the *élite* of the daring spirit of New England and Northern New York. Yet the majority of able-bodied men staid at home; their time had not yet come. Without connecting himself with any local organization, Ruggles was with them all by turns in the capacity of leader, engineer, scout, spy or guide. Now he was with a band of Vermont men, pointing out the intended route of the enemy; now he disappeared in the woods at night, and by daylight was miles away, collecting scattered patrols. Now he crouched beside the Hessian picket-fires, a perfect Indian, smoking his pipe in silence, or grunting his attachment to his "Great Father beyond the water." At one time he was a teamster in Burgoyne's wagon-train, at another an officer's servant. He made his appearance less and less with the patriots, and became more and more the shadowy attendant of the enemy, till he seemed a perfect myth of the nightfire and the forest. Others had the one purpose of opposing the progress of the enemy by force or stratagem; but he, with that, had another terrible purpose, requiring greater ability and exposing him to greater personal danger.

The resistance to Burgoyne's progress was, in appearance, ineffectual, but it was really most effectual. Time was gained, and the Summer harvest was gathered in. Then came the usual season in which the farmers have little to do; time to make improvements which are not of pressing necessity; time to lay wall, trade horses and hunt raccoons. This year the usual idle season did not take place, but as courier after courier dashed through the little hamlets, and by the farmhouses, excited groups gathered to hear the hurried news, and quickly scattered to spread the call to arms. The walls were left unfinished; broken-down hacks had a lease of their old stables for another Winter; and the raccoons gnawed the roasting ears, or carried off the early sweet apples with impunity. The men gathered at the sound of the village bells, armed in haste, and listened to a fervent prayer by the old pastor, said hurried farewells, and took up their line of march toward the north.

The grandfather of the writer of this sketch went in his tow frock direct from the field, with the hired man, his old "king's arm" and his day's dinner. The first day he reached Williamstown, twenty miles distant, and the next Bennington, just in time to hold the British reinforcements in check, while General Stark gathered his scattered troops, that, after the first flush of success, had dispersed in search of plunder. After the battle the sturdy farmer, being considered a fresh man, notwithstanding his long tramp, was sent to help to collect the wounded, which occupied the night; and the next day was seen by a fellow-townsman fast asleep by the roadside, covered with blood. Word reached his young wife that he was killed, but as he lived to rear a dozen children, and as a magistrate to administer the law with crabbed pluck during the Shay rebellion, it is certain that his bloody sleep in the hazy noon at Bennington was not his last one. But enough of this ancestral episode.

The success at Bennington called out the whole fighting



ALEXANDER POPE'S CHAIR.—SEE PAGE 288.

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population; and an uncouth but enthusiastic army closed around Burgoyne on the Hudson. Jonathan Ruggles was among them. If a ford was left unguarded, he was the first to know that the enemy had found it out, and immediately a jolly company of militiamen camped on the hillside, and watched the dangerous pass day and night. If hungry Britons cast longing eyes on the Dutchman's cattle up the Mohawk, he gave information of the intended raid in time to prevent it.

Where he kept himself in the daytime no one knew, but when the camp-fires were lit at night he would suddenly appear through the darkness, give important information, and vanish. So across the shadowy fields, through the September moonlight, and under the spectral woods he went and came, swift, mysterious and certain. But all he seemed to accomplish was only incidental; it was not the real object of his pursuit. When, as a loyal Dutchman, he sold cabbages to an officer's servant, why did he worm out the officer's name with an almost superhuman stupidity? Was he looking for a friend, that he might warn him, or a foe, that he might smite him? The sequel shall prove.

At the first battle of Stillwater, Ruggles was an eager "searcher of the slain." Carefully he turned up the cold, dead faces to the moon, and looking a moment at the fixed features, passed on. Giving up his quest, toward morning he stretched himself by an outlying camp-fire, and chatted cheerfully with the weary but wakeful soldiers.

"Did you find him, Ruggles?" said a ragged corporal, as the party returned from developing a suspicious noise by a rail fence covered with bushes.

"Find whom?" said Ruggles, turning a wild, firelit eye on the questioner.

"Oh! nobody; the hog in the alders. I didn't hear a squeal, so I guess we sha'n't have roast sparerib for breakfast."

Ruggles left that fire.

Rumors of his exploits reached the ears of the British, and the lonely sentinel started at the owl's shadow, lest it be that of the spy; and his excited imagination made a man's stealthy tread through the woods out of the regular falling of the early leaves. The secret enemy was watched for in vain. Officers pretended to laugh at these rumors, while they spoke of him in whispers lest the tent-walls should hear with his ears.

One officer in particular, a Captain Gray, was known to listen attentively to all rumors concerning this wily spy; and he ill-concealed his nervousness that such a foe might gain access even to himself. His position as secretary to Burgoyne kept him secluded, and there seemed to be little danger.

When it was hinted that the spy might be about the camp, Captain Gray had business that kept him very close; and yet he had the reputation of being as brave an officer as ever wore an epaulet. Perhaps Gray knew that there was a reason why he might be followed by a secret foe, whom hate had made as cunning as a wild beast and direless as fate.

To the surrounded and bewildered army of Burgoyne events hurried; and in the labor of securing provisions, and guarding all points of a continually weakening position, there was little time for imagination to picture reserved and peculiar personal dangers. But whether foreseen or not, they were quickly to beset their victim.

The second battle of Stillwater decided Burgoyne's fate. The history of that battle need not be recited here. How Morgan trailed his riflemen through the woods, and Arnold's last charge, have become household words. When Arnold, goaded to madness by his vindictive nature, rushed over the outer intrenchments of the enemy, Jonathan Ruggles was with him, as if he, too, was seeking his fate. The short struggle was frightfully confused. Other men than Arnold fought there whose business was elsewhere. Though without a command, Captain Gray was drawn into the sudden swirl of men, and, with cool head and bulldog courage, vindicated the true Briton's name.

In the thickest of the *mêlée* Ruggles, who was only armed with the half of a broken bayonet, came face to face with Gray. As they mutually paused for an instant to gather themselves for the death-grapple, they recognized each other, for they had met before. Gray attacked with headlong confidence in his superiority over a nearly unarmed man, but his wily antagonist, writhing aside to avoid the blow, fell upon him. A fierce struggle followed, in which each strove to prevent the other from giving a mortal blow. Ruggles maintained his advantage till his adversary was quite spent, and then, raising himself a little, asked him if he knew him.

"Yes," answered the other, and with the word the point of the broken bayonet went through his heart.

When the few remaining heroes of that bloody charge gathered around the camp-fire, Ruggles was not among them; but as he did not regularly belong to the army, he was not counted among the missing, though he had been seen to fall. Toward morning he came in, bloody and disordered, but not seriously hurt; and holding in his hand, as if unconscious of it, a bloody, broken bayonet.

"So you have been fighting, not spying, this time," said a soldier, with his head bound up. "You have got a curious sticking-iron there."

The remark called attention to the iron. It had a circular guard near the upper end, which Ruggles had not noticed before. He slipped it off easily and commenced rubbing the blood from it, when it suddenly opened and disclosed a lady's miniature. He started and nearly let it fall, but recovering himself, he held it down to the fire, looked at it a moment, and put it in his pocket in silence. In a few minutes he disappeared in the darkness, and was never seen with the army again.

In a month his house in Bennington was vacant. It was afterward sold by an agent, and before a generation had passed all remembrance of Jonathan Ruggles had faded from the place.

Years after an old resident in Bennington found, in a churchyard in Boston, a stone with the inscription, "Jonathan Ruggles and his wife Ellie." The name called up the sleeping memory of the man, and the mystery that had hung around him; so, finding the old sexton, whose mind was a history of those whom he had buried there, he obtained from him substantially the following account:

Jonathan Ruggles was an affluent and cultivated merchant of Boston. His elegant home, and beautiful and accomplished wife, drew around them all that was talented, and wise, and noble in the metropolis of New England. Years after the dim memory of Ellie Ruggles lingered in the minds of old men like a haunting dream. They could vaguely recall her winning smile and how her presence illuminated her beautiful home. It was like a lingering light on a mountain-top when the sun has set.

Ruggles loved his wife with all the fervor of a refined and passionate nature. He seemed almost to worship her. He was of the purest Puritan stock, and from the beginning of the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country was a zealous revolutionist. But his wife, who could not forget her childhood's home in England, was a royalist. With persons of less refinement this difference might have been fatal to domestic happiness, but it only seemed to draw them nearer to each other. Their lovely child, Ellie, whose spiritual nature seemed to take its light and shadows from another world than ours, was the crowning bond of their perfect love.

But the ample hospitality of Ruggles encircled those who were less noble than himself. Civil magistrates, whose only title to preferment was the intrigues of a corrupt Court three thousand miles away, and military officers of doubtful antecedents, but polished manners, were among his guests. Among the latter was Captain Gray. A scion of a noble family, selfish and fond of luxury, he had secretly given up military ambition for the delights of social conquests. He soon became inspired with a wild passion for Mrs. Ruggles. But, reckless as he was, the purity of her character inspired him with such awe, while in her presence, that he dared not bring his varied powers to bear upon her with an evil influence. He only had courage to magnify the dangers to which those would be subjected, after the evacuation of Boston, who had adhered to the royal cause. On this subject he was most eloquent, till the fears of Ruggles were at last awakened, and at the evacuation he urged his wife to leave the country for a time, and visit her parents in England. In an evil hour she consented, and, leaving little Ellie in the care of her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Ruggles sailed for Halifax, under the protection of a royalist family.

Gray considered his purpose as good as accomplished. He had separated her from her husband and the influences of home, and in the uncertain future there was every chance for his plans. He left a report to be circulated after his departure that she had gone as his personal companion, though, by the necessities of the military service, they had sailed in different ships. But enough were found to credit and spread their report, till her fair fame was ruined, and her name became a by-word of shame.

The blow fell with crushing effect upon her husband. He would not believe it at first, but as month after month passed without bringing tidings of her, while his enemies retailed circumstantial evidence of her guilt, he became half convinced of it. Gray had stolen her miniature and exhibited it as proof of his conquest. He had surrounded her with a network of false appearances, which should seem conclusive when the key to their meaning was given. At last Ruggles was fully convinced, and then the whole strength of his nature rose up in a cry for vengeance. How he followed Gray was vaguely known, and how he kept him in view when he could not follow him was inexplicable. It was only known that he watched him through tortuous paths by flood and field, tracked him through the forest, and hovered around him in the camp, till he met him face to face on the battlefield, and there executed that vengeance which is the justice of Heaven.

In the meantime, Mrs. Ruggles had reached England in safety. Gray had been wrecked and detained on the coast of Nova Scotia, and all his evil plans thwarted, till he had given them up in despair. It was in England that Mrs. Ruggles first heard of the shadow that had fallen upon her name, involving in its blackness of ruin those who were dearer to her than life. She would have returned to America, but she could not. She wrote quickly and repeatedly, but received no answer, for the reason that her lettters never reached their destination. Her husband's letters also never reached her.

The horror of her situation quickly wasted her frame, till death came to allay the agony of living. But to the last death was more terrible than life, while the mystery remained unexplained. If she could see her husband, or know that all doubts of her were removed, she was willing to die. The boon was not granted her. In her dying hours she dictated a letter, in which she recounted all the circumstances of her departure from Boston, all her movements and relations since that time, all her unanswered letters and their contents; recalled all the happy years she had spent with her husband, sent him her unchanging love — unchanging through joy and sorrow, separation, ruin and death—and signed the trust with the witness of Almighty God.

That letter reached her husband after her death; but it brought a new horror—the crime of having lost faith in her. All that he had suffered before was nothing to his anguish of remorse now. Not for the vengeance that had been quenched in the blood of the guilty, but for the wrong of unbelief to the innocent.

He soon knew that he was swiftly following his wife. He wrapped himself in tender memories of her, as if they could shorten and illume the dark road between them. In his dreams he heard her voice, or felt her golden hair on his cheek, or saw her near—coming, almost come—with all the light that he had almost worshiped in her eyes, and the loved form of other days, not changed, but transfigured with an inward light which he had caught only glimpses of while she was with him, but which he now saw was always there, and had been fully revealed with the passing of mortality.

He lingered long enough to see her remains brought from England and buried beside the graves of his fathers. In a few weeks another grave was made close beside the last, and one stone was erected for both, bearing the inscription: "Jonathan Ruggles and his Wife Ellie."

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

By Eliza Cook.

No SABLE pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torchlights to illume;
No parting glance, no heavy tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way;
No mortal form, no human breast,
Cares where the pauper's bones may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh—he does not weep,
But will not leave the fresh-piled heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate;
The mongrel dog that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

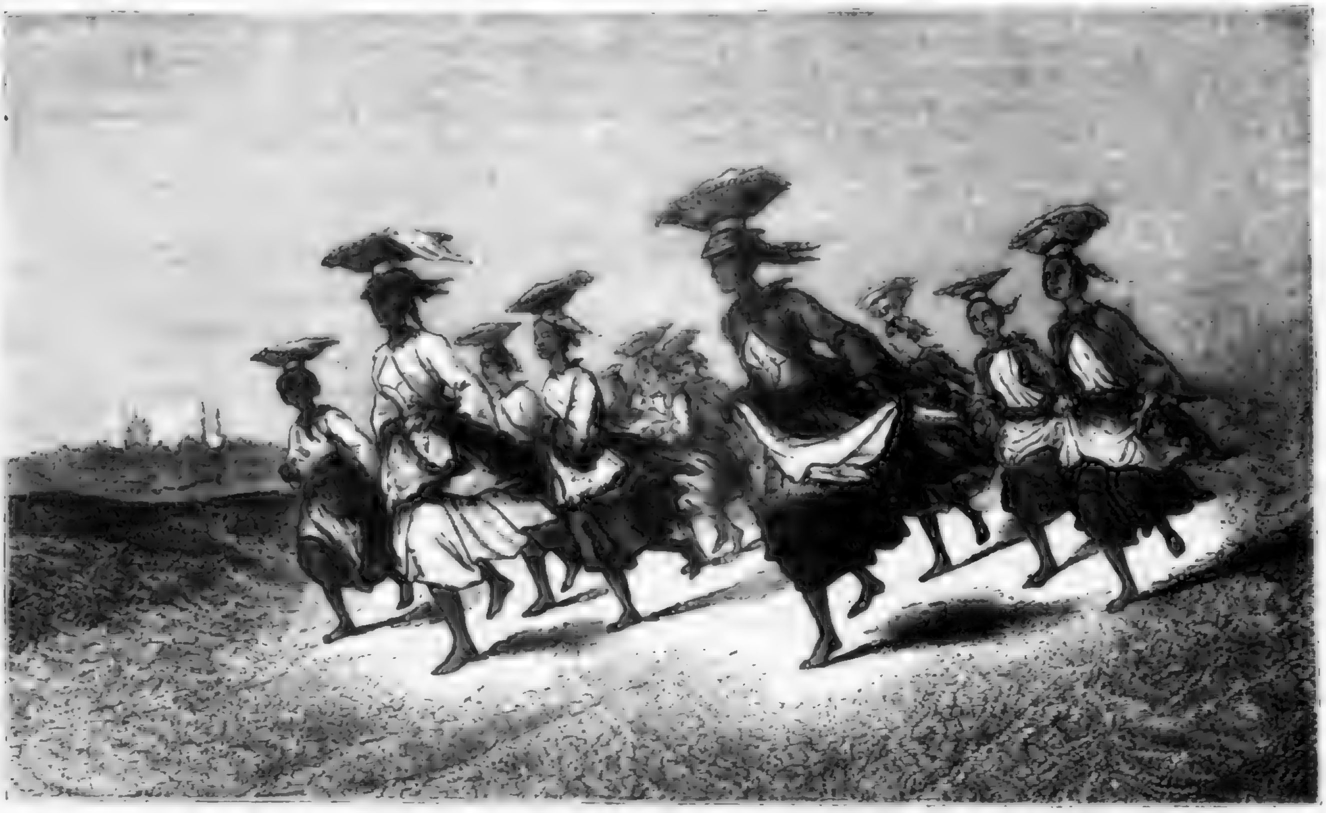
He bends his listening head, as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come;
He needs no food—he seeks no home;
But, stretch'd upon the dreamless-bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polish'd marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth,
Are claim'd by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimm'd eyes
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

ALEXANDER POPE'S CHAIR.

The relics of departed genius are always of peculiar interest to the intelligent mind. We feel an almost sacred awe in approaching either the birth or final resting-place of a Shakespeare or a Milton; we peer with deepest interest into the old nooks and corners that have known a Johnson or a Goldsmith; and feel we have enjoyed no mean honor when a scrap of the original manuscript of a Byron or a Burns has been for ever so short a time intrusted to our hands. What apology, then, is necessary for placing before our readers an engraving of one of the most interesting relics bequeathed to us by the literati of the last century? The chair of Alexander Pope was one of the most esteemed objects in the collection of the late Lord Braybrooke, of Audley End.

In looking upon this illustration, what a world of men and circumstances crowd about it! The ailing, deformed boy-author of the "Pastorals," and the scarcely more than boy-author of the "Essay on Criticism," is in an instant before us, with a long array of friends won by his genius only to be lost, for the most part, by the pungency of his wit, the keenness of his satire, and the acerbity of his temper. Addison, Parnell, Gray, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Teresa and Martha Blount—all of whom were friends of the poet at some period of his life—follow in quick succession; and thick and fast the details of the scene take their respective places till Memory has completed her work, and a picture of a past generation is conjured before us with all the brilliancy and vigor of an actual existence.



THE CASCAROTTES CARRYING SARDINES TO BAYONNE, IN FRANCE.

THE CASCAROTTES.

Between St. Jean de Luz and Bayonne, in the south of France, the traveler will meet a line of young women hurrying past, bearing on their kerchiefed heads baskets of sardines. They are the Cascarottes—a race of dark complexion, jet black eyes, hardy and swift, who have long had this branch of business to themselves.

With a Madras handkerchief around their heads, loose vest, bright-red skirt, neck, legs, and feet bare, they carry their burden at a rapid pace from St. Jean de Luz to Bayonne, a distance of fifteen miles. They live at Libourne, and though they get, at most, two francs a day, are trained to this from childhood, and do their work so well that no other conveyances are thought of. Who they are, or whence they came, is unknown.

On Sunday you will find them on the seashore, dancing Spanish dances—the bolero or fandango; but on that day they lay aside their picturesque attire and assume shawls, gaiters, and muslin dresses; but in their graceful movements and dark complexion it is impossible not to recognize the Cascarottes.

SWALLOWING A WRIT.

Mr. Sergeant Davy, who lies buried in Newington Church, Surrey, was a most eccentric character. He was originally a chemist at Exeter; when a sheriff's officer coming to serve on him a process from the Court of Common Pleas, he very civilly asked him to drink some liquor.

While the man was drinking, Daly contrived to heat a poker, and then asking what the parchment process was made of, and being answered, of sheepskin, he told the officer it must eat as well as mutton, and recommended him to try it. The bailiff said it was his business to serve processes, and not to eat them; upon which Davy told him that if he would not eat that, he should swallow the poker! The man preferred the parchment; but the Court of Common Pleas. not then accustomed to Mr. Davy's jokes, sent for him to Westminster Hall, read him a serious lecture on contempt of their process, and locked him up in the Fleet Prison. From this circumstance, and some unfortunate man whom he met there, Davy acquired that taste for the law which the eating of a process had not given the bailiff; and when he was discharged from the Fleet, he applied to the study of the law in earnest, was called to the bar, made a sergeant, and was for a long time in considerable practice. He died in 1780.

A Hopeful Position.—Lord Mansfield being told of the following motto on the coach of a very eminent quack—"*A numine salus*," thus translated it, "*God help* the patient."

THE BLACK SHADOW.

By Annie Thomas.

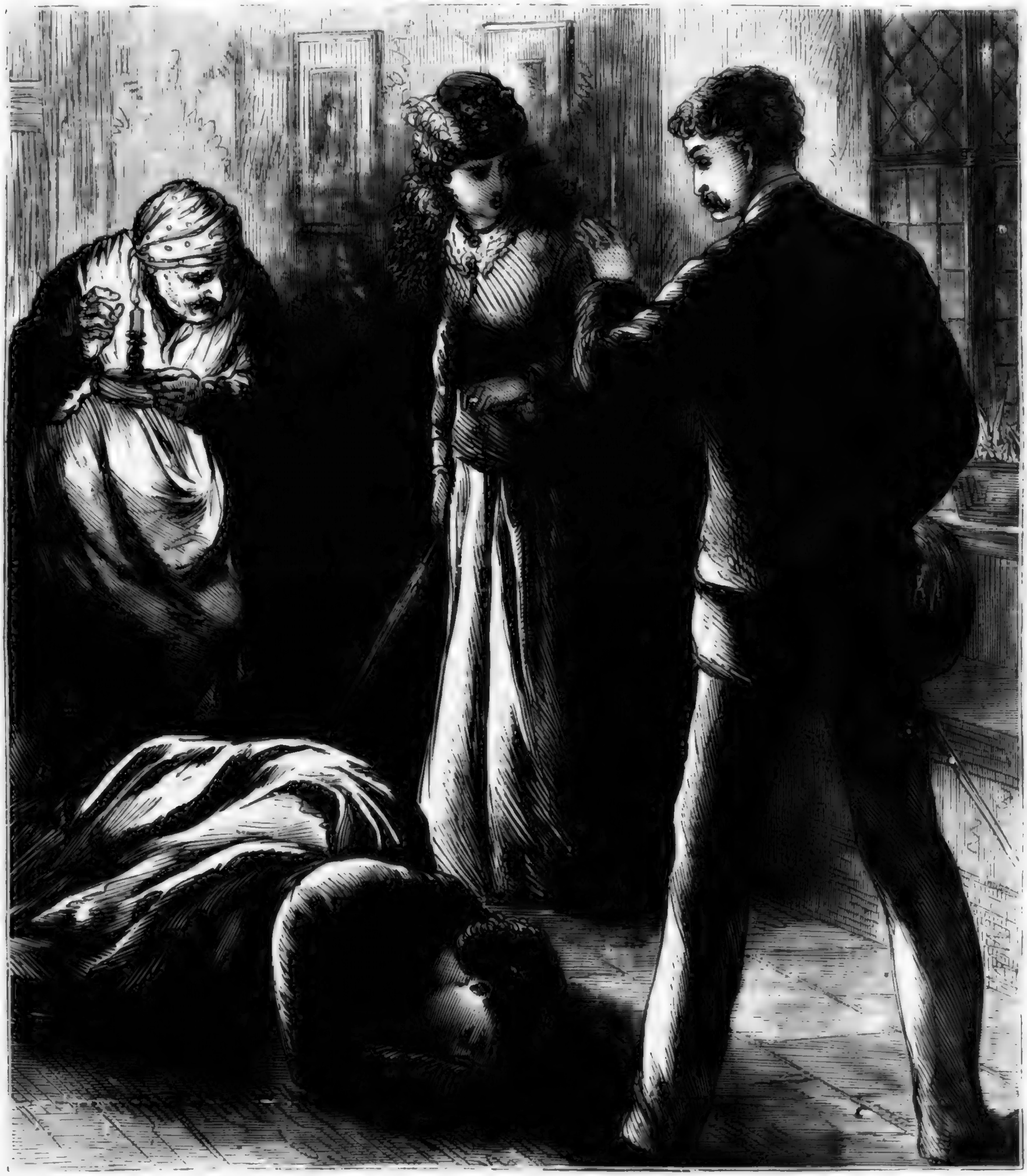
It changed and blighted my life when it fell, that black shadow of which you ask me to tell you; but as it is well that I should learn to speak of that which I must think of while I live, I will strive to find words wherewith to frame my sad, sad facts.

My life had moved on so quietly and uneventfully up to my twentieth year, that it threw me off my balance considerably one morning, when my father told me that our humdrum existence was to be brightened by the presence of a guest. He did not speak of the fact in the words I have used; he employed a far stronger idiom. "We're going to be wakened up, Madge," he said. "There's a young fellow coming down to read with me, who'll set the neighborhood on fire, if I'm not mistaken."

"Hadn't I better have new curtains and a carpet for the spare room?" my mother asked.

"Not a bit of it, my dear. Mr. Elliot won't expect to find the luxury of good upholstery in an old country rectory; but I must have the stable repaired, for he brings a couple of horses and a groom with him, and offers me two hundred a year extra for their keep."

"Surely that is very liberal," my mother said, delightedly, for poverty had firmly fastened its fangs upon us, and fattened thereon for a long time.



THE BLACK SHADOW.—"THE WOMAN, THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, HAD COME FORWARD AND CAST HERSELF AT HERBERT'S FEET."

"Liberal! He's liberality and munificence itself," my father said, warmly. "A young fellow just come into a large property, and with a widowed mother possessed of another large property to back him, doesn't often seek to enlarge his mind by a severe course of study, as this young fellow proposes to do. He seems to be something quite abnormal in this modern decayed society."

"What is his name, papa?" I asked.

"Herbert Elliot, he signs himself, and his referee speaks of him as Mr. Elliot, of Clyst-Elliot. Well, I must not loiter here any longer. I must begin brushing up my Latin and Greek, or I shall find my pupil will steal a march on me." And my father laughed pleasantly, as he spoke, for "he was a shrewd and sound divine," and good store he had of clerkly lore, so that he could venture to joke on the subject.

The day of Mr. Elliot's arrival was a busy one for us all. My mother spent the morning in designing and seeing carried into execution a wonderfully elaborate little dinner—elaborate, that is, when compared with our ordinary *cuisine*. My father bewildered himself hopelessly in searching after certain musty tomes that had been misplaced during the recent reign of order. And I kept on putting finishing touches to the guest-chamber and the drawing-room, and strove to make them bright and beautiful, for one day at least, with flowers.

I had led such a secluded life that it was pardonable excitement and curiosity surely that led me to paint at least a dozen portraits of the stranger who was coming. The one I liked best was modeled on a clever sketch in oils that my father had of Charles Edward Stuart, in which that hero of romance was represented with a fair, fine, haughty face, with frank, proud, clear blue eyes, and with a general air about him of being a chevalier indeed, "without fear and without reproach."

He came at last, and it seems superfluous to say that he was utterly unlike any one of my mind-pictures. Why should he have been like them, in fact? He was specially unlike my pet ideal, the blonde young Pretender. For he was dark and swarthy, with hair so brown that those who are not apt to make subtle distinctions in colors call it black. *I* saw the redeeming russet shade in it, though, and felt at once that nothing could have gone better with his dark, Spanish mahogany eyes than did this dusky hair.

Ay de mi! What a young Antinous he seemed to me that day, as he came dashing up our quiet little village street in his tandem! What a hero he seemed to me at dinner, when he talked to my father of his travels! And what a being to adore he appeared in the evening, when he played the guitar—an instrument I then heard for the first time—and sang Spanish romances and gay little French chansons to it!

I was a pretty girl in those days, and had always taken a proper amount of pardonable feminine delight in my prettiness before he came. But I soon learned to "deck my beauty in his eyes" with very different emotions to any I had ever experienced before. He had an artist's eye and soul, and an artist's passion for all that was beautiful. And so, in default of something better, he soon came to love me.

How bright the world grew to me when he told me this—told me in that lordly, masterful way of his, that I thought so bewitching because I loved him so. That I, Madge Dane, should have achieved this brilliant destiny—have captured this splendid creature, with my own bow and spear, was a surprising thing, not only to myself, but to my parents.

"It's too good to be true that you're going to be a rich man's wife, and have no money troubles," my poor, poverty-perplexed mother would say to me very often. "Dear Madge, I tremble to think that something may occur to prevent the realization of this bright dream."

And I would answer, in my proud, happy security, "What can prevent it, mother? We are engaged, and he loves me as well as I do him."

My glory culminated at last in an invitation to go and stay at Clyst-Elliot with his mother, who was living there in dowager-state, until he married. When I received her letter I turned to him, expecting him to sympathize with me in the pleasure it gave me. Instead of sympathizing, he said:

"Do you wish to go, Madge—do you wish to leave me?"

"Not to leave you, but I wish to go, certainly. You'll go with me, won't you?"

"No, no," he answered, abruptly. Then, seeing that I looked surprised, he added, "My mother says nothing about my going, you see. She has old-fashioned notions, and would think that I should be out of place there while she is learning to know you. Young people made love in a most stately way when she was a girl, you must remember; so, if you go to Clyst-Elliot, you will lose my society——"

"Only for a short time," I interrupted.

"Well, since you don't mind it, why should I dwell upon the fact?" he said, in a piqued tone. And then I told him how ardently I desired to know and love his mother, and make her know and love me.

"For you're her only son, Herbert," I added, "and I shall be her only daughter. Hasn't she ever talked to you of what she hoped your wife would be?"

A slight shudder—so slight that I rather felt than saw it—passed over him as I finished. But he banished all thought of it from my mind at once by taking me in his arms, and saying:

"She never imagined such a sweet wife for me as you will be, my own. You will fulfill all my mother's requirements, and they are rather numerous, let me tell you."

A few days after this I found myself at Clyst-Elliot, without my lover. All my persuasions had been powerless to persuade him to go. When I told him that, now it was coming to the point, I felt that it would be a terrible ordeal to go, as his bride-elect, and face his mother alone, he only laughed at me, and said that there was still time to shirk such an ordeal. I could wait to make her acquaintance as his wife, if I liked, and he thought that it would be better that I should do so. But still, though my heart ached horribly to leave him, Fate drove me on, and I went to Clyst-Elliot.

It was a fine, stately old house, and Herbert's mother was a fine, stately old lady. The only thing that detracted from her stateliness at times, was a certain expression of wistful anxiety that crept over her face, and aged and altered it horribly. Once it was so patent to me, and so startling, that I paused in something I was saying, and simply stared at her in blank amaze, until she asked me, sharply, "What was the matter?"

"You look so strange," I stammered—"as if you dreaded something."

And then she bent her proud old head down upon her hands, and whispered:

"Oh, child, child! may you never know what it is to live as I live, and dread what I dread!"

When she had said that she sealed her lips on the subject, and not all my entreaties would induce her to break the seal. So, as I was restless and anxious, I went out on the grounds to think, and pray for strength, and generally to brace up my nerves against evil misgivings.

I had received a letter from Herbert that day, and I took this letter with me to be my comforter, for it was full of sanguine joy about the time when I should be his wife, and we should never be separated.

"I will gratify your heart's desire, my love," he wrote, "and take you abroad, where the gloom that hangs over

Clyst-Elliot will be powerless to affect your spirits in the same sad way in which it has burdened my mother's."

I read this sentence over and over again. And a lurid light seemed to be cast upon it by Mrs. Elliot's manner of that morning.

The grounds of Clyst-Elliot were indebted more to nature than to art for their extraordinary and famous beauty. They were of wide extent, and within their confines was to be found almost every variety of midland county scenery. A river rippled along through woods, whose impenetrable shade must have been the chosen haunt of the goddess of seclusion. A curve in this river, as it took its course round the base of a hill, was so shut in on all sides by drooping foliage that, at first sight, it looked like a lake. I had driven along by its borders twice before this day with Mrs. Elliot. But I had never walked there until now, when I came there alone to take counsel with myself as to what this vapor of mystery which was rising up round me might mean.

The Summer air was so still, that it seemed to slumber in the noontide heat. The only sounds that fell upon my ears, as I sauntered further and further still away from the paths I knew, were the light sounds that act almost as narcotics when one dares to be idle. A few drowsy gnats and bees were humming about me. The river was a still, deep, silent one, that never murmured. And as for the breeze that came sighing through the woods, it might have been the very queen of zephyrs that was abroad that day, so gracefully noiseless was it.

Suddenly into the midst of this sweet, soul-entrancing silence, and this aristocratic seclusion, there came a sound—the sound of a woman's cry! My heart stood still, shocked into absolute pulselessness, for a few moments. Then it throbbed violently and angrily, as I began to question who could dare to so rudely wake the echoes of Clyst-Elliot.

I knew that the spot on which I stood must be well in the middle of the grounds, and I also knew that strangers were strictly prohibited from walking about in the solemn old woods that were sacred to the glory of the Elliots. To the best of my knowledge, there was no gamekeeper's lodge near the lake. And as for the servants, not one of them could hope to serve their haughty lady long, if they indulged in emotional shrieks such as this one which had struck terror to my soul just now.

Who could have dared to do it? I uttered the words with the tone and with the look of the future mistress of those broad lands. And then a sudden resolve to act as if I were the lady of Clyst-Elliot already, seized me. So I walked on, with a deep sense of my own importance upon me, looking round eagerly for a clue to the cause.

The main path narrowed and branched off on all sides into even narrower paths, and I became quite conscious soon that I was losing my way. Still, no harm could come to me in those woods, I argued, and if I were absent long, servants would come out in search, for, as the future wife of their young master, I was very precious in the eyes of all at Clyst-Elliot. Moreover, if I walked far enough, I must clear myself from this labyrinth of path in time, and until I did so, there was the excitement of a possible discovery to keep me from feeling weary.

That cry again! Much nearer to me now, and expressive of, oh, such an agony of woe! I bounded on fearlessly in the direction from whence it came, and found myself, at the end of a minute, in what looked like a cleared space in the very heart of a wood. A fairy garden, full of the loveliest shrubs, the brightest pebble paths, and the richest beds of geraniums and chrysanthemums, spread itself before me, and surrounded a tiny fairy palace, one story high, covered with ivy and roses and clematis, and with a thatched roof, and a porch that appeared to me the very *beau ideal* of rural beauty.

"Why was I never told of this place—why was I never shown it?"

I had barely time to ask myself these questions, before I found myself knocking at the door of the pretty rustic porch. As I knocked, I looked carelessly toward a window that was curiously placed in the wall—so placed that any person at it could command a full view of any one standing in the porch. And as I looked, I saw, or thought I saw, a black shadow flit across the shining lattice-panes.

In another moment the door was opened by a stolid-looking countrywoman, in a blue gingham dress, and I was asking, somewhat imperiously:

"Who lives here?"

"I do, my lady," the woman answered, civilly enough.

"Alone?" I questioned, sharply, and I thought I saw a deeper trace of color come into her rough, red face, as she said:

"I be alone a great deal; only now and again my daughter comes to keep me company."

"I am Miss Dane," I said, in a tone that implied, "You had better not trifle with me"—"I am Miss Dane. Is your daughter with you now?"

"Not now, ma'am. I'm alone now," she said, nervously.

"There was a shadow crossed the window as I knocked," I said, impatiently. "Whose was that?"

"I am alone, miss," she repeated.

"You are telling me what is not true," I said, beginning to shake with a variety of emotions. "I tell you I am Miss Dane. As you live here, you must know that I am staying at Clyst-Elliot, and you must know who I am."

"Yes, miss, I know who you are, and who you are to be," she said, almost in a whisper. Then she came outside the door, and asked, in an even lower tone:

"Is the young master down?"

"No; he is not."

"Praise be to Heaven for that!" she said, fervently. And then she seemed to remember herself, for she added, quickly, "When he comes here with you, miss, I hope to have my cottage tidy enough to ask you in to rest."

"It must be tidy enough for that now!" I said, eagerly. "I am very tired! I don't know my way home! Do let me come in and sit down!"

She backed into the house in the nervous, secret, suspicious manner that was already making me very unhappy, and, quick as lightning, I saw her dart a glance round the half hall, half sitting-room, off which the porch-door gave.

"Who are you looking for?" I asked, following her in, and sinking down on a couch from sheer weariness.

"The cat, miss," she said, meekly. "Such a trouble she is! She screams that dreadful, that it's like a human being sometimes, and it makes my flesh creep."

"*Why* do you want to pretend that it was a cat I heard just now?" I cried, passionately.

"Did you hear anything, miss? How was I to know?"

She asked it softly and suavely, watching me warily the while, until I felt half frightened at her. To avoid her sly, irritating gaze for a few moments, I got up and walked about the room.

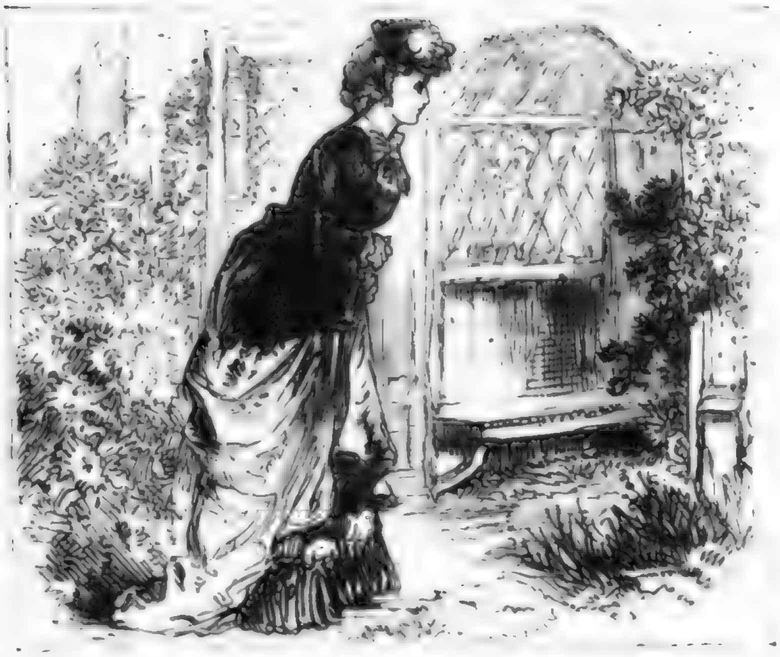
As I paused before a well-filled bookcase that occupied one end of the room, I heard a deep, moaning sigh, which seemed to come from behind the bookcase.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, starting back, frightened and puzzled, and uncertain how to act.

"What is the meaning of what, miss?" the woman asked, coldly.

"Of that sigh—of those books in this cottage?" I replied, incoherently.

"I heard no sigh. As for the books, it was the fancy of a gentleman who lodged here once, to have that case made to



THE BLACK SHADOW.—"I HAD BARELY TIME TO ASK MYSELF THESE QUESTIONS, BEFORE I FOUND MYSELF KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE PRETTY RUSTIC PORCH."

look as if it were well-filled with books. It's a sham, miss, like many other things in the world."

"A gentleman who lodged here! Lodged here in the grounds of Clyst-Elliot! How came that to be allowed? Did Mr. Elliott know that you let lodgings?"

"The young master made no objection, miss," she said, in an affectedly servile tone that made me shudder and long to get out of her presence.

Full of this desire, I asked:

"Tell me the nearest way back to the lake. I can find my way from there; but these paths bewilder me."

"I will take you there," she said; and, without another word, she led the way from the house, and I followed her down to the lake—down to the spot I had been in while I was reading my lover's letter.

"Now you know your way, miss?" she asked. And when I told her "Yes," she said, significantly, "Take care not to lose it again, miss—you might come to harm in these wild woods, and no one be the wiser for it."

Her words sounded so ominous, and my nerves were already so completely unstrung, that I made no attempt to detain or question her further. I got myself home as fast as I could, and detailed my adventure to Mrs. Elliot, who heard me to the end in quiet silence.

"Did you know of this cottage, and of this old woman?" I asked.

"Yes; I knew that she lived there."

"How strange that neither Herbert nor you should have mentioned them to me. It's a perfect *bijou* place! What can an old, common woman like that want of elegancies? and who could it have been that screamed, and then sighed? I'm sure it was not a cat!"

"Some of her common friends, I suppose," Mrs. Elliot said, scornfully. "Don't magnify the little incident into an adventure, my dear. Girls are so apt to do that."

"Mrs. Elliot, there is some secret in that cottage," I said, solemnly. "I will write, and beg Herbert to come and help me to find it out."

She gave another of those quick, convulsive shudders that I had seen her possessed by before, and lifted her hands in a sort of involuntary deprecation.

"You had better not interrupt Herbert's studies. You had better let things take their course," she said, hoarsely.

And when I implored her to tell me what the things were to which she alluded so darkly, she would only shake her head, and say, "Nothing, nothing!" until my soul sank with a vague, sickening fear.

That night I wrote to Herbert, and two days after he was with me at Clyst-Elliot, and I was pouring out my story to him, of the cottage in the wood.

"Why did you not tell me of it, Herbert?" I wound up with.

"My dear Madge, I had nothing to tell. An old woman and a cottage are not themes I should choose to enlarge upon to you."

"But, Herbert, who could have screamed? And the book-case, filled with imitation books and clever fictitious titles? And the sigh that I heard from behind it? It is all very extraordinary—you know that it is—and I don't think I ought to be kept in the dark."

His face lowered as I spoke, and then a look of passionate affection for me swept away the cloud.

"My own Madge, he said, 'I wish you were my wife I wish you were my wife!"

"Will you go to that cottage with me, dear Herbert?" I said, coaxingly.

"Yes; some day."

"No, but to-day, dear—let it be to-day. That old woman was half inclined to be impertinent to me. I should like to go there in my power, with you."

He smiled fondly enough, but he protested against going to the cottage. It was too hot he said, and in the evening, when it was cooler, he had planned that we should go for a long drive or ride. The cottage must stand over until the next day, at least.

As the heat was almost overpowering, I pretended to give way. Ah! why was not my pretense reality? Had I been less determined, more reliant and yielding, I might have been a happy woman now, instead of the pitied, helpless creature that I am.

I pretended to give way, but, when the cool shades of

THE STOCKING-MENDER.—SEE PAGE 294.

evening came on, I refused to go for a drive, and renewed my entreaties to go to the cottage.

"If you won't take me, Herbert," I said, at last, "I shall think that you are in some plot to mystify me! and I'll set my wits to work to find out what the mystification is! Do, do come!"

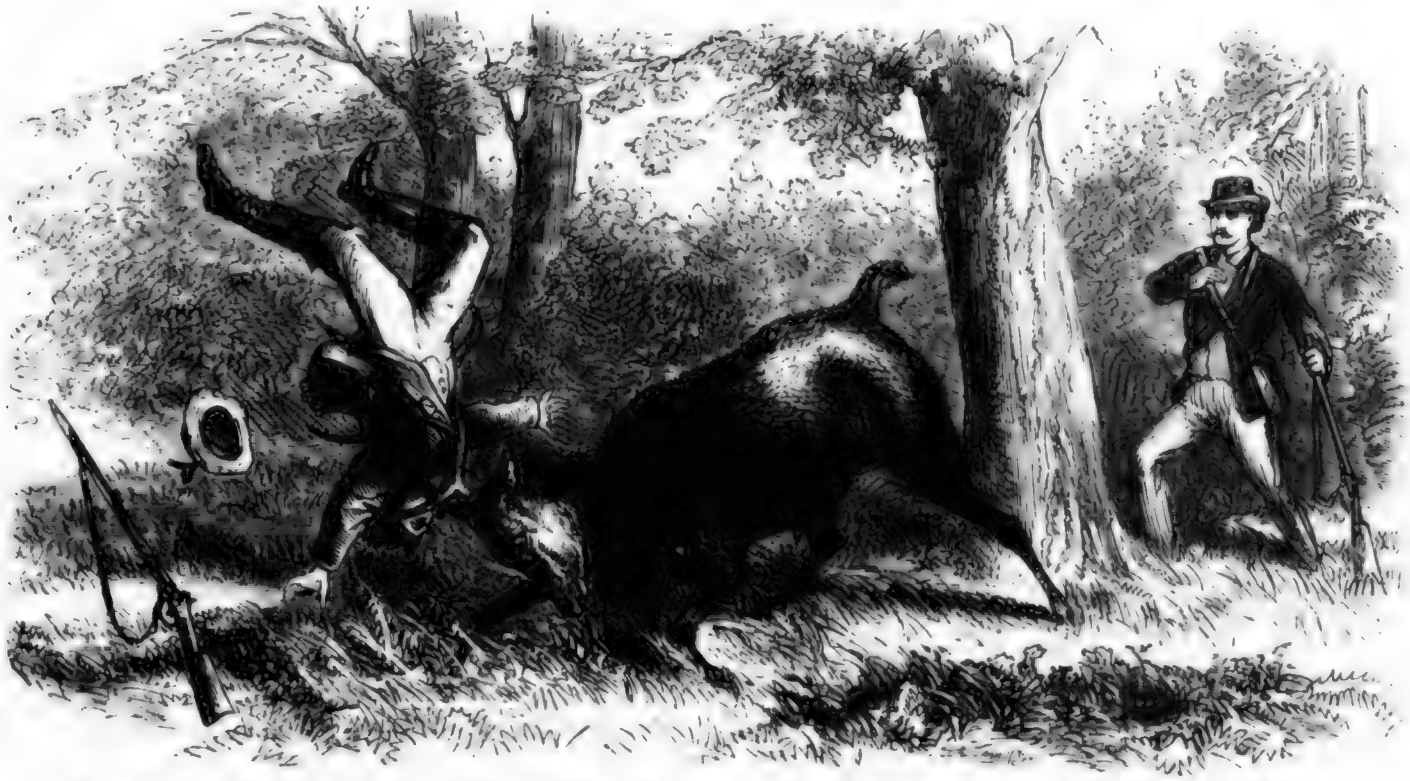
"If you will, Madge."

I can recall the look of almost agony, the piteously imploring tone with which he said this. Why was I not warned in time? What madness held me, that I would rush onward to my own destruction in this way?

"Come, then! Let us go and look for the black shadow and the cat again!" I said, mockingly; and, as I put my hand within his arm, I felt it tremble, and once more he called me his "own Madge," and begged me to be satisfied with what I had already seen of the cottage "until to-morrow."

But I was obstinate.

"I will go, either with you or without you!" I said, flippantly.



MY FIRST DEER HUNT.—"THE INFURIATED CREATURE MET HIM HALF WAY, AND WITH ONE SWEEP OF HIS ANTLERS THREW HIM A DOZEN FEET."—SEE PAGE 294.

And then he resigned himself, and we set off on our walk to the scene of my former adventure.

When we came to the spot where we left the lake on our right, and the paths became intricate, he paused once more, and adjured me solemnly not to go on.

"If you persist in going to-night," he said, "we may both be made very miserable. Wait till to-morrow, and I will take you there! Wait until you are my wife, and I will tell you all there is to tell; but do not go there to-night."

"Herbert, I must! I must, indeed! I'm driven on to go!"

"Wrestle with that demon of curiosity, and cast it out!" he pleaded.

But I only shook my head, and said I must go on. And then we went on in absolute silence until we came to the door of the cottage.

It was shut, and a shadow was cast upon it obliquely from some one standing inside the window. Peering eagerly through the coming gloom at this person, I made out the face and form of a most lovely woman, and at once I relaxed the firm hold I had on Herbert's arm.

At the same moment, the door was opened, and I was drawn by him into the room. And then, as the same old woman came forward with a candle, there rang out the same unearthly, hopeless, wildly unhappy scream that had startled me once before. And before I could do more than give utterance to one exclamation of horror, the woman, the beautiful woman in the window, had come forward and cast herself at Herbert's feet.

"You are come at last, my husband," she said. "I have waited for you a weary time. They showed me a girl, with a white face, the other day, and said she was to be your wife. But I knew better. 'She will never be his wife!' I said, and I am right."

"My poor Dora!" he said; and something in the pitifulness of his tone to her—to this woman who claimed him—stirred me into speech.

"You are right! I never *will* be his wife!" I cried; and then I saw that the woman I was addressing had become insensible.

"The joy of seeing you has been too much—it has broken her heart, sir!" the old woman said, taking the fair young form tenderly off the ground. And I stood by while they bathed her forehead and laved her hands, and waited with a bursting brain and a breaking heart for an explanation to be offered to me.

When she opened her eyes, at length, they rested on him—on *my* Herbert—with a look that nearly maddened me; and the groan that broke from my lips brought him to my side, and directed her attention to me.

"Who is that lady, Herbert?" she asked, gently. "My mind is too dark still to know all my friends; but I knew you at once, my darling, my own!"

Those words to him! and he listened to them! Why did I not die then? The truth, the miserable truth came in upon me by slow degrees. This beautiful woman had been mad, and was sane again; and Herbert was her love—not mine any more. I saw this. I felt it in every fibre of my being. He was torn to pieces by conflicting emotions, but honor seemed to call him to that woman's side. My agony culminated when she who had cast the black shadow over me called him to her side, and flung her arms round his

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neck, and bade him "thank Heaven, with her, that he had been patient to wait for her recovery! That he had not married another!"

How I was got back to Clyst-Elliot, and how I had to struggle for hours with such dark pain that my brain was threatened, need not be told here. In the morning his mother came to me, and I implored her to tell me all I ought to know, and to say at once whether I might think of Herbert as mine still.

"It is half-killing him, poor boy, this truth that I am going to tell you," she said, mournfully; "but you must hear it, and you both must bear it. Herbert is bound in honor to relinquish you, and to marry Dora Lyne!"

And then she told me how, five years ago, she, finding it dull at Clyst-Elliot, had advertised for a companion, and had had her advertisement answered by this young and beautiful woman.

"It was only natural," she said, "that Herbert and she should have loved one another, and, after a time, I gave my consent, and they were to have married soon. Just when the day was fixed for their wedding, Herbert caught a bad fever, and I nearly lost my son. Dora was half-distracted, but she nursed him devotedly and skillfully. When he was out of danger, she fell ill; and, when the fever left her, we found that her mind was gone!

"The blow nearly killed him. But in time his youth and health reasserted themselves, and he saw you, and loved again. From the moment I heard of your engagement, I have had the dread on me that something sorrowful would happen. His love for Dora was gone, I knew; but, if Dora became sane, where would his honor be, if he did not marry her? Over and over again I implored him to tell you everything. But he would not until you were his wife, he said. A few days ago, when you heard that first scream, that old woman had just tried the experiment of telling Dora that Herbert was going to be married to some one else. That news aroused her faculties. The sight of him, yesterday, restored them completely. My child! my poor child! you now know all."

So, the black shadow fell and blotted out all my hopes in life.

THE STOCKING-MENDER.

Among the extinct trades of Paris, is that of stocking-mending, which used to furnish employment to many, too old and infirm to pursue any other means of earning a scanty subsistence. As will be seen by our engraving, it required no very extensive capital to set up in this line of business—an old hogshead, with a covering to protect the head from the inclemencies of the weather, a chair, a pair of spectacles, a darning-needle, and some cotton thread; these were all that was necessary.

The stocking-menders frequented the vicinity of market-places, and after choosing a spot in which to locate, became fixtures.

But the various machines for the manufacture of stockings at a low price, and more especially those which add new feet to old tops, carried a deathblow to this now extinct trade. Besides, as the market-places became more pretentious in architecture, size, and general appearance, the poor old women felt that they were no longer in keeping with their surroundings, and ceased to struggle with the tide which was setting against them, and which soon floated them on to the almshouse and a pauper's grave.

Good nature, like the bee, collects honey from every herb.

MY FIRST DEER HUNT.

The first experience I had in hunting was a memorable one, and a vivid remembrance of it will remain by me during all my life.

It is something over twenty years ago that Burt Smith and I, who were clerks in a wholesale establishment in Broadway, made our arrangements for spending a week in the Autumn among the Adirondacks in Northern New York. It was our great ambition to "kill a deer," and we made numerous boasts that we were going to bring one of those animals back with us.

With such an exalted idea of our abilities, we set out without any dog, and, after reaching the mountains, we informed the Indian guide, who proffered his services, in our most complacent manner, that we proposed to be our "own guides."

"Veree well," he said, with an impudent grin, as he walked away.

We struck into the mountains with the intention of being absent about a week, and to live off the country while so employed. For two mortal days we tramped the woods, with not a particle of food to eat, except a few dry biscuits, which we had brought with us.

On the first night we both slept in a tree, or attempted to do so, for we had scarcely closed our eyes, when Burt lost his balance, which displaced me, and we both fell sprawling to the ground, where we lay, shivering and terrified, until daylight.

On the second night, when nearly famished, we reached a half-breed's house, where we procured lodgings and something substantial in the way of food. In the morning we started out with a considerable rise in our spirits, and with a renewed determination to bag a deer before nightfall.

Thus far we had not caught a glimpse of anything more than a few birds. We imagined, when on the ground, that there were any number of bears all about us, but we saw nothing of them, and I have since come to the conclusion that they existed only in our imaginations.

Had we consulted our feelings, we would have bidden an eternal farewell to the Adirondacks, and made all haste to our employers in Broadway, but we could not bear the thought of going back empty-handed, after all our boasts of what we were going to accomplish.

About noon, as we were walking rather languidly along, we suddenly met a huge stag face to face. The frightened animal raised his head, returned our amazed stare, and then wheeled about and ran.

At this juncture we thought of our rifles, and, raising them, fired at the swiftly vanishing animal. The effect of the bullet or the report was simply to hasten his speed.

"By Jove! I hit him!" exclaimed Smith, starting off on a run after him.

"No, you didn't. It was my bullet!" I added, as I hastened after him.

In a few minutes we overtook the stag, he having entered a sort of gorge, which closed at the opposite end, and shut off his escape altogether, except by the way he had entered.

Finding us so close in his rear, he turned, and now stood at bay, awaiting our attack. We had not yet learned that

"A stag at bay is a dangerous foe."

"He's mine! he's mine! I hit him first!" called out Smith, excitedly. "Stand back, till I knock him in the head."

And the fellow dashed forward, with his gun upraised.

The infuriated creature met him half way, and with one sweep of his antlers threw him a dozen feet.

Burt landed on his feet, without suffering any material injury; but his experience was sufficient, and not once looking behind, he gave utterance to a regular Cayuga yell, and broke away at the top of his speed, shouting to me to do the same.

As for me, I concluded that the opportunity was too good a one to be thrown away in such an idle manner. I merely ran a short distance until the infuriated animal gave over the chase, when I halted to decide upon the next step that was advisable.

Like all young hunters, neither of us had reloaded our guns after first firing them, so that we were totally unprepared for this change in the tactics of our fugitive.

I now proceeded to charge my piece. When I had finished, I carefully scrutinized the stag, who still stood defiantly at bay, and I was somewhat surprised when I failed to discover the slightest wound upon him, proving conclusively that both our shots had missed him.

But I was resolved that my second effort should be more successful, and I took deliberate aim at the stag.

When I fired, the sudden spring which he made in the air proved that he had been struck.

This shot brought matters to a crisis. If the animal was hit, he was not disabled, and, lowering his head, he came plunging toward me like a thunderbolt.

There was no time to think of reloading, so I dropped my gun and dashed for a sapling, up which I made my way with a celerity which would have astonished the Hanlon brothers. I had scarcely drawn myself a dozen feet from the earth, when the antlers of the stag struck the trunk with a violence which nearly shook me from my seat; but I clung to my perch with the tenacity of death itself, for I had no desire for another bout with the raging animal below.

The stag, after making his charge, backed off from the tree, looked up at me, and snuffed, as if to say:

"I've got you there, young man, and I can wait till you come down!"

The afternoon was now well advanced, and I was treed by an angry stag, that looked as if he meant to keep me there. My gun was on the gronnd, a hundred yards away, and I was fortunate in being beyond the reach of my enemy.

Once in a while he struck his antlers against the tree, at which times I had to hold on pretty well to prevent being shaken off.

As the only thing that I could do under the circumstances, I yelled for Smith to return to my assistance. But, although I shouted until I was hoarse, no response came. The unchivalrous fellow cared nothing for me, so that he secured his own safety.

As the afternoon wore away, I took a careful view of my surroundings. The sapling which I had climbed was interlocked at the top with the limb of a large tree, into which, if I chose, I thought I could make my way; but, as there was nothing to be gained by doing so, and as it was attended with considerable risk, I concluded to "let well enough alone."

There was such a round, full moon in the clear sky, that I really was unable to tell when twilight ended and moonlight began. But night came at last, and my cruel sentinel still watched me from below.

Once or twice, when I became cramped in my position, I shifted to the opposite side of the tree. The slightest move at such times caught the ear of the stag below, that started up, as if he was certain I was about to fall into his power.

When we were well into the night, I began to ask myself what was to be the end of all this. Suppose that infernal stag should take it into his head to watch there for a week, what would become of me?

Being satisfied that my last shot wounded him, I had strong hopes that he would soon fall to the ground, and collapse.

But, as hour after hour passed, he displayed an astonishing amount of vitality. The truth of it was, that my shot had succeeded in rousing all the fury of his nature, and very little, if anything more.

At this distant day I can afford to smile at the predicament in which I was placed, but it was no smiling matter to me then. It was a serious matter, indeed.

Necessity is the parent of invention, and, somewhere about midnight, a brilliant scheme came into my head. As it was the only one which offered me any chance of escape, I acted upon it at once. Carefully removing my coat, I adjusted it on a limb, and then placed my cap over the top. I debated a moment whether I should also remove my pantaloons, but, on account of the chilliness of the night, concluded not to do so, except as a *dernier ressort*.

I worked very silently and stealthily, and, when everything was ready, gave a violent shake to the tree. Instantly the stag was on the alert. I repeated this fully a dozen times, until there was reason to believe that my enemy had become weary of it, when I made a leap for a limb of the adjoining tree. I barely succeeded. Remaining at rest a few moments, I cautiously clambered to the opposite side of the larger tree. Here the great difficulty presented itself.

After considerable manœuvering, the large trunk was placed between me and my enemy, and, with a painfully throbbing heart, I dropped as lightly as possible to the ground.

The stag started, as though he suspected foul play, but a glance at my hat and coat evidently satisfied him that I was still in the sapling overhead, and he was content to bide his time. Fairly on the ground, I began moving stealthily backward, all the time keeping the tree-trunk between me and the motionless body of the stag. The time soon came when even this failed to hide him, and I sank down upon the earth, and crawled away on my hands and knees until a safe distance was reached, when I rose to my feet and *ran*.

Once I thought of turning back in search of my gun, for the purpose of paying the animal for his persecution, but there was too much risk, and I kept on.

Providence directed my footsteps, and at daybreak I found my old friend the half-breed's, and where also Smith was quietly sleeping, as though there was no such thing as danger threatening me.

A solemn council of war was held, and the result was that three days later we were back in Broadway, and neither of us has ever visited the Adirondacks since.

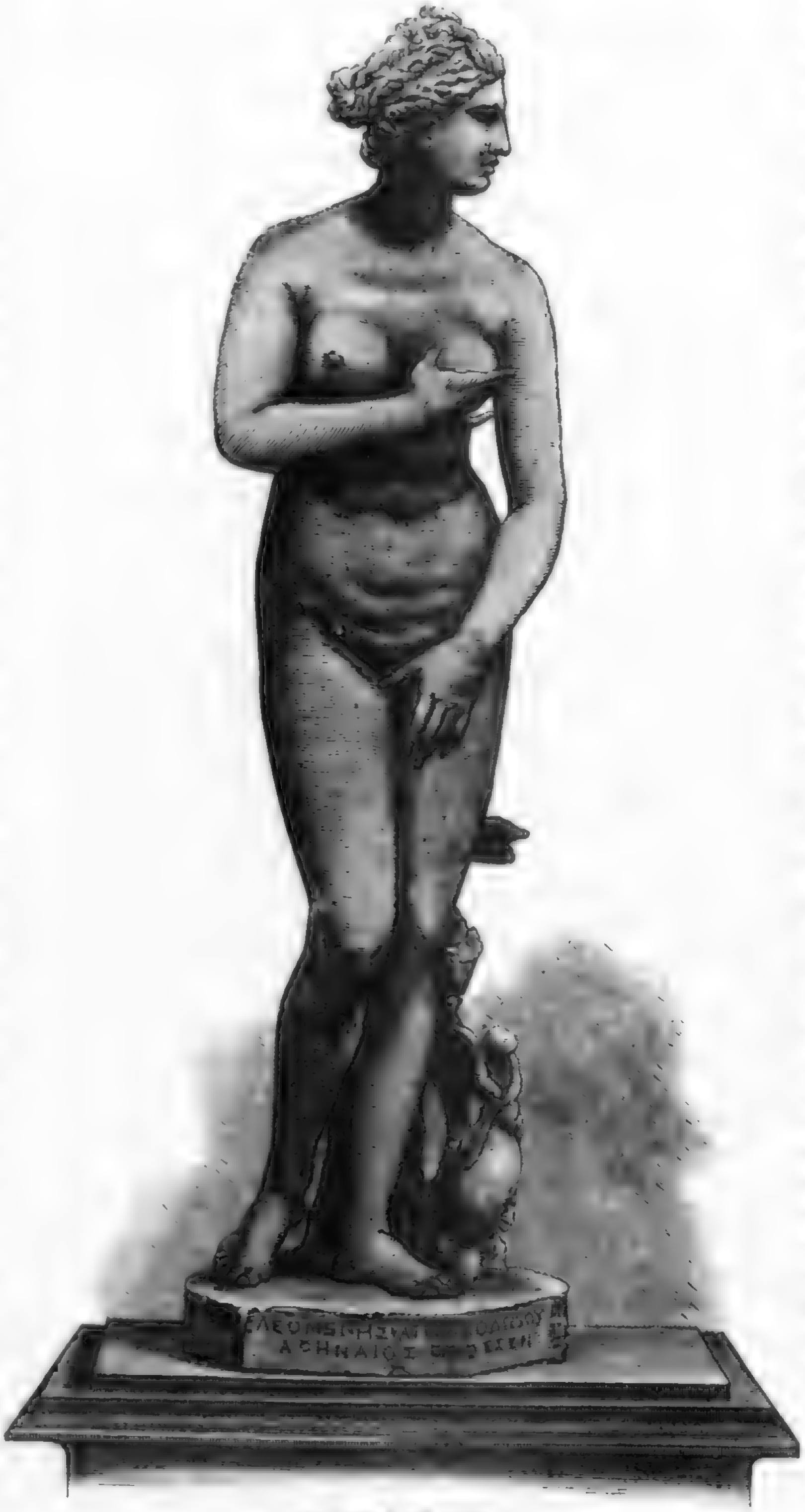
HENRY THE FOURTH AND LA BELLE GABRIELLE.

By Henry Barton Baker.

Amongst the train of young nobles who, as *pages d'honneur*, formed part of the Court of Anne of Brittany, queen of Louis XII., was a tall, handsome youth, of noble bearing and high courage, named Antoine d'Estrées, the heir of a family of ancient lineage, in Picardy, whose ancestors had intermarried with the *quasi*-royal house of Courtenay.

Most of the young men of family of that day, who were ambitious of distinction, sought it in the desolating wars that France for so many years carried on in the very heart of Italy. Young d'Estrées, therefore, thirsting for military fame, crossed the Alps with Francis I., and, from the gallantry and daring he displayed in the battlefield, was shortly promoted to the command of the Albanian company, which had been raised by Francis, and was maintained in his army throughout his Italian campaign.

With this small corps of 150 men, no less remarkable for bravery than picturesqueness of appearance, Antoine d'Estrées took part in the engagements that led to the victory of Marignano. In the subsequent reign of Henry II., the appointment of grand master of the artillery was conferred on him, for the great ability with which he had personally directed the siege of Calais. He afterward inclined to the Huguenot cause. The son of this brave soldier, also named Antoine, succeeded to his father's post in the artillery, and, inheriting also his attachment to the cause of the King of Navarre, became one of the most influential of the "*parti du milieu*"—composed of moderate Catholics and reasonable Calvinists—who desired to put an end to religious strife and to the warfare that harassed and impoverished France, and who believed that the interests of all parties would best be served by insuring the succession of Henri de Béarn to the throne. On these advocates of a system of fusion of interests, the extreme sections of the two opposing faiths had bestowed the taunting *sobriquet* of "*les politiques*," and their adherents at first were few. But as it became more apparent that the only results of this war of creeds were rapine and bloodshed, and unutterable misery to the people, the "*parti du milieu*" gained strength and importance. The number of Henri de Béarn's partisans increased; and not only did he gain some advantages in occasional skirmishes, but decided victories in well-contested engagements.



THE VENUS DE MEDICI.

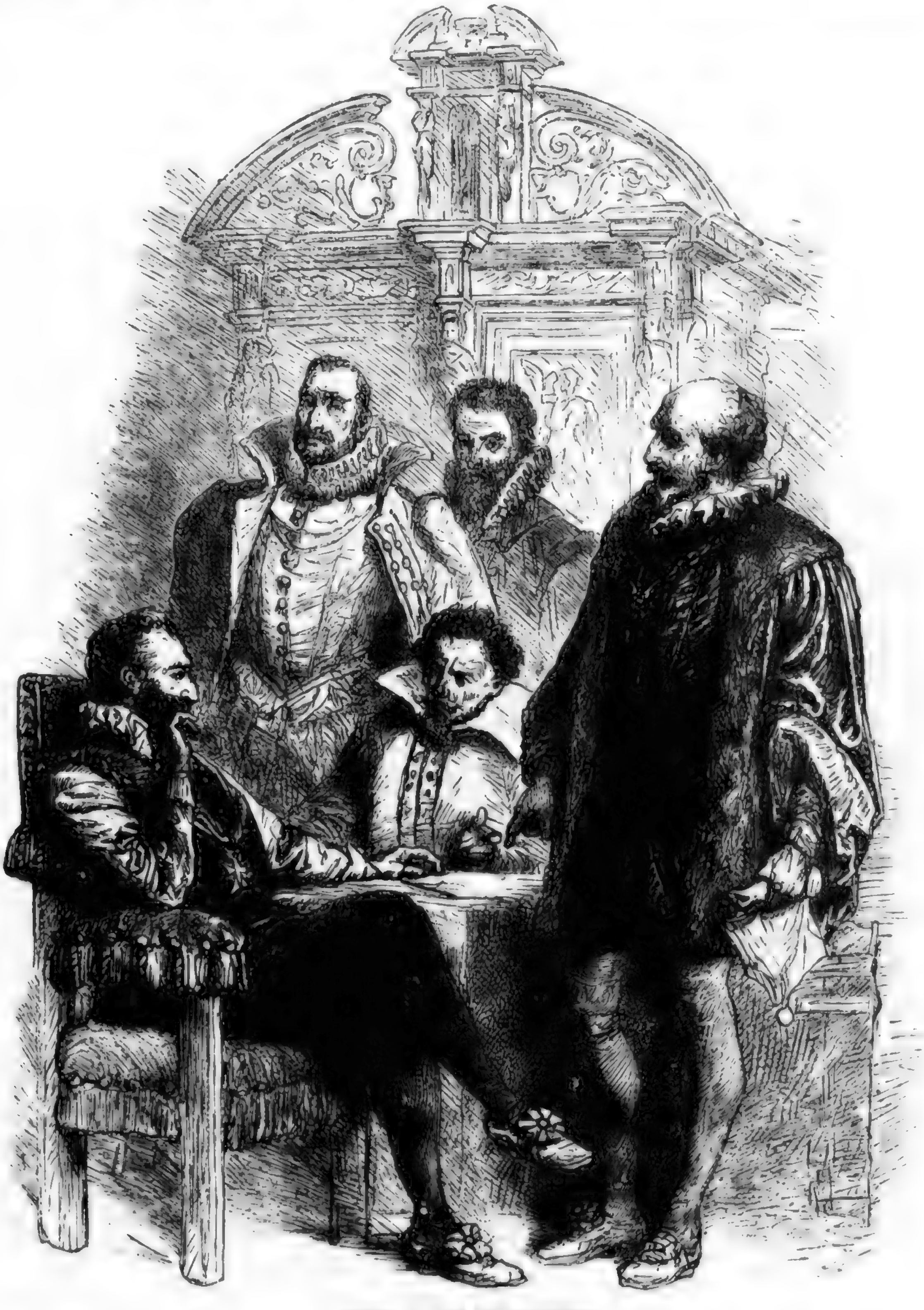
The family of d'Estrées resided at the fortified Château de Cœuvres, and in 1589 the fair *châtelaine* was Antoine's beautiful daughter—"*La belle Gabrielle*," as she was afterward called, and as she still lives in song. Endowed with all the grace, fascination and sweetness of temper of her mother, Françoise Babou de la Bourdonière, she had also the noble beauty and force of character that distinguished the paternal line. She was then in the bloom of youth, in her eighteenth year.

Like many ladies of high family in the sixteenth century, Gabrielle had been trained, in case of need, to defend her home against the attacks of straggling and lawless parties of marauders, who, in those turbulent times, would often seek to surprise and plunder a château from which the *seigneur* and his retainers were known to be absent. Her father had taught her to apply the match to the *culverines*, to fire off an *arquebuse*, to defend herself with a dagger. A daring and graceful horsewoman, she was his constant companion in the grand hunting and hawking parties that then formed the favorite recreation of the *vie de château*—often a boisterous one of wild rusticity, though in most cases tempered by a courtliness of manners induced by the great pride of birth of the feudal lords and ladies of that day.

The young Duc de Bellegarde, a gallant cavalry officer, reputed one of the handsomest and bravest men in France, had fallen passionately in love with the fair Gabrielle. With the romantic ardor of sweet sixteen, she had responded to the love of the young soldier, and promised to become his bride. But the times were not propitious for marrying and giving in marriage; for the country was in arms, civil war prevailed throughout France, and Captain de Bellegarde must away to his troop. Vows of eternal constancy were exchanged, and the young lovers parted—he to be soon after taken prisoner and banished to Poland; Gabrielle, to dream now and then of her absent Adonis, to whose memory she heaved a soft sigh when she heard of the unexpected blow to her youthful hopes. But her bright, laughing eyes were not dimmed by much weeping, and the bloom did not fade from her soft, rounded cheek.

Such was the passing emotion that fluttered the breast of the youthful Gabrielle; but, like first love in general, it died away in the absence of its object, and left neither scar nor ache behind. But, two years after, taller in stature, in beauty of form more perfectly developed, full of animation, and with a heart wholly unscathed, she first met, fatally for her, the man to whom the one love of her life was given—Henri de Béarn, King of Navarre. A king without a kingdom; for Pope Sixtus V. had excommunicated Henri, given Navarre to Spain, and declared him unworthy of the French crown.

For some years past, Henri had led a life of adventure, but one of much hardship and fatigue. Urged by his faithful follower and friend, the famous Agrippa d'Aubigné, he fled from the Court of France in 1576, to head the Huguenot bands, who, naturally, looked to him as their leader. Renouncing the Catholic faith, which he, and his brother, the Prince de Condé, had accepted at the instance of Charles IX.—that they might escape the fate that befell so many thousands of Huguenots during the St. Bartholomew massacre—he again made profession of the Calvinist doctrine.



HENRY IV. AND HIS MINISTERS.

Gabrielle had heard the many stories that were told of his wonderful prowess, of his daring feats of arms, of his gayety and joyousness of temper under difficulties and privations, and of the courage and endurance with which his example inspired his troops. Troops often utterly destitute, ragged and footsore, hungry and shelterless, yet ever devoted to their gallant leader; and who, being further buoyed up by fanatical zeal, and a belief that their cause was that of God, as opposed to that of the devil, fought with a desperation that generally ended in the discomfiture of their foes.

After these victories—for Henri de Béarn was as poor as his followers—they were let loose on the towns and villages to find food and shelter, by force or otherwise, according to the fear or favor they inspired in the inhabitants. For himself, Henri would seek the hospitality of a neighboring château, perhaps that of some noble but not over-zealous Catholic family, to whom he would write very humble but very insinuating letters.

When he wanted money, which was no rare occurrence, he was driven to all sorts of expedients to obtain it. "He would send," says Péréfixe, "to *les seigneurs et dames* who, he thought, were his friends, promissory notes, written and signed by himself, and would entreat that either the notes or the sum named in them might be sent back to him." Rarely, it appears, these friends failed to send him the sum. But the chief object of his visits from château to château was to gain over the moderate Catholic nobles to join the "*parti du milieu*," of which he was the armed expression. It was to follow up some negotiation of this sort that, on the evening following a successful battle, he rode over from his camp to the Château de Cœuvres, where he became acquainted with the family of d'Estrées, and deeply enamored of the young and beautiful *châtelaine*.

Henri de Béarn was then thirty-six, just double the age of Gabrielle, and his appearance by no means attractive. He never was handsome, but at nineteen or twenty is said to have had a noble and an open countenance. At thirty-six he is described as so worn and aged by the hard life he had had, by the excessive fatigue and disquietudes of the civil war, the perpetual clash of opinions, and the religious strife in his camp, that, but for the buoyancy of his spirits, he might have been taken for an elderly man. His face was deeply furrowed with wrinkles, the skin rough and hardened by constant exposure to all weathers, and his complexion *basané*, almost to blackness. He had a hooked nose of such immoderate length that it almost touched his chin, and left but small space for his mouth, which was shaded by a heavy mustache.

During his last campaign he had undergone, besides extreme bodily exertion, so much mental anxiety that his hair, beard, and moustache had become quite gray. But under his gray, bushy eyebrows there sparkled a pair of keen, sprightly black eyes; his face wore a bantering yet good-humored smile, and in his whole bearing there was a frank, jovial, dauntless, devil-me-care sort of air, which, with his wide-spread reputation for being as gay a gallant as doughty a knight, might well win for him the favorable notice of the fair *châtelaine*, notwithstanding all personal disadvantages.

When the ugliest gentleman in France, who was also the bravest of knights, first presented himself at the Château de Cœuvres, his gray felt helmet had been considerably damaged; the famous white plume, conspicuous in every fight, was draggled and dirty, and his doublet and trunk hose, that already had had many a patch, were torn and soiled. Yet from that evening, the *château* had no more assiduous guest than Henri de Béarn, and probably none more welcome. For he was *spirituel*, and his conversation full of jest and anecdote.

He told many good stories too, both of love and of war—wide had been his experience of both. And they were listened to with delight; for he told them well, with that playful exaggeration, or vaunting, that has been deemed peculiar to the Gascon. And of the careless, intrepid, reckless, joyous Gascon of that day—great in all manly sports and games, in love-making, war-making, drinking, and gaming; mirthful, contented when fortune frowned, magnificently generous when she smiled—Henri de Béarn was no unfavorable type. Even when his cause seemed to droop and the friends who sheltered him were inclined to despond, *his* spirits did not flag; he could still keep the dinner-table lively and the old baronial hall resounding with laughter at his sprightly sallies and pungent wit.

Frightfully ugly as he is acknowledged to have been — though art has embellished his portraits—yet there were moments when his weather-worn face was lighted up with so much animation, and fun gleamed and sparkled so merrily in his eyes, as in conversation jest succeeded jest, that an impression was left on the minds of those who saw him that he was handsome in spite of his ugliness.

And Gabrielle probably felt thus, when Henri—though not venturing to speak of love, yet, with an eager earnestness that gave force to his unstudied eloquence—strove to interest her in the success of his cause and the operations of the war. He told her of his perilous campaigns in the Rouergue and Languedoc; of the heroism of the little army that had fought so valiantly for the fugitive King of Navarre; of his own hairbreadth escapes, both in assault and repulse, till, like Desdemona and Othello, she "loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she did pity them." For, by his own confession, her gentleness and sweetness of temper were ever to him greater attractions than even her dazzling beauty.

His love for her detained him at St. Quentin, in spite of the hazards he and his troops were exposed to by it. To see her, he would steal away from his army and, in the disguise of a peasant, pass through the midst of the enemy's guards, running the risk of being taken prisoner. This inaction raised some murmurs in the Huguenot camp, where the cause of it was soon known—Henri's weakness being no secret there. But his indefatigable industry and bravery soon made up for his loss of time, and his frankness and bonhomie dispelled the discontent that had begun to appear.

When in pursuit of the Prince of Parma, he secretly and in disguise left his army, and rode with incredible speed to the Château de Cœuvres; dismounting at some little distance, to avoid the chance of meeting d'Estrées and raising suspicions in his mind, he sent a message to the *châtelaine* to implore her charitable aid for a poor, passing wanderer. With her own fair hands she brought him bread and butter, which he ate at the gate. He then bade her adieu, saying she "should soon hear of all he had performed through love of her." Regaining his army ere his absence was noticed, he gave the word of command "*en route*," but yet another parting word must be sent off to *la belle*—it was hastily written, and despatched by a trusty messenger:

> "Si je suis vaincu, vous me connoissez assez pour croire que je ne fuirai pas; mais ma dernière pensée sera à Dieu; l'avant-dernière à vous.
> HENRI.'

This gallant, gay deceiver wrote charming letters.

Political motives had induced Catherine de Médicis to marry her daughter, Marguerite de Valois, to the Huguenot Henri de Béarn, who was then but in his nineteenth year. And a most uncongenial pair they were. The habits of the jovial, hardy mountaineer were quite incompatible with the specious refinements of the voluptuous court in which Marguerite had been reared, and her feeling toward her husband was one of repulsion; his toward his wife, indifference. The love affairs of "*la reine Margot*" were scarcely less numerous than Henri's, but he regarded them with as little concern as she did his infidelities.

By the laws of the reformed faith, his union with Marguerite had long since been annulled by her levities, and his austere Calvinist followers would gladly have sanctioned his marriage with some Protestant princess, whose connexions would have aided their cause. But it was not that he might take a German princess to wife that Henri de Béarn desired a divorce. His right of succession to the throne of France could not be contested; but his Protestant profession lay in the way of his obtaining his right, and he saw that he would be adding but another obstacle to it by attempting to free himself from the marriage-yoke without the aid of the Pope. Marguerite also knew that Henry would marry no princess, but one of his mistresses, and pride would not allow her to consent to give place to a successor who was not of royal birth. Simply at her request, the Pope would have dissolved the marriage had she so willed, Henri being under the ban of excommunication. The ceremony, too, had not been performed according to the rites of either religion, and no dispensation had given validity to it:

"A lofty scaffold," says Le Grain, "was erected in front of the principal gate of the church of Notre Dame, and upon it the young couple were betrothed. Immediately afterward they were married, thus making—contrary to all custom—of the double ceremony one single act. When it was concluded, the bridegroom went to a Calvinist meeting-house to hear a sermon, while the bride entered Notre Dame to assist at high mass. After which they both went, but arrived separately, to the entertainment provided for them in the great hall of the Palace of the Louvre."

A report of the death of Marguerite had reached Henri shortly before his visit to the Château de Cœuvres. Had it proved correct, he would then, in all probability, have married the Comtesse de Guiche, the widow of Philibert de Grammont.

He had met her, as he had met Gabrielle d'Estrées—though at a time when his fortunes were even more desperate—while seeking a temporary asylum at her château, in the neighborhood of which the fortune of war had thrown him. The Comtesse received him with noble hospitality, and with much address succeeded in greatly promoting his interests with those Southern Catholic families it was his policy to gain over to his cause.

Henri de Béarn's letters to the Comtesse (preserved in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal) give detailed accounts of every combat, and of the part he took in them. He sends her, we learn, the standards taken from the enemy, and lays his share of the spoils of the camp at her feet. She, in return, supplied him with money, and sent men to his army, equipped at her own expense. She sold the timber from her forests, and mortgaged her estates to enable him to carry on the war.

His gratitude was, of course, unbounded, his love he declared to be the same, and while it lasted no doubt it was. Free, he would have offered her marriage; he was not, so he offered, as usual, a promise to marry, and a chance of some day being Queen of France. Henri, in his letters, calls the Comtesse, whose name was Diane, his "*belle Corisandre.*" This *amour*, one of many similar episodes in the story of his adventurous life and campaigns—for he was so constantly engaged in fighting his enemies, that his love affairs hitherto were all of the same furtive kind—came to an end when, pressing toward the North, he strove to reach Havre and Rochelle, to profit by the aid he hoped to receive from Elizabeth of England.

A correspondence, touching less on politics — gayer, sprightlier, with the freshness of youth in it, with many *phrases piquantes* of a charming *tournure*, under which the ardor of love seems to lurk—was now carried on with "*la belle Gabrielle.*"

Antoine d'Estrées thought it time to marry his daughter, and accordingly Nicholas de Lamerval, Sire de Liancourt, was forthwith selected for her husband. Contemporary chroniclers (and among them even Rosny-Sully) have declared that this marriage was a mere conventional one, arranged by Henri de Béarn; his friend Liancourt—of a rich and influential family, residing at their château, near Creil—consenting to lend himself to the furtherance of Henri's object, which was to release Gabrielle from parental control. Others have said that her father connived at it. But what will not evil tongues say? At all events, Mademoiselle d'Estrées became Madame de Liancourt. And though her husband kept himself almost entirely in the background, it is pleasanter to believe, and it also seems more likely, that her father accepted this advantageous *parti* for his daughter with the view of putting an end to the increasing assiduities of Henri de Béarn; who was then poor, and being an excommunicated relapsed heretic, had little reason to expect that he would ever reign in France.

The throne of France at this juncture was, by the French, considered vacant. The League, infuriated by the murder of the Duc de Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, had declared Henry III. deposed, and the États de Blois and the Sorbonne had confirmed it. He fled from his capital to the Huguenot camp, and joined his army, commanded by Marshal Biron, to that of his heroic cousin, to whom he proposed to march on Paris. He had sworn when he fled, not to leave of the city one stone upon another whenever he should regain possession of it; and, as the royalist troops came in sight of Paris, he apostrophised it thus (this was in 1589):

"Paris, chef du royaume, mais chef trop gros et trop capricieux, tu as besoin d'une saignée pour te guérir, ainsi que toute la France, de la frénésie que tu lui communiques! Encore quelques jours et on ne verra ni tes maisons, ni tes murailles, mais seulement le lieu où tu auras été."

He took up his quarters with his army round St. Cloud. The hardier Huguenots and their warlike chief encamped on the rocky heights of Montmartre. But the days of Henri de Valois were numbered. It had been publicly preached in Paris that to free the earth from such a monster would be a meritorious act, and a young Dominican priest, named Jacques Clément, resolved that his should be the hand to do the deed. He gained access to the King by feigning to have a letter to deliver, and stabbed him in the stomach as he extended his hand to receive it. "Ha," he exclaimed, "le méchant moine! Il m'a tué, qu'on le tue!"

Clément was seized and instantly killed by many stabs of the same dagger he had used to kill the King. His body was thrown out of a window and torn to pieces. The King died the same day. Paris resounded with tumultuous rejoicings, and songs and festivities celebrated the triumph which Clément had won for the League in freeing France from her tyrant. The Huguenot army decamped, and hastened toward Normandy, for Henri de Béarn—who now assumed the title of Henry IV., King of France and Navarre—had been informed of the landing at Havre of 9,000 English and Scotch troops, under the command of the Earl of Essex, sent to his support by Queen Elizabeth.

As Paris would not open her gates to him, he intended to return with his reinforcements to renew the siege in regular form. But Philip II., from the side of Flanders, had begun to take part in the war, and Henry IV. found it necessary to oppose his English and Scotch allies to the veteran Spanish troops. They were repulsed, and the skillfully arranged plans of the valorous Duc de Mayenne were also defeated. Throughout this war Henry displayed so much personal valor, and ability in handling his troops, that he acquired everywhere a great increase of military renown.

His adoption of the *fleur de lis* and the title of *Sa Majesté très-chrétienne*, availed nothing whatever with the Parisians; they refused to acknowledge him as king; and then, as in more recent times, where Paris led, the provinces followed. The priests thought, or at least they preached to the people, that it was a horrid profanity in a relapsed heretic to call himself *très-chrétienne*, and that the judgments of Heaven would fall on those who ventured to give him that sacred title. The siege was, therefore, vigorously renewed, and again the Huguenot army covered the heights of Montmartre.

Whether M. de Liancourt, who has somewhere been called "*un brave capitaine*," accompanied his friend Henry IV. throughout his last brilliant campaign, is not quite clear; but it is perfectly so that Madame de Liancourt did; and that during Henry's second siege of Paris she occupied first the little pavilion on the summit of Montmartre—a commanding position, embracing on all sides a wide tract of country—and afterward a dwelling on the opposite extremity of the hill, and looking over the plain of St. Denis, then known as Clignancourt—now, or lately, as Le Château Rouge.

Means had been found to annul, by mutual consent, Gabrielle's marriage, and, on the faith of the King's promise to marry her, in the event of the long-desired divorce from Marguerite de Valois being obtained, she became his acknowledged mistress. There would seem to be no doubt that he had a very great affection for her, and would have made her his wife and legitimatized her children, but for Marguerite's continued refusal to consent to set him free, except for a royal bride.

Gabrielle's first son she named César, to remind him of the great courage his father had displayed in the battle that had occurred at about the time of his birth. "César, Monsieur," was the title or designation by which he was generally known. The King renewed at this time his promise of marriage, and conferred on Gabrielle the title of Marquise de Monteeaux, together with the château and grounds of that name, near Meaux, in Brie.

Meanwhile the defense of Paris was carried on no less vigorously than the siege. All classes took part in the effort to save the city. The *bourgeoisie*, the priests, women as well as men, all worked with a desperate energy to repel the heretic king and his Calvinist soldiers. Famine did its work in vain; the usual horrors occurred; the people died of starvation, but died rejoicing in their sufferings. To relieve Paris, the Duc de Mayenne made a diversion on the flank of the Huguenot army, and besieged Rouen. Henry hastened to its assistance, and in the campaign of Normandy, gave further proofs of his daring valor and skillful generalship. It was then that the old royalist chant was composed:

"Vive Henri quatre,
Vive ce roi vaillant:
Ce diable à quatre,
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre
Et d'être vert galant."

When not fighting his enemies, Henry's whole thoughts were absorbed by his love for Gabrielle. And she was proud of her hero. She possessed much courage, firmness and ambition, and qualities of mind that were wanting in Henry. His position was then a most difficult one; he turned to her for sympathy; confided all his perplexities to her, and the advice she gave him was often most judicious. Though he had a wonderful power of adapting himself to circumstances, he yet clung tenaciously to the desire to reign, and Gabrielle no less earnestly wished to see her gallant lover a more than titular king of France. She counseled him, therefore, again to embrace Catholicism. Even the uncompromising Calvinist, Rosny-Sully, thought it expedient, and Henry III. had said on his deathbed, "Mon bon frère Henriot, tu ne seras jamais roi de France, si tu ne te fais Catholique." He, too, now perceived that he must either renounce the crown or adopt the predominant faith of the people he would reign over, and "a crown," he declared, "was worth a mass."

Most unexpectedly, therefore, it was announced that the King had assisted at the conferences with the bishops, at Senlis and Surennes, and had solemnly and freely abjured Calvinism and declared his adherence to the Catholic faith. Yet it was not without some hesitation that he decided to adopt this course.

> "On the 13th of July, 1593, he writes to Gabrielle: 'Je dois faire demain le saut périlleux, près de cent personnes m'entourent. Je hais St. Denis.' In another letter he tells her 'when I first attended mass, a pleasant adventure happened to me at church. An old woman eighty years of age seized me fast by the head and kissed me. I was not the first who laughed at it To-morrow you shall make me amends. The people here are very eager to see a king make confession of his errors.'"

This step, however, had very little weight with the more ardent of the Leaguers. "Who could believe," it was said, "in the sincerity of this new abjuration, when he had so easily shaken off the first?" But the moderate party longed for peace. They urged Henry's hereditary rights, and asked why they should be denied to him. "Did not he now go to mass? The chiefs of the League did no more. Philip of Spain did no more. Henceforth, then, Vive Henri Quatre!" But it was neither his victories nor his re-conversion to the Catholic faith that opened the gates of his capital to him. Their unbarring was simply a costly bargain between the King and the party weary of the struggle. Two financiers acted for him, and had to drive bargains all round.

Henry IV. entered Paris the 22d of May, 1594, and by his side, *en reine*, and magnificently dressed, sat La Marquise de Monteeaux—"La belle Gabrielle." This was looked upon as an evidence (imprudently made public at that juncture) of his wish or intention to raise his passionately-loved mistress to the throne. In any other age it would have been considered a flagrant offense, both against good taste and morals. But it should be borne in mind that, in such a case as this, little room could have been left for indignation in a court over which the House of Valois had reigned for nearly eighty years. During that period there had been, no doubt, a *renaissance* of the arts, but most decidedly none of morality.

No act of rejoicing on the part of the people marked the restoration of Henry IV. It could not be popular, as it had not been desired. Paris had been "*vendu*, not *rendu*," as the King himself said on the following day, in the presence of those who had struck the bargain for him. And again, jestingly alluding to the subject, he exclaimed, "Ventre Saint Gris, quelle carte à payer!" Never, indeed, had Paris been more *triste* or the people more miserable. Famine and sickness had thinned the population; provisions were enormously dear; the streets were thronged with beggars in the last stage of disease. The League had caused much of this wretchedness; but the people believed that the vengeance of Heaven was wreaked upon them for yielding obedience to an excommunicated, relapsed heretic. Some pious devotees were so terror-stricken that they died of fear of the consequences of this supposed iniquity. Among other convincing signs of God's anger, it was reported that, after the entry of the King and the Marquise, the sky became dark, and from that time until the end of June, it rained almost incessantly.

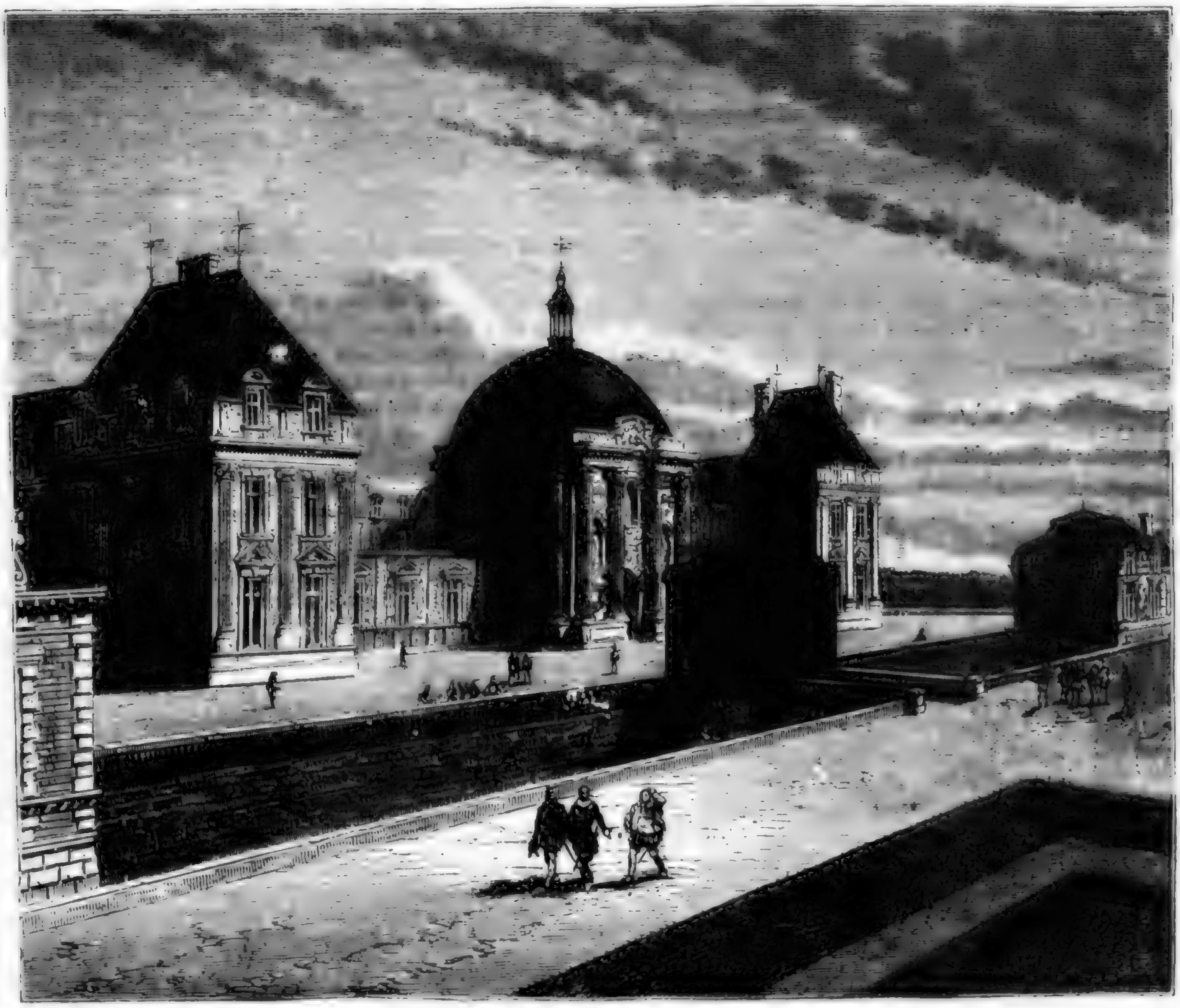
The King attended mass, vespers and complines with much assiduity; he followed the processions of monks and the relics of saints in the populous streets of Paris. He even touched for the King's-evil, thus reviving an ancient custom of the Kings of France. 'Tis true that the undignified, irreverent manner, the jocose and jesting air with which he went through these ceremonies, destroyed the effect that his outward show of piety was intended to produce on the people.

But many attributed the King's shortcomings to a supposed leaning of Gabrielle toward the Huguenot cause; while the Huguenots themselves believed that her evil influence as a Catholic had induced his second defection from Calvinism. Henry's sister, Catherine de Bourbon, was a very rigid Calvinist, and as she took up her residence at Fontainebleau and St. Germain, surrounded herself with Calvinist preachers, and received the sacrament according to their forms, the religious feud was kept up with even more bitterness in the palace than elsewhere. The King one day, attempting to sing with his hoarse, harsh voice one of the Calvinist hymns, Gabrielle playfully laid her hand on his mouth. Madame Catherine, perceiving this, indignantly exclaimed, "Voyez donc cette vilaine; comme elle empêche le roi de chanter les louanges de Dieu!"

But the report of the march of a Spanish army on France, and that the vanguard had advanced as far as the forest of

Compiègne, summoned the King to more congenial pursuits. After declaring war against Spain, he returned to Paris, and, booted and spurred, just as he had arrived, went straight to the Château d'Estrées.

"With the Marquise (Gabrielle) were some ladies, the Comtes de Soissons, de Saint Pöl, and other nobles, who, dropping on one knee, saluted the King. He, stooping to raise them, was wounded in the mouth by the stroke of a knife. His lip was cut and a front tooth broken; but the blow had been intended for his throat. The perpetrator was a youth of nineteen, Jean Chastel, a pupil of the Jesuits. He had slipped into the palace unobserved in the bustle that ensued on the King's arrival. '*Au diable soit la foile, elle m'a blessé*,' he exclaimed, for he thought it the act of the 'fool of quality,' who was still deemed a necessary appanage of royalty. But the real culprit being seized, the King pardoned him, and desired he might be allowed to go free. 'He had heard,' he said, 'that the Jesuits did not like him, and now, out of his own mouth, they had convinced him of it.' The Society of Jesuits was banished the kingdom, and Chastel's punishment was terrific, according to Sully, though he was pardoned by the King."



THE CHATEAU DE MONTCEAUX.

When Henry IV., after this occurrence, went to Chauny, accompanied by Gabrielle, the famous Huguenot general, Agrippa d'Aubigné, to whom the King showed his wounded lip, remarked, almost prophetically:

"'Sire, you have yet renounced God only with your lips, and He is satisfied with piercing your lips; but if it should ever happen that you renounce Him with your heart, He will then pierce your heart.' 'This is a fine speech, Monsieur d'Aubigné, but an unreasonable one,' replied Gabrielle. 'Perhaps so, madame,' he answered, 'yet it is a true one.'"

The noble frankness of character that distinguished this brave general—the champion of the Huguenot cause—was no less appreciated, it appears, by Gabrielle, than by Henry IV. himself.

"De Beaumelle relates that when d'Aubigné was waiting 'amongst the flambeaux' to receive the King at Chauny, the latter on seeing him said jestingly, '*Ah! voilà Monseigneur d'Aubigné*,' and held out his hand to him; then honored him with the command to hand *la bele dame* from her coach, she in return being desired by the King to uumask and salute his friend."

The King was making strenuous efforts to obtain from Pope Clement VIII., the removal of the excommunication, and his Holiness's full absolution.

"The Pope, though desiring greatly to grant it, yet continued to withhold it, and would not receive the King's ambassador, the Duc de Nevers. Father Seraphim urged him to do so on the King's behalf; but Clement, with an angry air, refused. The good father, fancying that the Pope's anger was rather feigned than real, said, pleadingly, 'Holy Father, if the devil nimself were to come and ask an audience of you, and you had any hopes of converting him, you could not, in conscience, deny it him.' His Holiness could not restrain a laugh, and forthwith the ambassador was admitted."

Plenary absolution was granted in September, 1595. Many solemn ceremonies were needed on the occasion, and fortunately for the mocking, laughter-loving King, these penitential services were gone through by his representatives at Rome. Henry being freed from ecclesiastical censure, the revolted provinces gradually submitted to him, also many leaders of the League party, and amongst them the valiant general, the Duc de Mayenne. Gabrielle was now treated quite *en reine*. She occupied the royal apartments set apart for the queen-consort at the Louvre. She was fond of magnificence and luxury, and to her extravagance in dress the people attributed all the misery and distress that a long period of civil war had brought on the country.

Their soldier-king, contrary to the custom of his predecessors of Valois, disdained for himself all *faste* in the matter of toilette. He liked to be as much at ease in his palace as he had been accustomed to be in his tent when he reposed after the fatigue of a hard-fought battle. And he still affected a broad-brimmed felt hat, and a plain cloth coat of the same quiet color—his favorite one of the *gris perle*—and he wore them well out; not disdaining to have them repaired. But for his "*belle Gabrielle*" nothing was too magnificent or expensive. She was dazzlingly fair, with brilliant dark eyes, and an abundance of beautiful hair, which she wore, as was the fashion of the day, brushed back from the forehead and temples and encircling the head; the plaits or rolls twined in with rows of pearls, or studded over with diamonds, etc.

We hear of her rich brocades ("standing alone," of course), of her marvelously fine laces, of exquisite Flemish and English point, the latter being then in great renown. Her figure was perfect in symmetry, and enabled her to wear with advantage the long-waisted, close-fitting *corsage* then in favor, which, with the addition of the uncomfortable and disfiguring Elizabethan ruff, was a very trying costume.

Thus she is represented in her portraits, and under all of them are distichs in praise of her beauty. She was fond of wearing rich black satin and embroidery. At a christening at which she and the King were the sponsors, her robe and train of black satin are described as elaborately worked over with pearls and precious stones, which had a very brilliant effect and admirably set off her beauty. The embroidered handkerchief she carried on that occasion had been displayed the previous day, as a marvelous piece of skilled needlework, at the house of the *brodeuse* of whom it was bought. Its price had been 2,000 *écus;* but Gabrielle, by a little bargaining and by paying ready money, had got it for 1,900.

When "*la belle Gabrielle*" appeared, her grace, loveliness and fascination of manner made everywhere a great impression. They looked in her face, then forgave all. At least the gentlemen did; as much, perhaps, cannot be said for the ladies. She once, on hearing that all the troubles in France were laid to her charge, resolved to retire to a convent. The King was dismayed. "What was a kingdom, what was the world worth to him, if the sun that was the light of his eyes were withdrawn?" Every convent should be razed to the ground!

Her influence over the King, was, doubtless, immense, and there is very little evidence of her having ever abused it. It was Gabrielle who suggested to Henry IV. that his long-tried friend, Rosny-Sully was the proper person to appoint minister of finance. He had complained of the irregularities in this department, and of the difficulties resulting from them to the Government. She replied that "he would never be served with fidelity till he employed a man who did not fear to draw upon himself the hatred of the financiers, but would regard only the public good." Sully himself tells the story, and says he went to thank her for the appointment. Yet he was her most persistent enemy.

When the Duc de Mayenne made his submission to the King, Gabrielle was deputed to receive and welcome him, and to assist the King to entertain him at Fontainebleau. At the grand banquet given there on the occasion, she was seated with Henry at a raised table apart from the guests, like a queen, the Duke at the table next below them. At the hunts or riding parties in the forests, she rode with the King, and on those occasions she wore a green riding-dress. It was generally supposed that the dispensation from Rome alone was waited for to announce their marriage. Her two sons, César, Monsieur, and Alexandre, Monsieur, were treated as "*fils de France*," and so great was the King's affection for them, that those who desired to obtain any concessions from him would assail him on this weak point. The council of Huguenots at Rochelle voted a gift of the worth of 2,000 *écus*, "pour être offert au charmant fils du Roi, César, Monsieur."

After the birth of the second son, Henry created César, Monsieur, Duc de Vendôme. César appears to have been the favorite son. Henry would take him to the fair of St. Germain, and leading him by the hand, buy bonbons and toys for the child, whose little caprices and infantile prattle amused and delighted him greatly. It was his hope that, being legitimatized, César would succeed him on the throne; and with a view of obtaining some insight into his future career, he had his horoscope drawn up under his own supervision; for both Henry IV. and "*la belle Gabrielle*" followed the superstition of the age in consulting astrologers. By letters patent, dated from Gabrielle's Château de Monceaux, he created her Duchesse de Beaufort, with remainder to the second son, and 40,000 *livres de rentes*. The armorial bearings to be adopted by Alexandre, Monsieur, as Duc de Beaufort, were designed by the King himself.

It was not only at banquets, at parties of pleasure, at the hunts and other amusements, that Gabrielle was the companion of the King. When affairs of state and questions of serious importance required his presence in the parliament, he would have her accompany him. Behind a screen or draped curtain she heard all that passed, for he liked to have her opinion on the subject discussed. When Henry harangued the États Généraux de Rouen, in rather soldierly fashion, *la belle Duchesse* was present.

> "In reply to his question of how she liked his speech, she said she had never heard him speak better; but that she had been much surprised when he told *les États* that he was there 'pour se mettre en tutelle entre leurs mains.' 'Ventre Saint Gris!' replied the King, 'c'est vrai; mais en tutelle avec mon épée au côté.'"

Of the mutual attachment of Henry and Gabrielle there can be no doubt. His affection for and devotion to her were as conspicuous in the tender regard and attentions he showed her in public, as in the letters he wrote to her during his occasional short absences. She had been seven or eight years his mistress when he wrote:

> "Mes chères amours, il faut dire vrai, nous nous aimons bien; certes, pour femme il n'en est pas de pareille à vous; pour homme nul ne m'égale à savoir bien aimer; ma passion est toute telle que lorsque je commençais à vous aimer, mon désir de vous revoir encore plus violent qu'alors; bref, je vous chéris, adore, et honore merveilleusement. Mon Dieu, que cette absence se passe comme elle a commencé et bien avancé. Dans dix jours j'espère mettre fin à ce mien exil; préparez-vous, mon tout, de partir dimanche, et lundi estre à Compiègne, si vous y pensez estre à ce jour. . . . Bon soir, mon cœur, mon tout; je vous baise un millier de fois.
>
> "HENRI."

Alexandre was christened with much pomp and, like his brother, was named with reference to the exploits of Henry IV., who, in the prints of the day, was represented under the figures of Hercules, Cæsar and Alexander.

In the warrant requiring Sully's signature, Alexandre, Monsieur, was styled "Enfant de France." Sully rightly objected to this. He hastened to the King, and said, "Your Majesty has now only to declare yourself married to Madame de Beaufort." He was desired to show her the warrant—which had not been prepared by her—and explain the error that had caused the refusal of his signature. But la Duchesse received him haughtily, and the King was again appealed to. This put him into an ill humor; but he returned with Sully to St. Germain.

Rosny, Duc de Sully, was an excellent minister of finance. His character was a compound of honesty and harshness. "A man," he said, "called to regulate public affairs should have no passions. But he, at least, had one passion—a passion for money-making—and he possessed the requisite talent for it. He was stern, haughty, laborious. In boyhood he had been as demure and steady as he was severe and frigid in manhood. A strict Calvinist, he had faithfully served Henry IV., with both his sword and his purse, during the long and harassing civil war. But in doing so, he believed that he also served the cause of the Huguenots. The interests of his party, the aggrandisement of his fortune, which was immense, and the strict carrying out of the system of order he had established in the administration of the finances solely occupied him. To a man of Henry's character he was invaluable, as he took as good care of the King's interests as of his own, and was as rigid with regard to the King's expenditures as though he supplied him from his own resources. He had neither liveliness nor imagination; the most simple pleasures and distractions were to him mere waste of time and money, and he was generally regarded as both avaricious and exclusive. No considerations of fear or favor could tempt him to depart from the strict line of his duty; and some merit is due to Gabrielle for observing and appreciating this quality in him, and for reminding her royal lover of the fitness of this faithful adherent to his cause for the post of minister of finance.

Sully relates a misadventure that occurred while he was escorting the duchesse from Rouen—the King having been obliged to make the journey more speedily. The horses of the great, lumbering coach in which her women traveled, took fright in a narrow road, on one side of which was a hanging valley. Onward they dashed, overturning the baggage mules, and threatening to come into contact with the litter that bore the *belle dame* some little distance in advance of the rest of the cavalcade.. Sully rode on wildly, exclaiming, "What will the King say if harm should happen to her!" The women screamed, and Gabrielle, perceiving she was in some danger, added her screams to the general uproar. Sully's "heart leaped into his mouth." But suddenly the huge coach came with a crash to the ground. The horses broke the traces and galloped off furiously; but, as if aware of the preciousness of its burden, they gave the litter as they passed it as wide a berth as the road allowed. Sully "breathed again."

When relating to the King the danger his beloved Gabrielle had been in, he noticed that he turned pale and seemed much agitated. Sully had business to transact with him, but Henry must first see Gabrielle, and "devote some minutes to tenderness."

The King still anxiously sought a divorce, and Sully was directed to promise Marguerite that her debts should be paid in the event of her consenting to it. This was a great temptation, as she was recklessly extravagant; but, as she wrote to Sully, *elle était* "*résolue de ne céder pas à cette Gabrielle.*"

Henry then sent the Duc de Luxembourg on a special mission to the Pope, to urge him to consider the necessity of a divorce, in order that the succession to the throne might be continued in the Bourbon line. But Gabrielle, suspecting that Luxembourg was unfriendly to her views, induced the King to recall him, and to send in his place the Comte de Sillery. She urged him also to give orders for his appearing at Rome with great pomp and magnificence. Sully remonstrated, but in vain. Equipages of great splendor were prepared, and Sillery promised Gabrielle to use his utmost endeavors to bring about her wishes.

Henry fretted a little under the firm hand with which Sully restrained his expenditure. He, therefore, took into his confidence and favor the banker Zameti, a no less capable man of business than Sully. He had a feeling for art, which was wanting in the minister, and, fond of pleasure himself, he readily furthered the King's inclination that way, by facilitating for him the negotiation of loans with the great Italian financiers with whom he was connected at Genoa and elsewhere.

With him Henry met with neither objection nor difficulty, nor did Zameti trouble him, as did Sully, with long lectures, remonstrances and admonitions. The Duchesse de Beaufort also confided in Zameti, and he promised her all the influence he possessed to further her interests at Rome. His faith in the power of money to remove obstacles was great, and it was no less powerful at Rome, he told her, than elsewhere. It was Zameti who arranged with M. de Brissac the price of the surrender of Paris—that fatal blow to the power of the Leaguers.

He had built himself a fine *hôtel* in the new Quartier des Marais, with Italian gardens extending to the banks of the Seine. There he gave splendid entertainments, and there Henry IV. and la belle duchesse were his frequent guests. There, too, the King often won large sums of money, for he was no less adventurous as a gambler than as a soldier, and usually the same good fortune attended him with the dice as with the sword.

Reckless prodigality and luxury began once more to prevail in the French Court, when, at a grand ball, the news was brought to Henry of the surrender of Amiens to the Spaniards. Without a moment's delay he sought Gabrielle. "Ma maitresse," he said, "il faut quitter nos délices et monter à cheval pour faire une autre guerre."

She had hoped the wars were ended, and at the thought of these new perils burst into tears. She begged that she might go with him; but he did not consent, and she retired, with her children, to the Château de Monceaux. There she received the well-known "Chant de Départ," composed by Henry IV. before setting out for this war:

"Charmante Gabrielle,
Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
A la suite de Mars,
  Cruelle départie,
Malheureux jour,
Que ne suis-je sans vie
Ou sans amour!
L'amour sans nulle peine
M'a, par vos doux regards.
Comme un grand capitaine
Mis sous ses étendards.
  Cruelle départie," etc.

There are extant some lines in reply to the above, said to have been written by Gabrielle. It was the fashion of the day to write complimentary rhymes, and to give expression to joy and sorrow in such stanzas.

The King laid siege to Amiens with so much vigor that the Spaniards were soon anxious to capitulate, and through the mediation of the Pope and his legate, Cardinal de Médicis, a treaty was signed at Vervins that put an end to the warfare between France and Spain. Henry writes to Gabrielle:

"Mes belles amours, deux heures après l'arrivée de ce porteur vous verrez un cavalier qui vous aime fort, que l'on appèle roi de France et Navarre; titre certainement bien honn ureux, mais bien pénible: celui de votre sujet est bien plus délicieux. Tous trois sont bons à quelques sauces qu'on veuille les mettre, et pas résolu de le céder à personne; mais c'est trop causer pour vous voir sitôt. Bon jour, mon tout. Je baise vos beaux yeux un million de fois. HENRI."

The peace of Vervins led to the submission of Brittany and to that of the Duc de Mercœur, of the family of Lorraine, who had long set the King at defiance in that province. Deprived now of the support of Spain, his duchesse besought Gabrielle to intercede with the King on the duc's behalf, and induce him to accept his submission. She did not plead in vain. The King, too, was disposed to be generous and forgiving toward his enemies. One condition, however, of their reconciliation was that the little César, Duc de Vendôme, then four years of age, should be betrothed to the Duc de Mercœur's equally youthful daughter, Françoise de Lorraine. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal de Joyeuse, at Angers, on the 28th of March, 1598, and in the presence of the Duc and Duchesse de Mercœur, Henry IV., and La Duchesse de Beaufort. Their daughter, *la petite* Henriette, then in her cradle, was also betrothed to Henry II., of the royal House of Lorraine. On this occasion, it is said that the King, as a further assurance of his love and of his intention to marry Gabrielle when his divorce should be obtained, gave her the "anneau du sacre, cet anneau dont il avait épousé la France." He may have done this with a view of fortifying himself in that intention, for there was a want of force and firmness in his character that often prevented him from carrying his intentions into effect.

The Cardinal de Médicis, who had come from Rome with monk Bonaventura to negotiate the peace, had been entertained at Fontainebleau, Henry's favorite residence. The King had there availed himself of the opportunity of urging on the cardinal how necessary it was that the Pope should formally release him, whether Marguerite consented or not, from an engagement which, from the near relationship of the parties who had contracted it, had actually always been null in the eyes of the Church. Cardinal de Médicis admitted that it was desirable, but said the succession to the throne in the Bourbon line would still be unsecured though the divorce should be granted, if the King died without posterity. As the King made no reply—his thoughts were, no doubt, with "le petit César" at that moment—the cardinal suggested a marriage with the Spanish Infanta; but Henry did not admire "cette noire," as the fair Gabrielle had named her. Nor much more to his taste was Rubens's fat, florid Marie de Médicis, whom the cardinal next proposed—a relative of his own and a niece of the reigning Pope, Clement VIII. To her he did not, and could not, of course, to the cardinal, express any repugnance. But he did not dare to be frank in the matter. The ecclesiastics, therefore, left France, promising the King that they would use their influence with his Holiness to obtain this long-desired divorce. The King immediately sought the opinion of the most able *jurisconsultes* as to the eligibility of his sons, when legitimatized, to succeed to the throne, and found it adverse to his wishes.

Conversing with Sully respecting marriage with a foreign princess, Henry said that royal birth and riches would not satisfy him unless united to "beauty, prudence, gentleness, fruitfulness, and wit." Sully named in succession the princesses of Europe he thought most eligible; but Henry found them all wanting, from the accounts he had of them, in one or more of these qualities. He added that without seeking further than his own court he could name a lady who, though neither royal nor rich, possessed every charm of mind and person

Sully, of course, understood well to whom the King alluded, but affected surprise, and declared that this phœnix was unknown to him. The King, not too well pleased at this, was obliged to name *la belle Duchesse*, and seemed to cling to the idea that her sons, after her marriage with him, would be received as his lawful heirs.

That the negotiation going on at Rome was in any way connected with the suggestion of a marriage with Marie de Médicis had been carefully concealed from Gabrielle. It, however, came to her knowledge that such was the case. She was alarmed, anxious, her spirits drooped. The King re-assured her, redoubled his attentions, wrote the most passionate letters to her, if absent but a single day. "Je vous ai peint," he writes, "en toute perfection en mon âme, dans mon cœur, dans mes yeux." Yet she was oppressed by melancholy forebodings. To dispel them the King took her to "ses beaux déserts," as he was fond of calling his favorite Fontainebleau.

The Holy Week was approaching, and the King's confessor recommended that la Duchesse should perform her Easter devotions in Paris. This was inflicting penance on the King, but he yielded to his spiritual director, and wrote to Zameti—whose château he thought would be a less lugubrious residence, under the circumstances, than her own—to receive her. Though their separation was to be one of a few days only, the King was as much distressed as she. He accompanied her as far as Melun, where she was to embark in the King's barge.

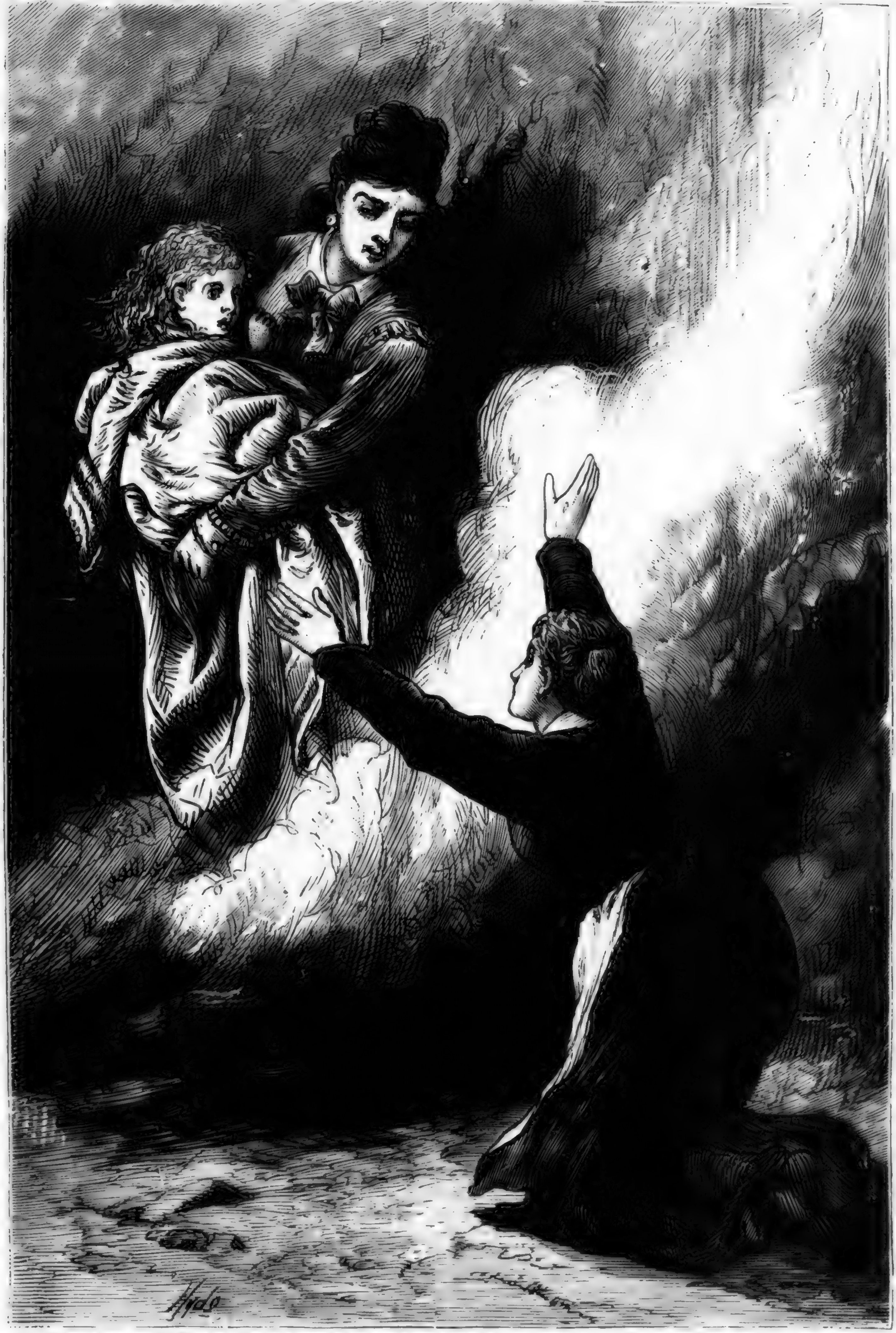
> "Here they several times renewed their parting endearments. Some secret presage of evil seemed to be in the minds of both. She earnestly recommended her children to him, and her domestics at her Château de Monteeaux. The King, overcome with sympathizing grief, listened without attempting to comfort her. Again they took leave, and again some secret emotion drew them to each other's arms. Henry could not leave her. The Duc de Roquelaure and another of the nobles in attendance on him, led him away by force. His last words were to desire La Varenne, the superintendent of the household, to conduct her in safety to the house of Zameti, to whom he had chosen to confide the care of one so dear to him. Zameti, anxious to please the King, received the Duchesse de Beaufort with the utmost courtesy. On Maundy Thursday, 10th of April, 1599, after partaking of a most exquisitely prepared dinner, she had a fancy to attend the evening service at the Petit St. Antoine, where she went with Mademoiselle de Guise and the Duchesse de Retz. During the service, she was seized with fainting fits. Recovering a little, and suspecting she had been poisoned, she desired to be taken to Madame de Sourdis, her aunt, in the cloister of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Fearful convulsions were soon followed by symptoms of approaching death. La Rivière, the King's physician, came in all haste to see her; but on beholding the distortion of her countenance, he turned away with horror, saying, 'It is the hand of God!'"

And thus, it would seem, this pious quack left her to die. La Varenne had written to the King when first she was seized with fits. On receiving the letter the King mounted his horse and set off for Paris. He was not halfway there when a second messenger met him.

Much agitated, he dismounted to read the letter now brought to him. It was short, and at a glance he learned the fatal truth—his belle Gabrielle was dead! In the madness of his grief he threw himself on the ground, and gave way to the violent emotions of his agony and despair. "Heroes have their weaknesses like other men." The dauntless Henry IV., saying he would at least "look on her loved face once more," was about to remount his horse, when he swooned, and fell powerless to the ground.

The messenger informed the cavaliers who accompanied the King of the disfigurement the convulsions had occasioned to the beautiful face of Gabrielle. Taking advantage, therefore, of the King's swooning they conveyed him back to Fontainebleau, "to spare him the further agony of seeing the beauty of the woman he loved turned to hideousness." Sully was sent for He found the King walking in the gallery, in excessive grief. He strove to comfort him.

But the fond hopes of Gabrielle were blasted, and the struggle between Henry's love for her—deep and sincere—and what was due to the legitimacy of the future sovereigns of France, was thus abruptly ended.



A FIRE HEROINE.—"I SAW MY YOUNG FRIEND DASH OUT FROM THE BLAZING DOORWAY, WITH SCORCHED AND SHRIVELED GARMENTS, SAFE AND SOUND, BEARING THE FRIGHTENED LITTLE YOUNGSTER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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A FIRE HEROINE.

By Juan Lewis.

A MISTY haze hung over the Canadian woods.

For days the sun had been obscured by the smoke of burning forests—the air filled with a thousand odors from burnt vegetation—yet, still the fires continued, and loss and suffering followed in their wake.

"Colonel!" said a cheerful voice, outside the door of the room where I was writing—"Colonel, may I come in?"

Of course I said "Yes" directly, for I recognized the cheery voice as that of Miss Frank, the favorite of the household and neighborhood—a young lady with less of the fashionable follies of the day clinging to her, and with more of good sense, than it has been my everyday experience to meet.

By this I mean she was *not* one of those gushing young girls of the period who, in effect, invite your enforced attention from the insipidity and general inanity of their faces to the quantity and quality of the fashionable goods displayed upon their backs.

Enter, then, Miss Frank, bright and cheerful as a cloudless morning, in marked contrast with the out-of-door world.

As I recall her now—figure, slightly above the medium height; form, full and rounded, giving an impression of strength and solidity; eyes dark; hair the same, of glossy texture, abundant, and not depending on dyes nor market price for color and continuance; dress, neat and tasteful, and so harmonizing as to be unnoticeable; and the step, elastic and free—I bring to mind as pleasant a picture as one could see in a day's ramble among the art-galleries of New York city.

I looked at her inquiringly.

"Colonel," she said, vivaciously, "there is to be a picnic to-day, at——" some place, the name of which I have forgotten—"and if you would like to go, a dozen invitations have been extended, with urgent solicitation to me 'to bring you.' A boat leaves the other side of the river at nine, I understand, and there would be just about time enough for us to reach it, if we hurry. Will you go?"

The temptation was strong—but how about the work, already behindhand, upon which I was engaged?

Dare I postpone it further?

To which suggestion came the laughing response, Dare I refuse? Experience leads me to think that it is never safe to *dare* a person of my temperament to any course, unless something more than mere courtesy—say, equivalent to a challenge—is intended; and I laid down my quill,

"Nature's noblest shaft,"

(Byron's words, not mine!) and shook hands with my cheerful young visitress—not, I hope, after the stereotyped manner of the challenged party as known to the code, but as indicative of my acceptance and readiness to proceed at once.

Behold us, then, a few minutes thereafter, on our way across the broad, swelling bosom of the St. Lawrence to the place of rendezvous on the Canadian side. Thence boats with the gala party were to steam down the river, to an island, if I remember rightly, where the day was to be spent, and where, it was confidently expected, the smoke of the burning forests would fail to penetrate.

We had reached, perhaps, the middle of the river, and I was just remarking on the density of the clouds of smoke drifting slowly down from the north, obscuring here and there the opposite shore, as tending to throw some doubt on the expectations alluded to—when a shrill whistle, thrice sharply repeated in that direction, told me, what I had already feared, that we were too late.

"The last boat, I suppose?"

"Yes; the other started two hours ago," said my companion—her cheerful face slightly clouded—after referring to her watch. "What shall we do?"

"Do this," I replied, promptly. "Believe in the wisdom of being left, firstly; invade the New Dominion before deciding, secondly; and get as much enjoyment in some other direction, lastly. Return we might, but resumption of work is entirely out of the question, so far as I am concerned, Miss Frank. I am already one complete and perfect chrysolite of idleness. Thus ye philosopher expresseth himself."

Miss Frank laughed with a ringing cheerfulness that brought around us some half-dozen disappointed acquaintances with inquiring faces, to whom her humor became contagious; and, by the time the steam-ferry had landed its passengers, the picnic and its anticipated enjoyments had become merely a matter of jest, which no one—so they assured each other—would, on any account, participate in willingly.

Persons of ordinary observation will scarcely find difficulty, under any circumstances, in passing an hour or two pleasantly or profitably in an old Canadian town, such as was now under our notice. Its low stone stores or shops, walled dwellings, many churches, narrow streets, and the quaint and ancient architecture can never be without a fair degree of interest to the stranger; but I knew the town well already, and had formed a resolution, which soon became a definite purpose, to penetrate into the interior in the direction of the burning forests, and to see for myself something that could not fail to be new to all my experience of life.

Woods on fire—thousands of acres of choicest timber! Huge old trees that had withstood the blasts of centuries of fiercest Canadian Winters, falling an easy prey to their less time-honored enemy.

Yes, I would see it at its worst, or best. Where there was so much smoke, there must be fire—as the adage hath it—and a great deal of it; for, from one quarter, I had noticed the clouds had drifted darker and darker, and from the same direction the wind came heat-laden and oppressive.

Very briefly I stated my purpose to my young companion, who in turn imparted it to her acquaintances. By them it was received with rather sober faces, in spite of Miss Frank's favorable acquiescence.

Without pausing to discuss the project, we went at once to the railway station, and there heard and saw enough within five minutes to have dissuaded almost any one from even an attempt to visit the fire district, as the station agent termed it.

The faces of our friends lengthened to the expression of a decided negative, after listening very briefly, indeed, to the reports coming in from the burning townships, and they declined to go. In this they were doubtless right. Probably on any other occasion I should have desisted. But this, I considered, promised an experience too valuable to be lost, and, as fate or fortune would have it, just then an engine and tender, with one or two construction-cars and a freight-caboose attached, came steaming up to the station, bound for the burnt region, with a number of laborers to assist in preventing, as far as might be, the further spread of the fires, and perhaps save some of the threatened outlying property.

I saw the conductor at once, and stated my desire to go with him. At first he demurred to taking passengers, but, glancing at my companion, said that I could have the caboose if such accommodation would answer, and I chose to assume (as I must), all responsibility.

I closed the arrangement at once, assisted my fair companion on board, waved hat and handkerchief in a cheerful farewell to those left behind, and we were off with a rush.

For some miles we saw no indication of fires, save that the smoke grew more and more dense, as it drifted down to meet us, as it were, half-way; but at length we came to burnt lines of dark ground, where every living blade of grass, shrub, tree and insect had perished, and only a blank desolation reigned.

It had crossed the track and road-bed in many places, and some of the ties were charred and blackened, and not unfrequently burned nearly to ashes. Occasionally the giant trunk of a huge old forest tree, denuded of bark, foliage and branches, could be seen still smoking, like some grim giant of a past age, whose heart yet holds out against the utter extinguishment of all hope.

Here or there were the charred remains of some wild animal, overtaken by smoke and flame in its flight; and less frequent the cooling stones and smoking embers of what had once been the home and habitation of a happy family. This last the saddest sight of all, for these homes, though humble, had not been wrested from the wilds and the wilderness without steadfast and persistent labor; they were, in fact, the vanished monuments of human lives—not great, not even noted, it is true, but the life-work, in many instances, of those who had reared them. And if the cottage only sheltered contented minds, what palace could do more?

Further on, fires still blazing came in sight, and huge parks of cordwood, piled near the track, flamed up as we shot past them. We were evidently getting into close quarters.

I had heard some talk among the men on the construction-cars in reference to a covered bridge, which, though built in part of iron and stone, was in the burning section, and, of course, endangered.

I was just wondering how much further off it was likely to prove, when we suddenly turned a slight curve in the line, and came full in sight of it.

It was already on fire.

Beneath it, all the more distinguishable from the burnt and smoldering vegetation that lined its banks, lay the sluggish stream of dark water which it spanned.

A house that had been occupied as a guard-house for the man or men who had charge of the bridge, was also in flames. No effort, so far as I could observe, was being made to save either bridge or house. Probably the guard, worn down by exhaustion in previous efforts to save outlying effects, had been unable to continue the struggle against the destroyer's approach, and had gone up the line for assistance. But too late to be of any service, evidently.

The train ran as near the bridge as was consistent with safety, and came to a halt.

"If anything can be done, it must be in the direction of the bridge; but I fear even to save that is now impossible," said the conductor, hastily, as he came to a pause a moment beside me.

Fortunately, they had brought buckets with them, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, a line was formed from the point nearest of approach to the river's edge, and a stream of water scarcely less in effect than if it was thrown by an engine, was dashed on the burning timbers.

It was no part of my natural disposition to be an idler at such a crisis, you may be sure, where every arm was needed; and I think I may say with certainty that I was *one* of the first to mount the blazing bridge.

No apology had been offered or needed, other than that afforded by the emergency, at my summary departure from the side of my fair companion, whose eyes, eloquent enough at all times, spoke louder than words of the direction wherein lay duty.

I had left her leaning out of the car-window, watching the progress of the fire and the efforts we were making, and thought no more of her until the sudden appearance of a female figure dashing up the bank beyond the bridge, and on to the burning structure, rushing toward me through smoke and blazing cinders, with wild cries and excited gestures, caused me to hesitate and falter, bucket in hand.

I had seen but one female figure—that of my young friend—since our arrival on the ground, and now at this sudden and strange apparition in my front, I naturally enough glanced backward to where I had left my companion.

She was no longer there, but the same sweeping glance showed me, further to the right, where stood the burning dwelling, her moving figure in rapid flight toward the half-open door.

The same glance revealed at a window-sill just above it the tumbled locks of a little child, which appeared and disappeared in a cloud of smoke even while I gazed.

I looked at Miss Frank in apprehension and terror, for, while there seemed to us onlookers, a hundred yards away, no hope whatever for the child, her resolute purpose to attempt its rescue appeared in every step and gesture.

Shouts of remonstance and warning arose on all sides, for fire was dropping from the coping, all about the entrance, and the roof seemed falling in. A dozen men sprang up to restrain her, or to assist her in her efforts.

But the young girl did not seem to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Snatching off her shawl, as she ran, she dipped it into a tub of water beside the path in passing, whirled it about her face and head, as a slight protection, dashed under the blazing arch, and into the house.

"She will save him, sair!" cried a shrill voice at the same instant, and the female figure I had seen rushing on to the bridge tumbled heavily against me. Limp and motionless, it would have fallen through the open ties into the stream below but for my restraining hand.

"Poor mother! It is Tommy, the guard's, wife," muttered a sympathetic voice, that of one of the brakemen, to whom I yielded her.

For me, I was voiceless. Life or death; which would win the victory in this fierce encounter? The seconds seemed lengthening to minutes, the minutes to hours, as I gazed, rooted to the spot, at the burning doorway. I would have moved in that direction, would have flown like the wings of morning, but had no power nor volition of my own. God! would she never reappear? Must smoke and flame drink up that young life in the full tide of a noble endeavor? No, thank God! Not yet!

The leaden wings that have weighed me down fall away like flashes of light, as I leap from the bridge and rush toward the house.

But ere a dozen steps are taken, a shout goes up that makes the echoes ring.

"Saved! saved! Bairn and lassie! bairn and lassie, both!" and I saw my young friend—God bless her!—dash out from the blazing doorway, with scorched and shriveled garments, safe and sound, and bearing the frightened little youngster, whose head we had seen that one terrible instant above the window-sill.

"To none but me, young leddy—and bless ye till yer dyin' day!—to none but me!" cried the poor mother, rushing forward and dropping on her knees to receive her darling; and to none but her was the darling given.

Her husband, the guard, had, as surmised, gone up the line, at an early hour, for help she had become alarmed at

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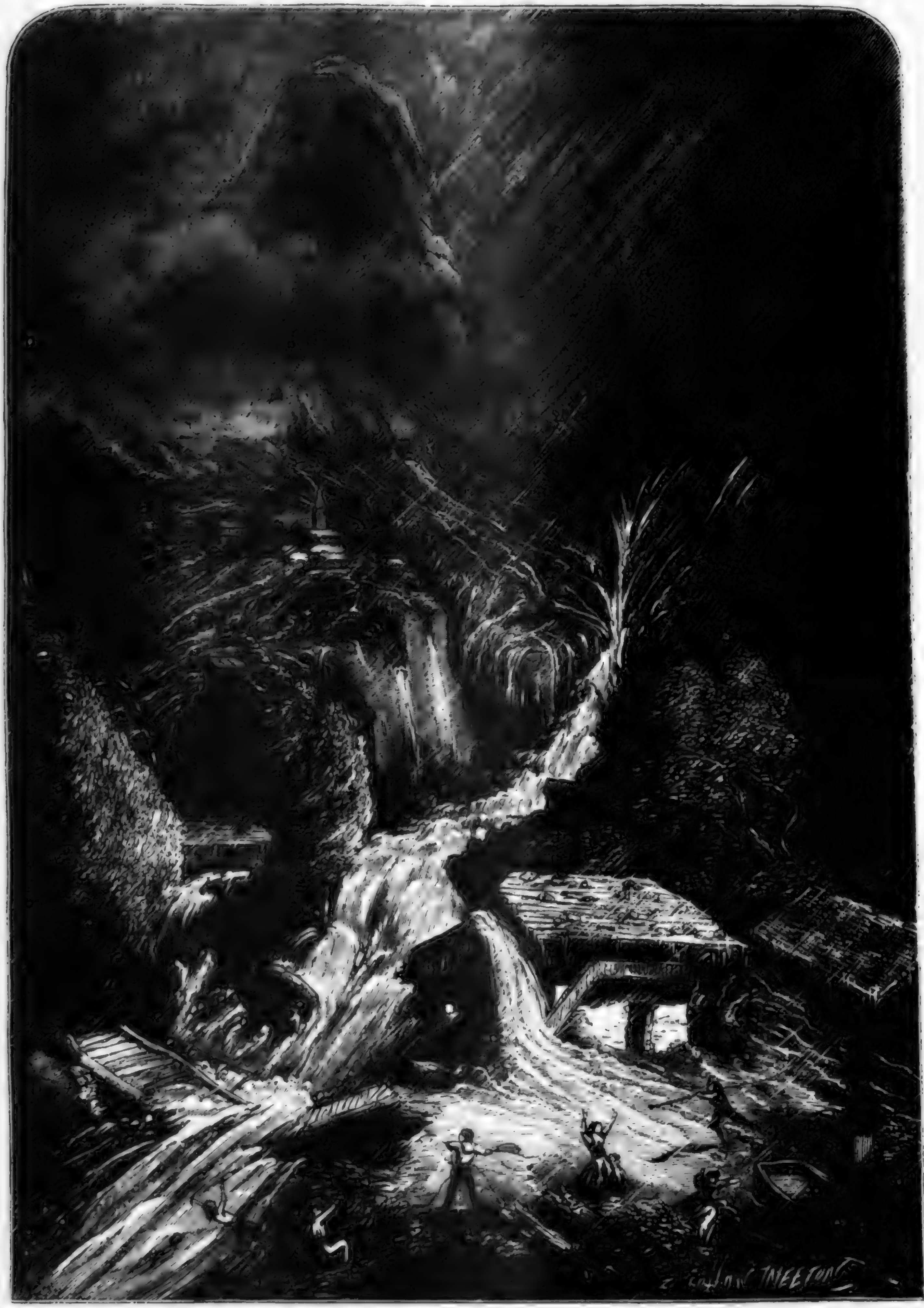
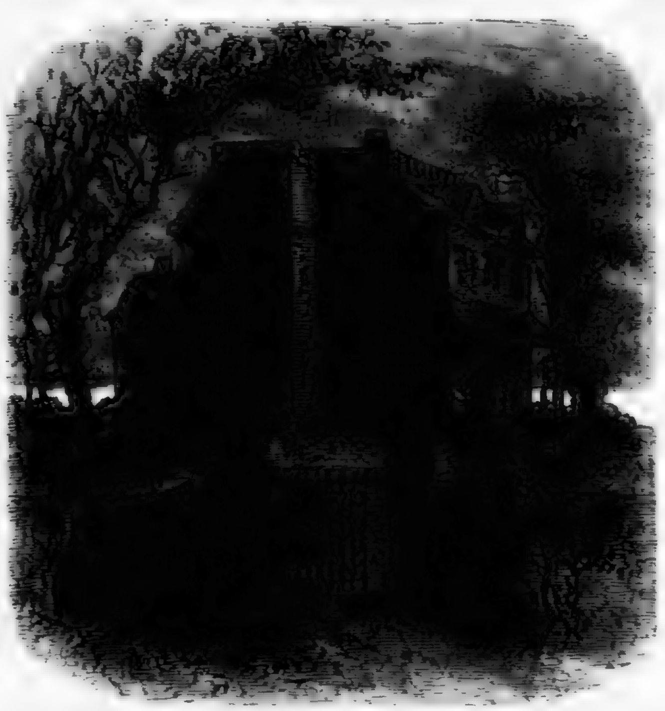


A STORM IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. CHAMPOD.



THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

the progress of the fire in the woods near by—had feared for the house—had hurried to overtake and bring back her husband, in vain; had become alarmed at the smoke arising behind her, and returned as we saw.

There were expressions of self-reproach on the part of some for neglect to examine the house, but congratulations on the part of everybody; and, after it was all over, we fell to work with renewed energy on the bridge, already well under control, and so effectual was our labor, in the light of the bright example set us, that we soon placed it beyond all danger.

How, afterward, we made a rapid run homeward, arriving safely, with alarming appetites for an early tea, deponent saith not; and how the story of our Fire Heroine, and the incident that made her such, formed something more than the usual nine days' wonder, I leave to your conjecture and to the fate that meets all personal records of *pure unselfishness.* They seldom lose in interest, however simply (or often) told. And well it is for humanity that it is so.

A STORM IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

The Bernese Oberland, with its wonderful peaks, its glaciers, and its high-perched lake, is the favorite resort of tourists. The Aletsch glacier, which is overhung by some of the grandest peaks of the Oberland, and the Marjelen Lake, which washes its side, are in themselves sufficient to repay the tourist; but while to the traveler all this is inspiring, to those whose lot has cast their life amid these mountains and glaciers, the case is different. Agriculture is attended with great difficulties and despondencies; there is seldom a day free from all anxiety; not only avalanche and landslide, but the sudden tempest, gathering with a fury almost inconceivable, will at times force a perfect river down the mountain-side, to which the ordinary mountain-torrent is but as a trout-stream to the St. Lawrence.

Early in June, 1864, the Oberland was swept by such storms, that carried devastation on every side.

From a contemporary sketch by A. Champod, we give the fearful view of the destruction of a Bernese village at that time. Its church and mill and scattered houses, neat, attractive, and thriving, were swept before the down-rushing river; and in its sudden burst many perished, as bridges gave way and houses sank into the seething waters. All was confusion and terror, the noble and brave who strained every nerve to save others often paid the penalty with their lives, and amid all, nought seem unmoved but the Stone Bear, the emblem of the Canton, found in every village, which, firm, fierce, and as if the demon of the storm, stood mocking its power and rejoicing at the desolation.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

Many years ago, in the village where I then resided, a dwelling, commonly called "the old stone house," together with the small but fertile farm on which it stood, was offered for sale. This property had descended in the family of its original owner for nearly a century, and the departure of the last heir gave me the opportunity I had long desired of becoming its possessor.

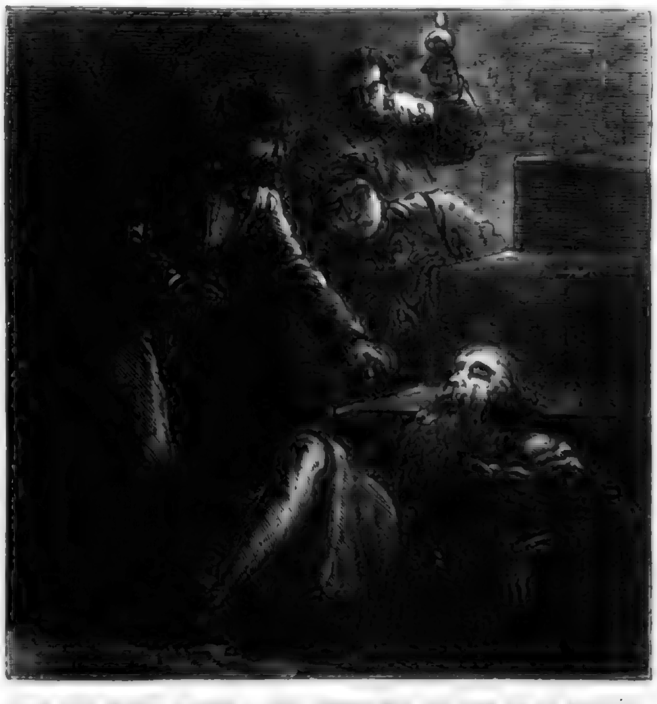
The place was handsome in itself, while the rapid rise of real estate in its neighborhood would, I knew, soon cause it to double in value. I was not to be deterred from so desirable an investment by certain unpleasant rumors which had lately attached themselves to this ancient home of the Wardlaws. The foundation for these had, no doubt, been afforded by the following circumstances:

The blood of the family just named had been tainted with insanity for several generations, and its last two surviving members had come to sudden and mysterious ends. These two were uncle and nephew—both single men, and residing almost alone together in the family mansion.

Somewhat late in life, the former had been visited by the hereditary curse of his race, and, in consequence, was removed to an asylum. The nephew, of course, succeeded to the virtual ownership of the estate.

After the lapse of a year, however, the elder Wardlaw unexpectedly recovered his reason, returned home, and resumed his former position. A few months later, he suddenly disappeared. He was never afterward heard of, nor was any clue found to his fate, excepting that some weeks subsequently a strange man called at the house with a hat, which, he said, had been taken from a milldam ten miles off, whither it must have been conveyed by the swollen waters of the creek that ran through our village.

This hat bore Mr. Wardlaw's name, and was recognized as his by the nephew. The latter stated that his uncle had for



THE OLD STONE HOUSE.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE DEAD MANIAC.

XUM

some time previous given tokens of returning mental disorder, and was therefore watched as closely as possible without arousing his suspicions. He must have contrived, however, to escape unnoticed during the stormy Winter's night, and had, probably, either committed suicide or fallen into the stream by accident. The nephew's reputation being unblemished, the authorities had no alternative but to accept the theory thus offered, and the matter appeared to be set at rest for ever.

A few months after these occurrences, the nephew himself passed away, even more completely and inexplicably, from human sight and knowledge. Not the slightest trace of him was ever recovered, nor could even a plausible conjecture be hazarded concerning his fate, except that he too had strayed away in a fit of insanity, though never known to have been thus affected.

His affairs were left in a very disordered condition, the house and grounds being heavily mortgaged. A foreclosure quickly took place; and thus I was enabled to become their proprietor. I wished to take up my abode in the picturesque old mansion; but my wife, who was in a delicate state of health, was so strongly opposed to the idea that I was compelled to relinquish it.

Then I sought for a tenant, and soon found one in the person of Squire Goodrich, recently arrived in our neighborhood. He staid twenty-four hours on the premises, and then gave up his occupancy, declaring his willingness to forfeit a year's rent rather than face the terrors of another night in the old stone house.

By his account, and that of his family, nothing unusual had been *seen*, but he and his wife had been kept awake all night by screams and curses, seeming to come from beneath the floor of their room, together with sounds as of "pounding and hammering" on the walls.

I released the squire from his contract on very easy terms—only requesting him to keep as quiet about the matter as possible. His successor was Deacon Trowbridge, whose eminent piety, I thought, would surely render him proof against all diabolical assaults and visitations. In this belief I was sorely disappointed.

On the third morning after beginning his residence, the good man called on me in a high state of alarm and indignation, protesting that I should pay dearly for inveigling him upon premises which I must have known were already occupied by the Evil One or his emissaries. In vain I affirmed my ignorance and incredulity; the deacon was not to be pacified until I had not only canceled our agreement, but paid him a considerable sum by way of indemnity, and to prevent further exposure.

So far as I could gather, his experience had not varied much from that of Mr. Goodrich, the nightly disturbances still consisting merely of sounds.

By this time I was naturally a little discouraged as to the prospect of finding a good, permanent tenant for the old house. The unfavorable reports concerning it had gained additional force and currency, and few, indeed, for miles around, were those who could now have been induced to spend a night under its roof. To sell the place at present would involve a heavy sacrifice. I was beginning to think of tearing down the house, and dividing the farm into building lots.

Just then my wife, whose health rendered a change of climate advisable, accepted an invitation from a former schoolmate who was settled in Florida, to spend the Winter with her at St. Augustine.

My business made it impossible for me to accompany her, and when she had left me, I was at liberty to enter upon a personal investigation of the mysteries which threatened to affect seriously the value of my new acquisition.

I at once proceeded to shift my quarters to the old house; but, as I had expected, no one could be persuaded to share them with me at night. If I persisted in my enterprise, I must face my ghostly adversaries alone. The prospect, I confess, was not an agreeable one; but I was not to be daunted.

I began by providing myself with an excellent six-shooter; next I made a thorough exploration of the premises, without finding anything remarkable. When night came, I retired to the large chamber on the second floor which had been occupied by my predecessors.

This room was built and furnished after the quaint fashion of a long-past generation. Its walls were wainscoted in heavy oak. The bed—a huge four-poster of funereal aspect—stood in the middle of the floor, facing a large bay-window which was deeply shaded by ivy, which was trained over the front of the house.

Altogether, the apartment, though far from comfortless, wore decidedly an air of gloom. I sat up reading for about two hours without being disturbed in any way; and then, feeling half inclined to laugh at my previous apprehensions, prepared myself for bed.

I looked carefully to the priming of my revolver, and laid it within my reach on a small stand beside the bed, together with a lamp, which I kept burning. Thus prepared, I fortified myself spiritually by reading a chapter in the Bible, and soon fell asleep.

I dreamed, and my dreams in the beginning were of an agreeable character; but at length I seemed to be wandering in a forest, where I was surrounded and taken captive by a band of Indians. I was bound to a stake, and, as a hideous old squaw advanced to apply a burning brand to my shrinking flesh, my appeal for mercy was answered by a malignant warwhoop. At this moment I awoke.

The moon had risen, and her rays, streaming through the ivied and diamonded panes of the bay-window, fell in a fantastic pattern on the bare, oaken floor. Everything wore the same air of sombre repose; yet still the notes of that barbarous outcry were falling, fully and distinctly, on my astonished ears. They ceased—could I have been dreaming with my eyes open? No! Again the shout arose, shrill and appalling, as if from the bowels of the earth.

Every hair on my head seemed to stand on end, and I grasped convulsively the handle of my trusty weapon. The sounds died away, and then came a dull, muffled noise, as of blows against the paneling of the walls. I fired in the direction thus indicated; a deep groan followed, and all was still again.

As may be supposed, I slept no more that night. With one hand on my revolver, I lay for some time peering vainly into the surrounding darkness. Neither sight nor sound disturbed me further. Having regained composure, I began to reflect upon the circumstances, and finally resolved on a plan of proceedings for the morrow.

When morning came, I rose early, partook of a hearty breakfast, and met the inquiries and congratulations of my neighbors with a degree of coolness which, I could plainly see, rather disappointed them. I merely said that a revelation had been afforded me last night which might lead to an important discovery, but that, in what I was about to do, I should require to be accompanied by three stout, courageous men, if such would volunteer their services. These were soon selected from a number who offered themselves, while the wiser portion of the assembly openly manifested their opinion that the terrors of the previous night had unsettled my reason.

I at once led the way with my chosen auxiliaries, all others being excluded, to the haunted chamber. There we proceeded to sound carefully with iron bars the oaken paneling of the walls. All seemed firm and solid, except at one spot, behind which it was easy to detect that an empty space existed. The board was broken into without ceremony, when we found that it had been a sliding door, fastened with a spring, and opening directly on the head of a narrow, precipitous stone staircase, constructed in the thickness of the wall, and winding down into utter darkness.

Lights were procured, and we descended, but soon encountered a most dreadful and overpowering odor. This grew stronger until we reached the foot of the staircase, as low down, apparently, as the foundation of the building. There we stumbled over an object which proved to be a dead body. It was that of an aged man, covered with blood and filth, and emaciated to the last degree. His only garment was a shirt of the coarsest tow-linen, and his gray hair and beard were long and matted. Death appeared to have been recent, as the body still retained a trace of warmth, and a deep wound on the back of the head seemed to show that it had either been caused or hastened by a fall down the flinty steps. These steps, we found, led directly into the cell which had evidently been the abode of this unfortunate. What here met our gaze is almost too horrible for belief or narration.

The cell was of stone, scarcely eight feet by ten in dimensions, and lighted high up by a single aperture resembling the grating of a drain. Its bare walls and floor, as well as the rough wooden bedstead, which comprised all its furniture, were thickly besmeared, or rather plastered, with clotted blood, mingled here and there with pieces of half-putrid flesh. The disjointed bones of a human skeleton were strewn in every direction, so that it seemed as if we had penetrated to the cavern of some carnivorous beast.

In one corner an earthen pitcher lay overturned and broken, and near it was a wooden platter, which had once contained food. As we gazed, the hideous picture of madness, crime and retribution seemed to rise before us in all its imaginable details. The corpse we at once recognized as that of the elder Wardlaw—the insane uncle—imprisoned in this unsuspected den by his only relative, while supposed to have wandered forth and perished long ago.

Startled, probably, the night before, by the report of my pistol, he had fallen down the stairs and fractured his skull. The bones—the blood—the mutilated flesh—what was to be inferred from these, save that the nephew, while visiting his victim, had been accidentally caught in his own device of the sliding panel, with its secret spring, and had expiated his crime by death at the hands of the maniac, *and partial interment in a living tomb!* We gazed a few moments on the accursed sight, and then, as by a common impulse, turned away, and sought the upper air without a word.

Assembled in the chamber above, we pledged each other never to reveal to the world the truth of what we had witnessed. No good purpose could be served by dragging before the general gaze those desecrated relics of humanity, or subjecting them to the idle formalities of an inquest. The panel was securely fastened up, and the dead were left as we found them. There, for aught I know, they still remain, awaiting the dread summons which shall arouse from their graves the innocent and the guilty, and lay bare the secrets of the "Old Stone House."

CHARLES PHILLIPS'S PORTRAIT OF CURRAN.

"I CAUGHT the first glimpse of the little man," says Mr. Phillips, "through the vista of his garden. There he was. On a third time afterward, I saw him in a dress which you would imagine he had borrowed from his tipstaff; his hands on his sides; his under lip protruded; his face almost parallel with the horizon; and the important step and the eternal attitude, only varied by the pause during which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room: it was an invariable peculiarity—one second after four o'clock, and he would not wait for the Viceroy. The moment he perceived me, he took me by the hand, said he would not have any one introduce me; and with a manner which I often thought was *charmed*, at once banished every apprehension, and completely familiarized me at the Priory.

I had often seen Curran, often heard him, often read him; but no man ever knew anything about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. He was a little convivial deity; he soared in every region, and was at home in all; he touched upon everything, and seemed as if he had created it; he mastered the human heart with the same ease as he did his violin. You wept, and you laughed, and you wondered; and the wonderful creature who made you do all at will, never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor.

It is said of Swift, that his rule was to allow a minute's pause after he had concluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence it himself.

Curran had no conversational rule whatever; he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a participation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was quite a contented one. Indeed, nothing could exceed the urbanity of his demeanor. At the time I speak of, he was turned sixty, yet he was as playful as a child. The extremes of youth and age were met in him: he had the experience of the one, and the simplicity of the other."

PUNCTILIOUS ECONOMY.

SIR JOHN TREVOR, Master of the Rolls, and Speaker of the House of Commons in the reigns of James II. and William III., was a rare economist.

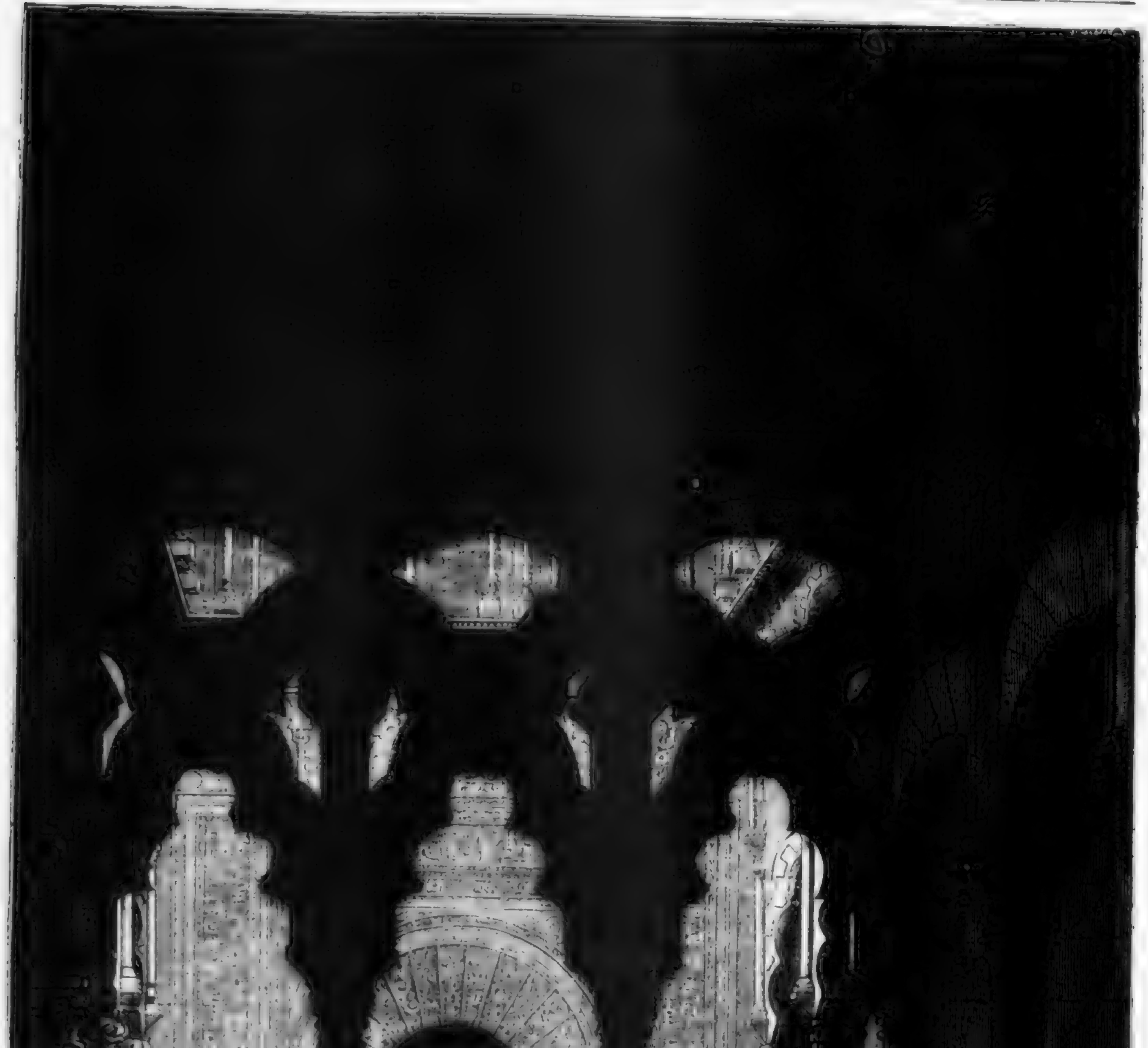
One day while dining by himself at the Rolls, and quietly enjoying his wine, his cousin Roderic Lloyd was unexpectedly introduced to him by a side door. "You rascal," said Trevor to his servant, "and you have brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my *back-stairs.* Take my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth—you rascal, take him instantly back, down my *back-stairs*, and bring him up my *front-stairs.*"

Roderic in vain remonstrated; and whilst he was conducted down one and up the other pair of stairs, his Honor Sir John Trevor removed the bottle and glasses!

A HARD HIT AT POPE.

POPE was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of literati had got poring over a Latin manuscript, in which they had found a passage that none of them could comprehend. A young officer, who heard their conference, begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. "Oh," said Pope, sarcastically, "by all means; pray, let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the manuscript, and, considering it a while, said there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible; which was really the case. "And pray, master," says Pope, with a sneer, "what is a note of interrogation?" "A note of interrogation," replied the young fellow, with a look of great contempt, "is a little *crooked thing* that asks questions!"

XUM



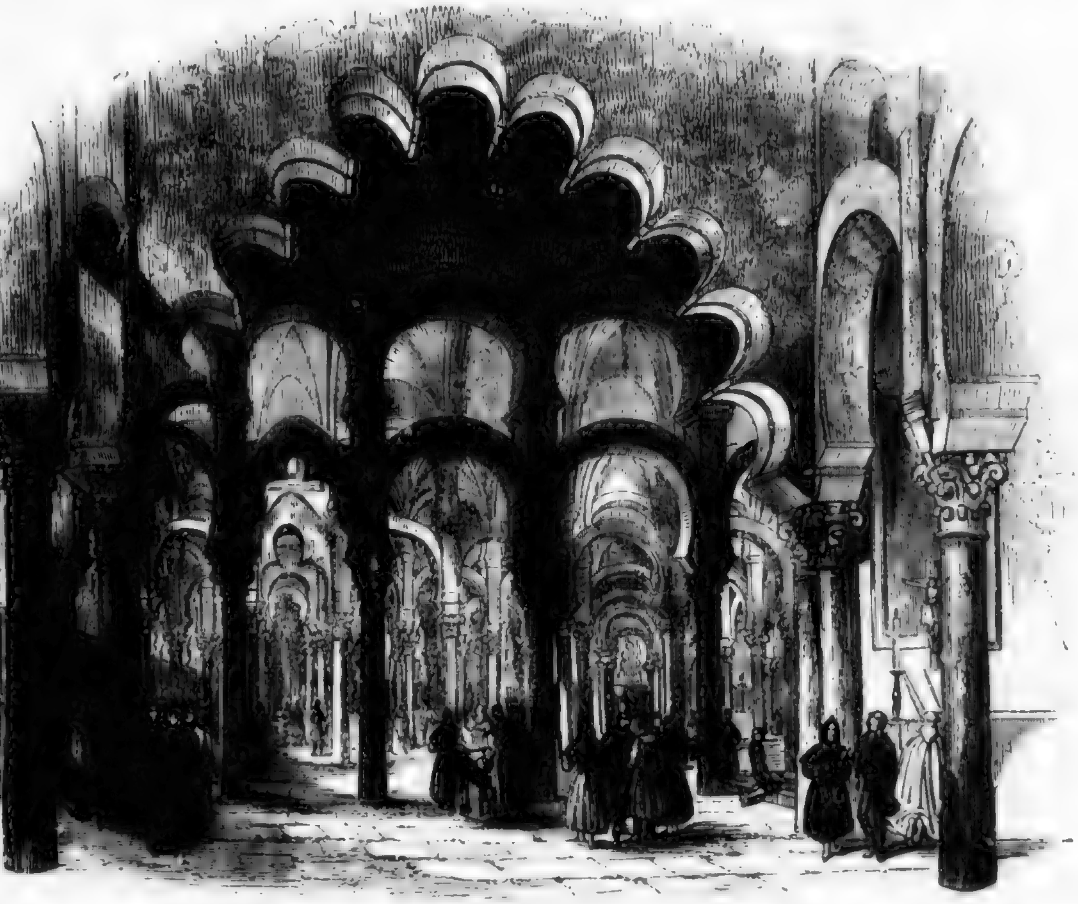
THE CHAPEL OF THE ZANCARRON, CATHEDRAL OF CORDOVA.

A DAY IN CORDOVA.

Spain has her famous and attractive cities. Irving has endeared Granada, with its elegant reminiscences of Moorish rule, to all Americans; Madrid, as the capital, invites many; Seville has its Southern charms that few travelers neglect to seek. Yet Cordova is, perhaps, a city which a tourist will find it worth his while to linger in awhile and study its past and present.

It was an ancient city in the days of Rome's power. It existed so long before the Christian era that the very etymology of the name is lost, and we know not whether to look to Celtiberian or Phœnician for its explanation.

It is certain that this once famous town existed long before the birth of our Saviour. Silius Italicus refers to it in his poem on the Second Punic War, as having rendered aid to Hannibal, and several other early historians make mention of it. It was the first city of Spain elevated to the rank of a Roman colony, when it was called by the name of "Patricia," on account of the great number of Roman patricians who, having become impoverished, repaired with their families to establish themselves in Cordova. To this day it prides itself on the bluest blood in Spain, and the Great Captain is credited with saying: "There are cities I would, perhaps, rather live in, but none that I would rather have been born in than Cordova." At a very early day, it became famous, and many monarchs made it their capital. Hence the city soon became enriched with architectural beauties, temples, theatres, amphitheatres, and celebrated schools, as also remarkable for its gorgeous palaces, whose adornments were unsurpassed for brilliancy and splendor. It gave to classic literature Lucan and the Senecas.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA, SHOWING VARIOUS STYLES OF ARCH.

After the invasion of Spain by Tarik, in the year 711, Cordova suffered a three months' siege; then it surrendered, and became the capital of the Western Caliphate.

Abderahman, who reigned under the Caliphs of Damascus, declared himself independent in 756, and adopted the title of Prince of Believers. He did much to beautify the capital, and proofs remain to this day; for it was under the reign of this prince that the great Mosque of Cordova was commenced. Abderahman induced the most learned and the most remarkable men in every department of science to take up their abode at Cordova. He then established the famous schools which made Cordova a centre of intellectual progress, at a time when Europe, generally, was plunged in darkness.

Under Abderahman's successors, Cordova reached the zenith of her prosperity. Arabic poets and historians extol her splendor, her learning, the brilliancy of the court, the happiness of the people, where, beneath Moslem rule, Mohammedan, Christian, and Jew lived under equal protection. The Christians were allowed to retain many of their own churches, and others in part. When the building of the great mosque was projected, the site selected was one of these temples used by the two faiths. The Christians were not dispossessed by the strong hand of power; they were fairly compensated for their rights in the old building.

While she was the rival of Damascus and Bagdad, the population of Cordova amounted at one time to nearly a million souls. It contained 200,000 houses, 300 mosques, 50 hospitals, 80 schools and 900 public baths; but civil wars and invasions destroyed by degrees her splendor and her glory, and she succumbed to the power of Ferdinand III., on the 29th day of June, 1236.

Under the new rule its decline has been constant and rapid, and Cordova now boasts only 50,000 souls.

Such was the ancient city which we entered. The railroad made us regret the day of diligences. In those times you arrived, indeed, dusty and bruised, after sixty hours tossing in a lumbering coach over the worst of roads, but the view as you approached more than compensated. It was superb. Leaving behind you the Carrahola, a majestic crenellated

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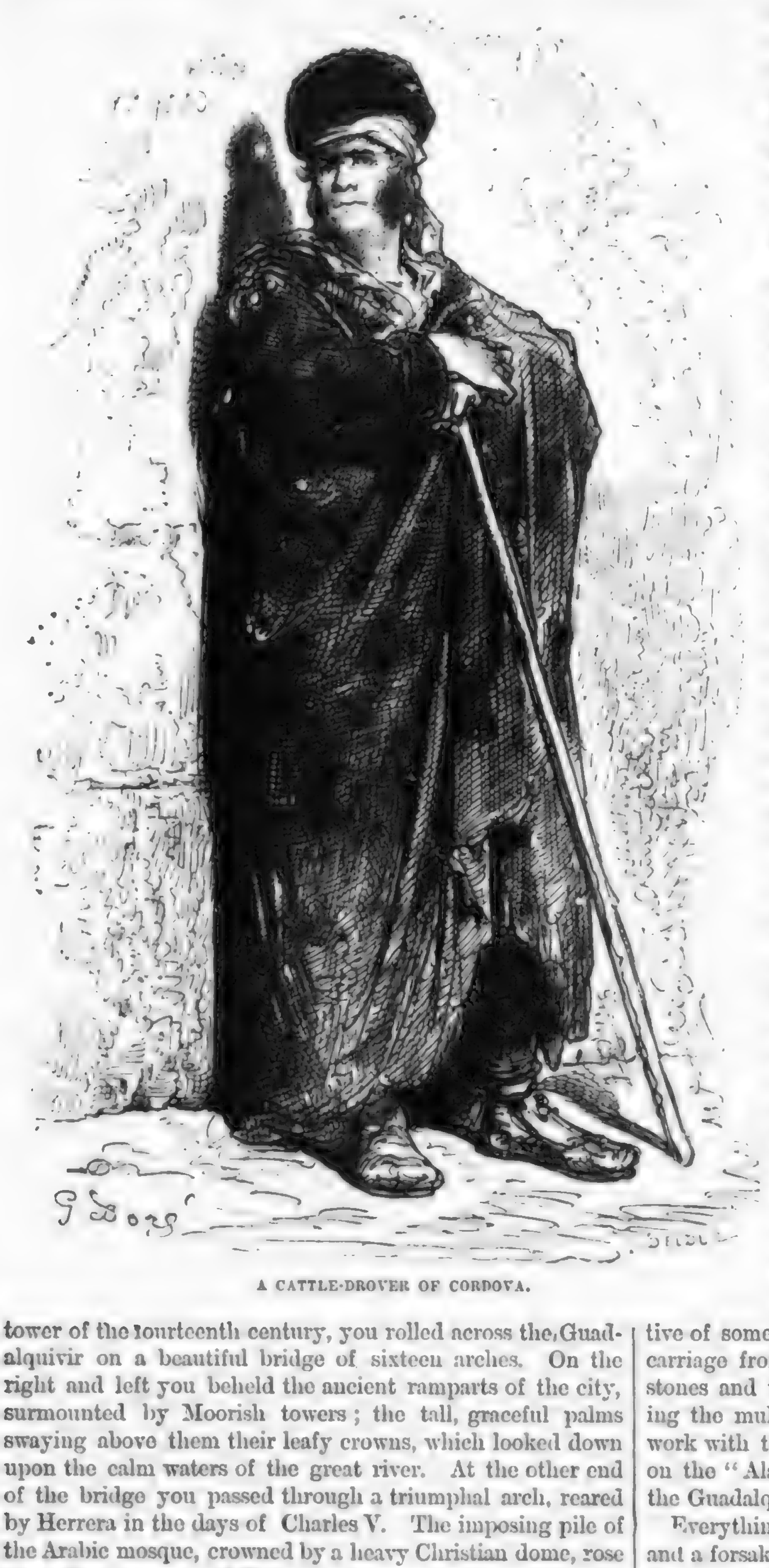


A CATTLE-DROVER OF CORDOVA.

tower of the fourteenth century, you rolled across the Guadalquivir on a beautiful bridge of sixteen arches. On the right and left you beheld the ancient ramparts of the city, surmounted by Moorish towers; the tall, graceful palms swaying above them their leafy crowns, which looked down upon the calm waters of the great river. At the other end of the bridge you passed through a triumphal arch, reared by Herrera in the days of Charles V. The imposing pile of the Arabic mosque, crowned by a heavy Christian dome, rose above the terraces and flat-roofed houses.

This grand impression you lose when you enter by rail, and you need it, at first, to give you an exhilaration; for when you strike into the city you find a network of narrow, winding, deserted streets. Grass grows in its streets untrodden, and not only in the warmer hours of the day, but at all times, the footfall of man is seldom heard.

We expected to find Cordova an old, mediæval city, like Toledo or Avila; we expected to find many Moorish monuments in the ancient capital of the Western Caliphs. We were disappointed. There is nothing or very little of all this. The houses, uniform in style, have a modern look; iron gratings as artistically wrought as those of Seville give you a glimpse of a patio studded with flowers, and a tiny fountain playing within their midst. The barred windows have vines hanging out by the blue and white curtains. The charm of these little windows is that they are often the framework of a magnificent pair of eyes that dart their glances on the passers-by.

All this and the cleanly look around charm the eye, and we are fain to believe that if the Cordovans show themselves as little in the streets, it is because they find it pleasanter at home, and prefer home life to the streets.

We have no time for a reverie—a string of donkeys laden with paniers containing merchandise and fruits of all kinds; live fowls hanging down, a dozen together tied by the leg on one side and two or three little lambs on the other, thrown across a donkey's back like a sack, the cavalcade driven by muleteers in gay sashes, embroidered gaiters, and velvet hats; followed by water-carriers, men and women—make us beat a retreat into the nearest doorway to let them pass. Following them to the "Plaza," or market-place, a large, neglected-looking square, with arcades chiefly appropriated to tinkers' and Jews' clothes-shops, we see what little there is left of native costume in Cordova. Its appearance, to tell the truth, is most dilapidated and "seedy"—there is no better word. Italians are much more picturesque than the groups we see here, and are more consistent in their dress.

The Señoritas wear a red rose or sprig of jessamine in their hair, and throw a mantilla over their heads (because, we presume, they know, intuitively, that it is more becoming to them than a bonnet); but their dresses come from Lyons or Marseilles; and the poorer classes imitate their betters and buy all the modern finery they can.

A few of the old nobility still reside in Cordova and its environs, and it is fair to presume that the old lady that we see nearly every day, bumped and jolted over the stones through the few wide and ill-paved streets of which Cordova can boast, is a representative of some ancient house; she has imported a new open carriage from Madrid, and it is evident that the cobblestones and the rather unscientific "whip" who is belaboring the mules that complete the equipage, will make short work with the springs. She is going to take her daily ride on the "Alameda," and promenade alone by the banks of the Guadalquivir.

Everything about the city had a dreamy, forsaken look, and a forsaken sound. Even at Toledo we sometimes heard the tones of the guitar, but at Cordova scarcely ever.

Ancient monuments are rare in Cordova, but it possesses the famous mosque, the Mezquite, as it is still called. It may be said to stand unique in the world, for you must seek in vain for its counterpart elsewhere.

The Alhambra at Granada and the Alcazar at Seville are architectural wonders, but even these great palaces give no idea of the Mosque of Cordova, which antedates them by five or six hundred years. It was in the year 770 that Abderahman undertook to erect a mosque which should surpass in grandeur and magnificence those of Damascus, Bagdad, and other oriental cities. The work was pushed with extraordinary activity, and Abderahman, who himself drew the plans of the building, took so great an interest in its construction that he labored one hour daily with his own hands at the work. Nevertheless, he was not destined to see its completion, which was accomplished under the supervision of his son. After his father's death, that prince continued to push the work, which was finished near the end of the eighth century. It has often been asked how the Arabs could finish so gigantic a monument in so short a time, but it must be remembered that they were well advanced in the arts and sciences, and besides, instead of cutting and polishing marble pillars for the edifice, they employed all that could be found in a perfect state in the temples and other ancient edifices of Spain and Africa.

This wonderful building was, of course, our first object of interest, after a night spent in a comfortable, little old-fashioned inn, with a *patio* full of orange trees, leading to a public *sala*, which, with its alcoves and fountains, gladdened our hearts when, travel-weary, we reached it.

Passing down the narrow, ill-paved streets, we crossed the Patio de los Naranjas, a vast court planted with orange and lemon trees of enormous size, with palms and cypress that make a green vault above, while the air below is cooled by the numerous fountains.

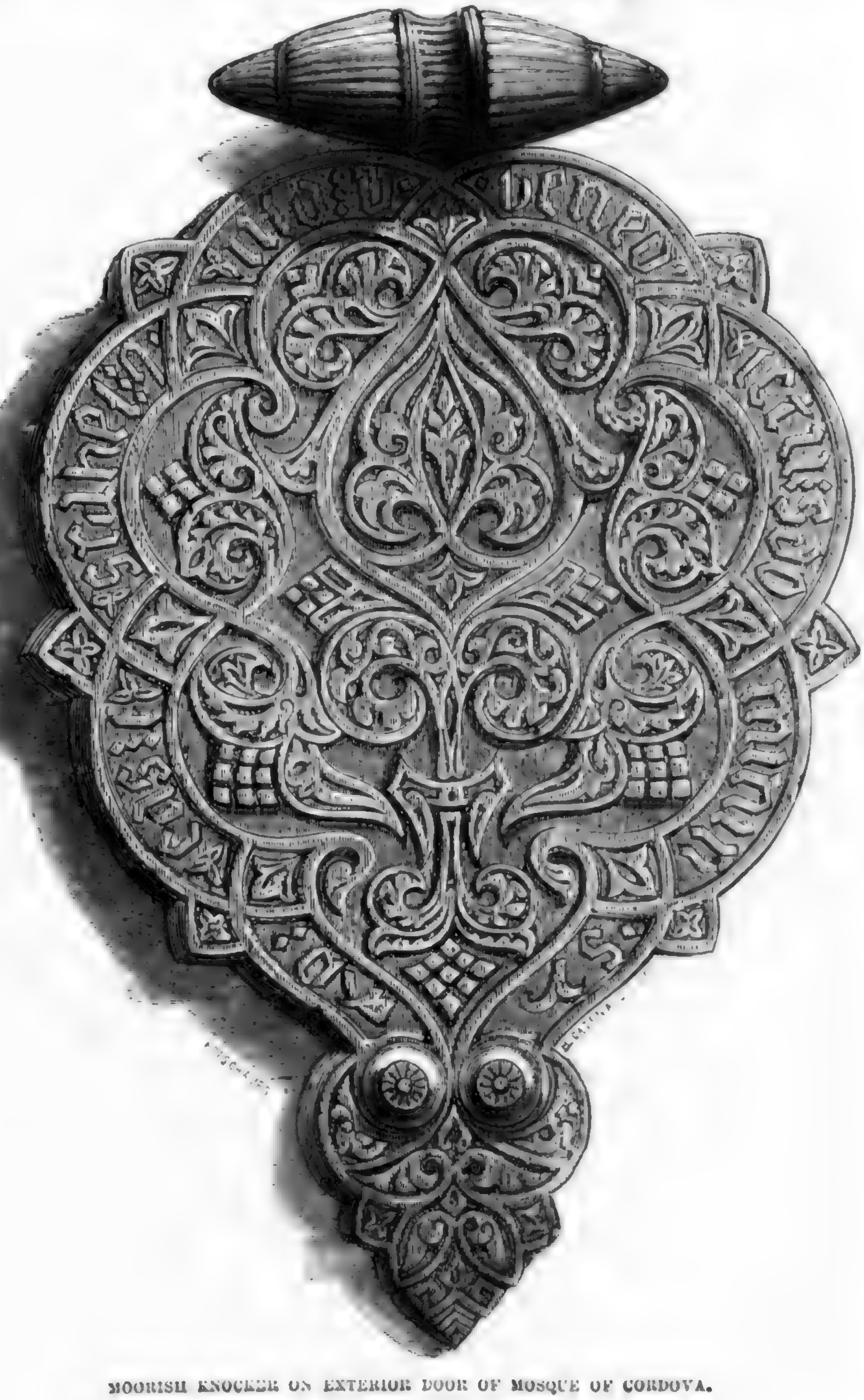
The Orange Court of Cordova, like that of the Cathedral of Seville, is the pride and boast of Andalusia. It was laid out by the Caliph Almansar. Before clearing away the houses that occupied the ground, he sent for the owners, and asked them to consent to sell the property to him. The prices asked were paid, and other houses erected for them. One old woman had a little house and in the yard a palm tree, to which she was so attached that she would not give up her heritage, unless her new home had a palm tree as well. The Caliph directed that her desire should be carried out, though it should cost him a million of dinars, and the old soul sat once more beneath a palm.

You can enter the mosque by seven different doors of moderate height, surrounded by carvings in a pure and sober taste. The exterior walls, crowned with cut battlements, unhappily exhibit that light yellow color which is too often noticed in ancient edifices. There is no monumental façade, no imposing portals as may be seen in the churches of the middle ages. One would think that the idea of the architect was to exaggerate the simplicity of the exterior in order to increase by contrast the effect of the magnificence of the interior. Indeed, the plan as originally laid down, was particular to insure this simplicity.

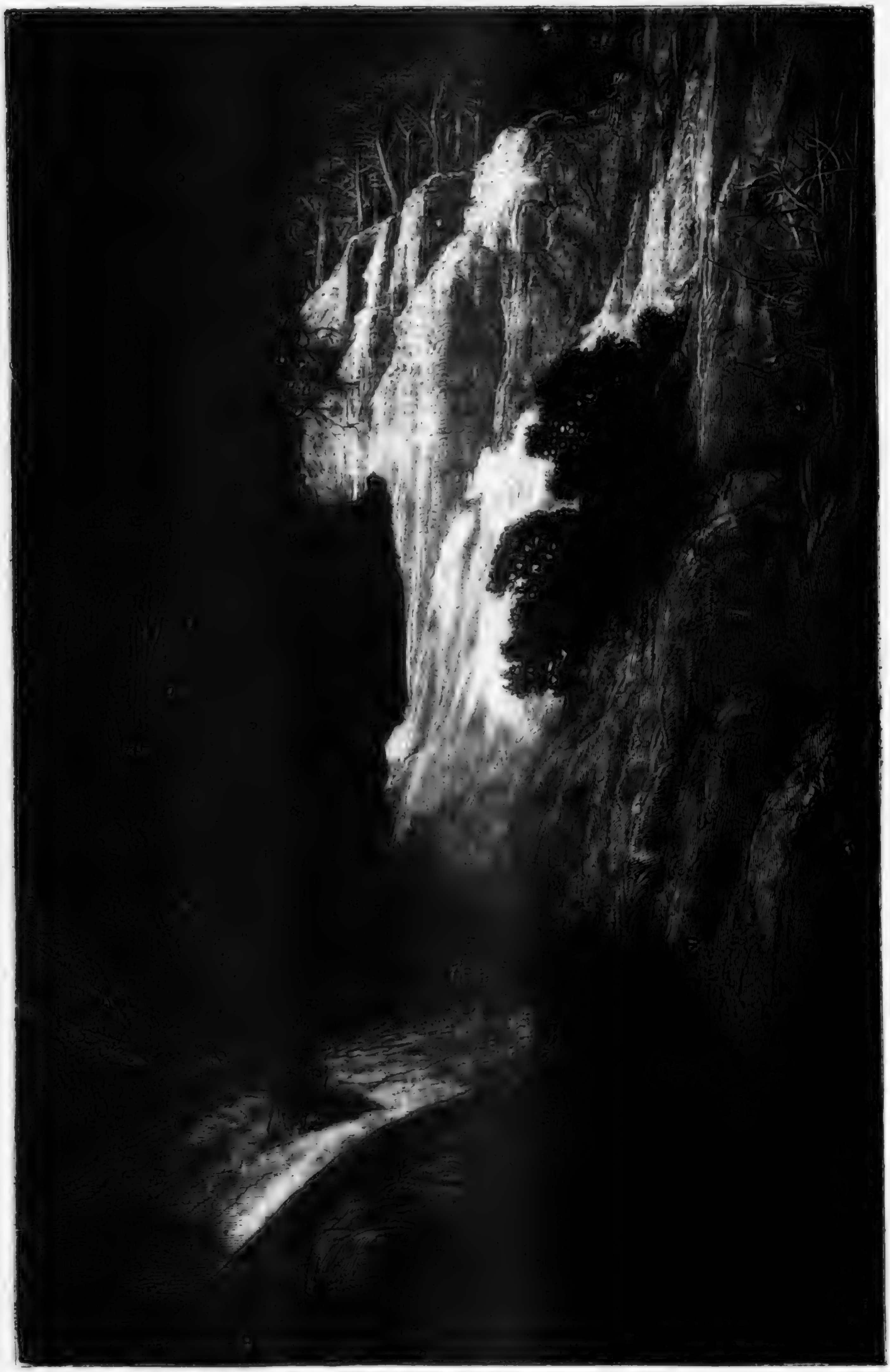
It is impossible to describe the impression one receives on entering for the first time the Mosque of Cordova. The many columns which support the vaulted roof intermingle as the trees of a forest, the long perspectives changing to the eye as you advance into the interior. The dim, religious light which prevails in all Spanish churches, affords additional charms to poetry of its marble aisles.

The columns originally numbered 1,200, but of these there remain standing but 860. According to tradition, they were obtained chiefly from the Temple of Janus, which occupied part of the site of the Mosque. Sixty were brought from Tarragona and Seville, a hundred and fifteen belonged to the monuments of Nismes and Narbonne, and one hundred and forty were contributed by the Emperor Leo, who reigned at Constantinople. Quite a number of them were taken from the temples of Carthage and from several other cities of the African coast. The capitals of the majority of these columns are of excellent Corinthian design, the others are either Doric or Arabic. They were originally each of them gilded, and traces of the ancient goldwork still remain upon them.

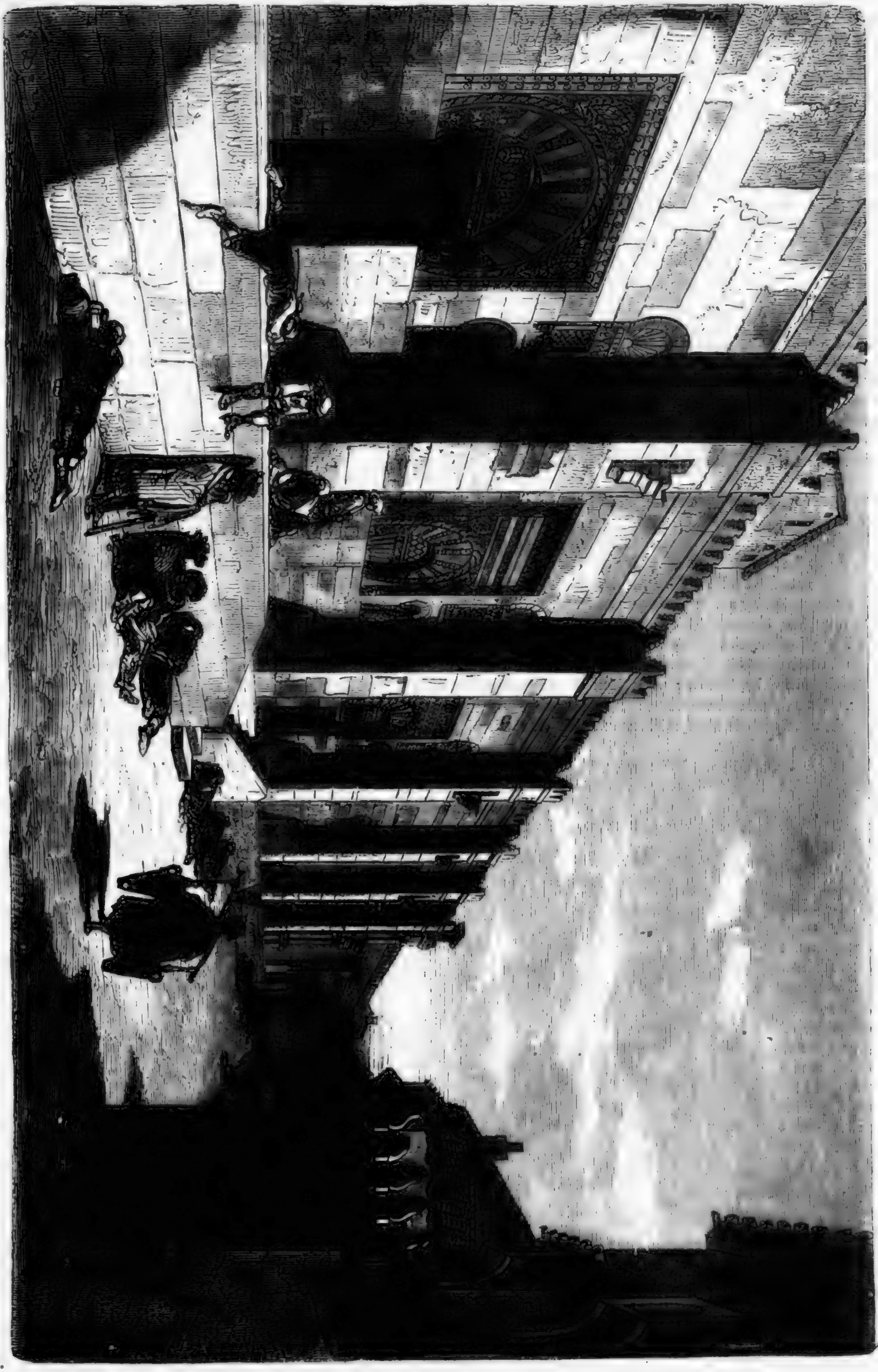
The arches which spring from the columns present forms of a very varied character; some are a pure arch, but the majority of them are of the horseshoe design; among which quite a number are carved and worked and ornamented with lobes in uneven numbers, varying from three



MOORISH KNOCKER ON EXTERIOR DOOR OF MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.



THE PASS OF DESPEÑAPERROS IN THE SIERRA MORENA, BETWEEN CORDOVA AND CARDENAS.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

to eleven. These arches are in double tiers, rising above and crossing each other; a plan which imparts to the massive structure a lightness that is truly wonderful. The naves formed by the inter-crossing of these columns number nineteen in breadth, and twenty-nine in length.

The Spaniards gave them the name of streets, such as St. Nicholas Street, St. Pedro Street, etc., naming them after the saints to whom chapels had been dedicated.

At the extremity of one of the naves, is found the Mihràb, in past times the consecrated and holiest part of the Mosque. In this place, a narrow space opened in the wall, the Koran was formerly kept, and here the Caliph offered up the public prayers.

The Mihràb, which was the richest part of the Mosque, has, by rare fortune, escaped the successive restorations, that is, in plain words, profanations, which mar so many other portions of this grand temple. It is entered by a horseshoe arch, upheld by elegant marble columns, surmounted by the most exquisite mosaic that can be conceived. It is composed of small cubes of glass, and presents inscriptions in cufic letters as well as ornaments of pure taste, on a background of blue and gold. Rome herself, Venice and Ravenna, fail to rival it. Though Moorish in style, it was doubtless made at Constantinople from the designs of a Cordovan architect. The great Arab geographer of the eleventh century, Edrisi, informs us that the Emperor Romanus II. sent it as a present to the Caliph of Cordova.

The interior of Mihràb, which is in the form of a regular octagon, is but 14 feet in diameter and 28 feet in height. The walls are lined with slabs of white marble, veined with red, surmounted by a cornice ornamented with inscriptions. Twelve pillars of white African marble, with white capitals and bases, inclose the sanctuary. The pavement, worn by the feet of the devout, shows how this spot was frequented in the days of old, when each pilgrim made the circuit seven times. The wonderful vault is a single piece of marble, hollowed in the form of a shell, and ornamented with sculptures of the greatest delicacy.

The richness of Mihràb is, however, far from what it has once been, if we are to believe the description of Arabian writers, who state that the entrance to Mihràb was ornamented with marble of inestimable value, and with columns of jasper and porphyry; all of which were covered with ivory and ebony and incrustations of the most rare woods, composed of 26,000 pieces, which were fixed with solid gold nails, ornamented with precious stones.

A copy of the Koran, written by Othman, was preserved in a golden box, lined with silk, ornamented with pearls and rubies, and placed upon a bracket of aloe wood, ornamented with nails of gold. It was believed in the olden time, that the jawbone of Mohammed was enshrined in the Mihràb; from which fact this chapel is styled the Chapel of the Zancarron.

In Moslem times the Makssurah, paved with silver, with doors of mosaic and gold, led to the Zancarron. Thousands of lamps lit up the splendid temple, some of them bells from the Church of St. James, at Compostella, and other shrines of Catholic worship, here reversed to act as lamps.

The vaults were, in the old time, wonderful specimens of sculpture, painting and gilding, but these have nearly all disappeared. Charles V., who, while at a distance, authorized the removal of part of the original ceiling, heartily cursed their obtuseness when he entered the Mezquite. "You have put in," said he, "what could be put in anywhere, and you have removed what had no equal in the world."

Modern tombs contribute also to disfigure the Mosque of Cordova; but it is grand, and its effect on the traveler is never forgotten.

Leaving this wonderful structure, we passed by Ruiz's Tower and the Puerta del Perdon, a tall structure, covered with hexagonal plates of bronze richly ornamented, and bearing the Arabic words, "Blessed be the name of God." Two magnificent bronze knockers, one of which we illustrate, complete the decoration of the Puerta. They are, as usual in Arabic structures, at a height to be reached by a man on horseback.

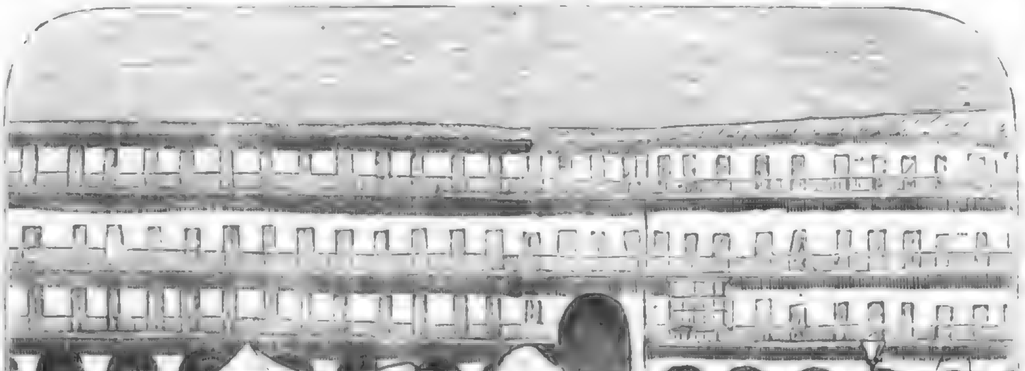
Outside of the mosque, the ancient monuments which remain of Cordova are of a secondary character, and we become somewhat spoiled for minor objects after a visit to that grand edifice.

The treasures of the Cathedral are not many or striking. The most remarkable is a fine monstrance or ostensorium, in silver gilt, with beautiful emeralds, and exquisitely carved; it is the work of Arphe, the Benvenuto Cellini of Spain. There are also some beautiful processional crosses, reliquaries, chalices and pax, secreted at the time of Dupont's French invasion, and so saved from the universal plunder.

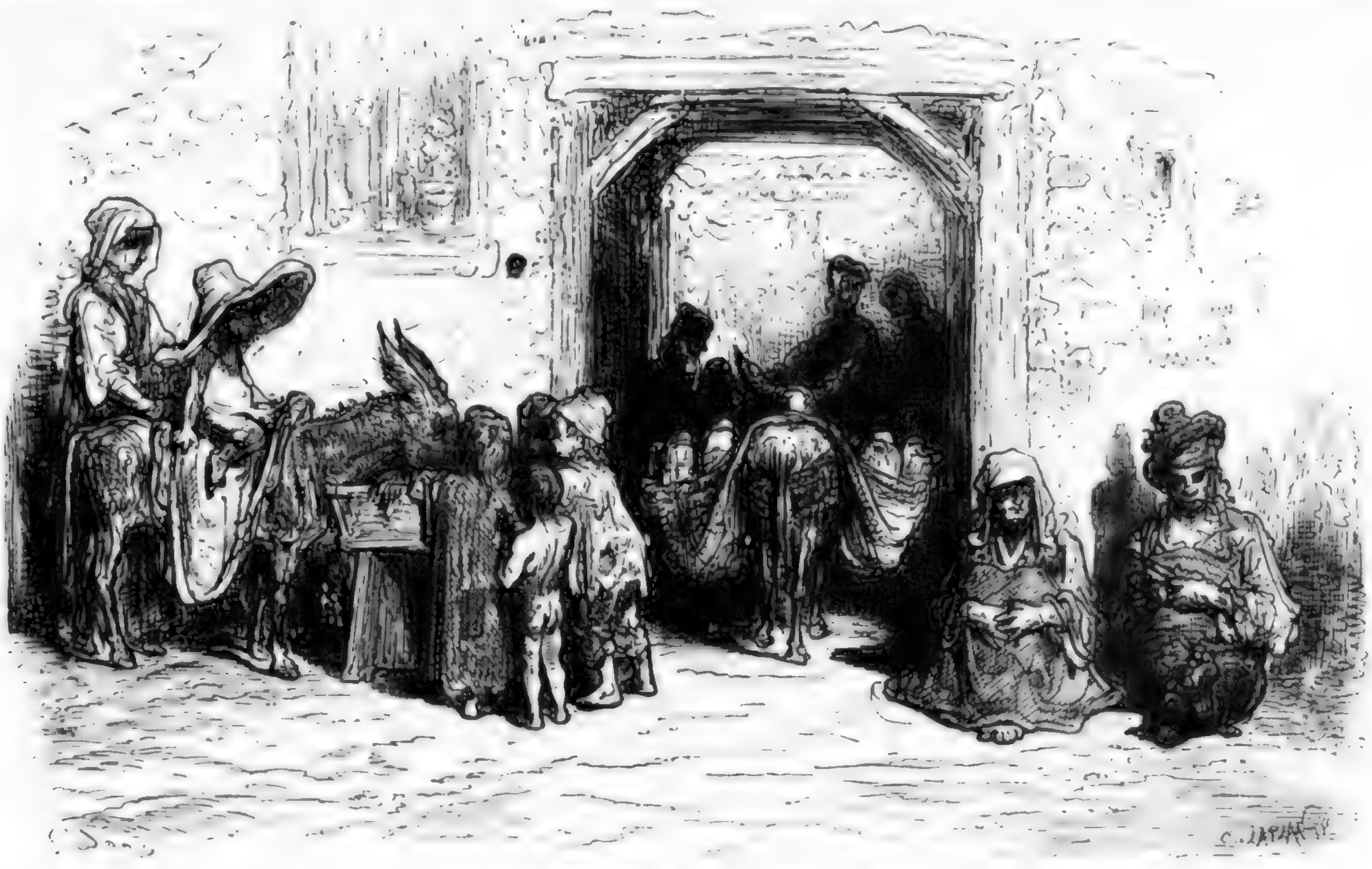
The bishop's palace, near the Cathedral, is a modern building in very wretched taste. It contains a series of portraits of the bishops. It was for a time the prison of Ferdinand VII.

The Church of St. Nicholas is famous as that where Gonsalo de Cordova, known as the Great Captain, was baptized.

Having spent the morning in the cathedral, our travelers wandered down to the fine Roman bridge, of sixteen arches, over the Guadalquivir, looking upon some picturesque Moorish



MARKET PLACE, CORDOVA.



SCENE AT VALDEPEÑAS, IN THE VICINITY OF CORDOVA.

mills and orange gardens. To the left is a statue of St. Raphael, the guardian angel of Cordova; and close by is the Alcazar, now in ruin, formerly the palace of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father was Duke of Cordova. Nothing can be more melancholy than the neglected gardens, the broken fountains and statues, the empty fish-ponds, and grass-grown walks, despite the palms and orange-trees and luxuriant creeping roses, which seemed to be striving to conceal the desolation around. The first palm ever planted in Cordova was by the Moorish King Abderahman, who brought it from his much-loved and always regretted Damascus.

More than one happy surprise will greet the visitor who may be able to devote two or three days' time to a leisurely stroll through the winding streets of the city. The Foundling Hospital, founded in the latter part of the fifteenth century, affords an impression of rest and calmness to the admirer of its beautifully and substantially ornamented front.

Everywhere the ruins of ancient magnificence impress one with a feeling of thoughtfulness and solemnity, and more so indeed than can the mosque, whose great merits are in the wonderfulness of its workmanship rather than in the moral effect of its architecture. Great walls standing alone mark the sites of former palaces, half-demolished buildings of marble and stone, in and out of whose unglazed windows sweet-singing birds fly unchecked; tenantless convents, deserted churches, squares overgrown with grass, silent streets, markets where naught is sold, shops where no hum of industry is heard, an inactive, torpid, impoverished population, such is Cordova.

Cordova is a singularly quiet old town, resembling Toledo in the rarity of its carriages, and narrowness of streets, many of them being mere alleys with a watercourse in the centre, into which the deep eaves of the houses on each side discharge, during rain, a stream so copious that it requires a very robust umbrella to bear up against it. It used to be celebrated for its leather (hence our legal term, Cordwainer), and silver filigree, both being creations of Moorish skill. No town certainly stands more in need of good leather, were it only to protect the feet of its inhabitants from the vile pavement; but the art has been carried off by the exiled Moors over the sea to Morocco, where it still flourishes, and the only specimens we saw of "Cordovan," were a few pigskins, tanned, for holding wine. Silversmiths, however, still abound in Cordova, and in their shops we spent a good deal of our spare time and money. Spanish filigree, though perhaps scarcely equal to the Indian in delicacy and elegance, is much more adapted to the vicissitudes of a traveler's portmanteau, from its remarkable firmness and strength.

Our hotel, being constructed for the exclusion of air and light, on account of the intense heats in Summer in Andalusia, was wofully dismal, and ill adapted for the brief November days, which during our visit fell.

We were almost as destitute of resources for passing the time, during our four days' sojourn in Cordova, as Washington Irving in his story of the Stout Gentleman; and when books, letters and journals had each in turn been exhausted, not a few of our odd moments were employed in watching the clerk of a diligence-office, over the way, with whom, from the narrowness of the street, we might almost have shaken hands, had each party been simultaneously disposed to do so. Morning, noon and night, there sat he at his desk under the window, writing away with unflagging industry and perseverance. This, in a Spaniard, quite excited our curiosity, and having nothing better to do, we wondered what could be the cause of so remarkable a devotion to business. On the third day our speculations on the subject were happily terminated by the appearance of another actor on the stage, who looked like an inspector, severe and official, and commenced a grand overhauling of accounts, and examinations of ledgers. The result was never communicated to us, so, in default of more accurate information, let us hope it was perfectly satisfactory to all parties. At any rate, when I looked again through the deepening twilight, the writing had ceased, the scribe, with his velvet cap and red tassel, had disappeared from his accustomed place,

> "And left the world to darkness and to me!"

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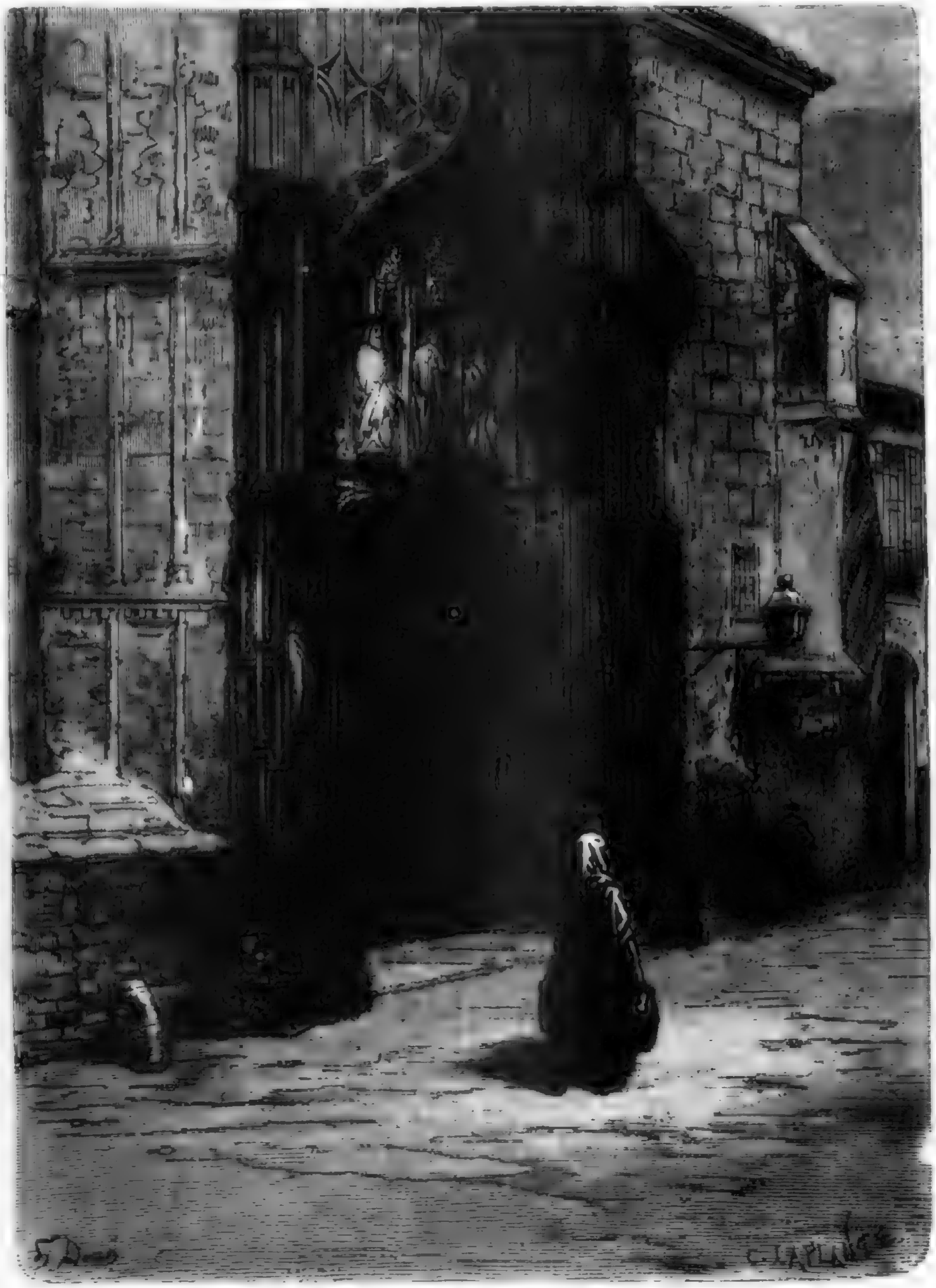
Next day, having obtained special permission from the archbishop, our party started off in two carriages for the hermitages in the Sierra Morena, stopping first at a picturesque ruined villa, called the "Arrizafa," once the favorite residence of the Moorish king. The gardens are beautiful; the passion-flowers and jessamine hung in festoons over all the broken walls, and the ground was carpeted with violets, narcissus, and other Spring flowers.

The view from the terrace is lovely; the town, when seen from a distance, being very like Verona. Here the road became so steep that the party had to leave their carriages and walk the remainder of the way. The mountain-path reminded them of Mount Carmel, with the same underwood of cistus, lilac and white, and heaps of flowering and aromatic shrubs. Beautiful wild iris grew among the rocks, and half way up a rushing stream tumbled over the boulder-stones into a picturesque basin, covered with maidenhair fern, which served as a resting-place for the tired travelers. After a fatiguing climb of two hours, they reached the postern gate of the hermitage, into which, after some demur as to their sex, the ladies, by special permission of the archbishop, were admitted. There are at present seventeen hermits, all gentlemen, and many of high birth and large fortune, living each in a little separate cabin, with a patch of garden round it, and entirely alone. They never see one another but at mass and in choir, or speak but once a month. In their chapel they have a beautiful oil painting of St. Paul, the first hermit, whose rule they follow in all its primitive severity.

He that lends to all shows good will, but little sense.



CASA DE LOS EXPOSITOS, FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, CORDOVA.

LORD LYNDHURST'S GENEROSITY.

In or about the year 1834, one of the most violent Radicals of the day addressed a long letter to Lord Lyndhurst, detailing the distressing circumstances in which he was placed through ill health and the infirmities of old age, and soliciting charity. His lordship read the letter attentively, and handed it to his secretary, saying, "Make out a check on my bank for five pounds, for this poor man." The secretary, on looking at the signature, exclaimed, "My lord, are you aware who this man is?" "No," said his lordship; "I do not recollect having before seen the name." "Why, this is the notorious G—— J——, who has been for many years so grossly and virulently abusing your lordship." Lord Lyndhurst stretched out his hand for the letter, looked again at the contents for a few seconds, and then observed to his secretary, "Oh, never mind what he has been in the habit of saying about me; the poor man seems to be in a very distressed condition; get the check ready, and send him the money."

A number of years since, when Mr. Cleave, the news-vender, was tried in the Court of Exchequer on a government information, he conducted his own case, and was treated with much indulgence by Lord Lyndhurst, the judge. Cleave began his defense by observing, that he was afraid he should, before he sat down, give some rather awkward illustrations of the truth of the adage—"that he who acted as his own counsel had a fool for his client." "Ah! Mr. Cleave," said his lordship, with great pleasantry—"ah! Mr. Cleave, don't you mind that adage; it was framed by the *lawyers*." Lord Lyndhurst was of American origin, his father, the celebrated painter, Copley, having been a native of Boston.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.

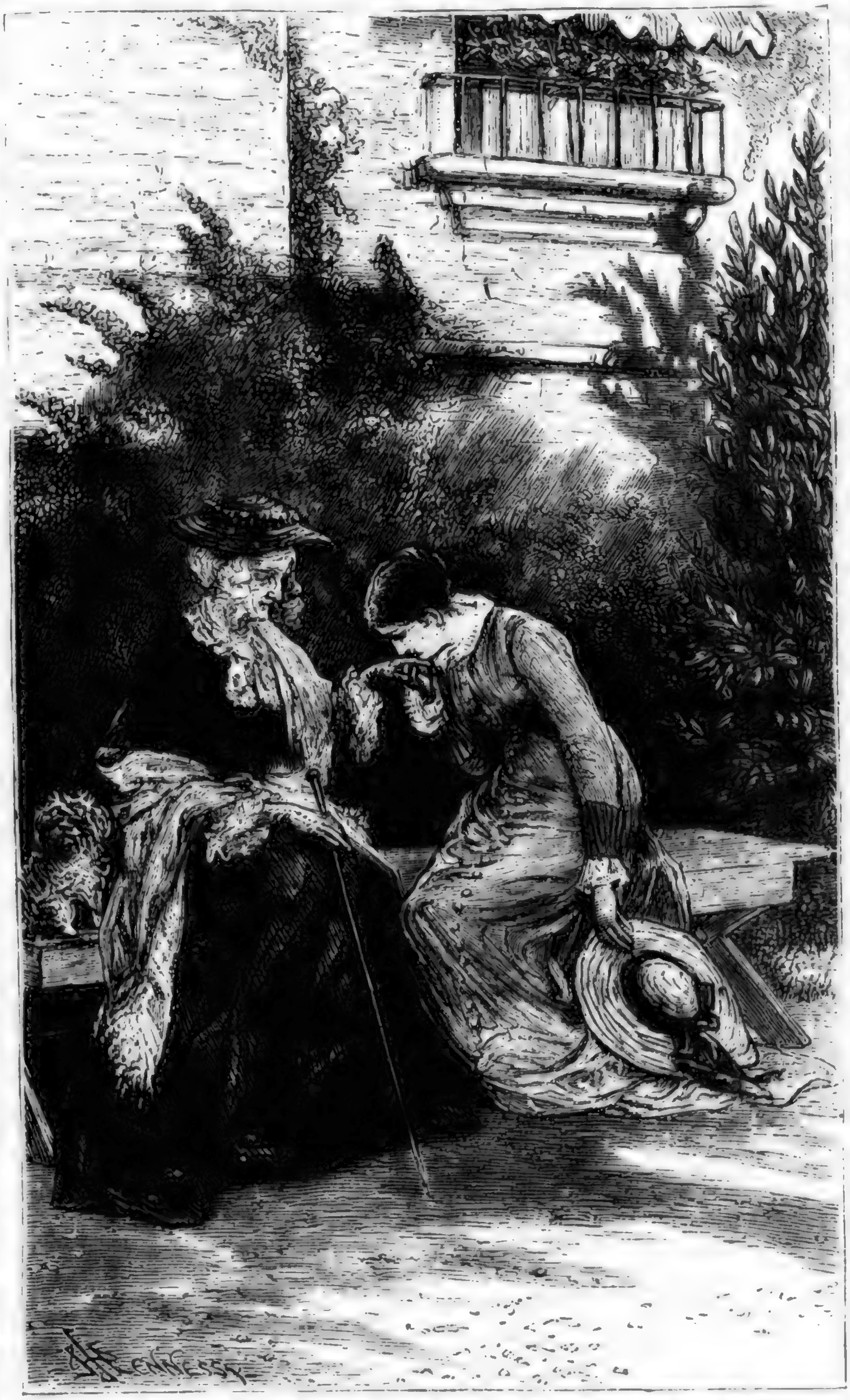
CHAPTER I.

LA PETITE.

The old Château des Sapinières, in the pleasant province of Anjou, stands looking across its broad terrace and the garden which has replaced the old courtyard, down into a landscape with green trees, grass with sheep feeding, a flash of water beyond, and a distance full of lovely, varied tints. It is a water-color picture, waiting for an artist to carry it away; soft and clear, the light masses of foliage lying peacefully on the blue air that surrounds and peeps through and shadows them.

But Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire was no artist at all, and she was not thinking of the view as she stood on the terrace that afternoon, gazing into the distance, with the silent, old house behind her.

It was early in September, and a great sun was baking down on the weather-beaten walls. All the pink-and-white sun-blinds were down, shading the lower windows, and the white shutters were close above. Now and then a sound of voices made its way from the saloon to the girl's ear, as she stood by the balustrade of the terrace, quite out of hearing of any words—a solitary figure, with a short, straight shadow on the gravel, in a light buff gown and a large, shady hat. In a yard to the left of the house a carriage was drawn up near the coach-house, under the shade of a large chestnut tree. The coachman on his box might have been asleep, he sat so still, and the horses stood hanging their heads; they were old and fat, and glad of a rest in the middle of their journey.



THE GIRL TOOK UP HER GRANDMOTHER'S HAND AND TOUCHED IT WITH HER LIPS.

But a clock in the house struck four, and, as if a spell was broken, everything began to move. The horses woke up suddenly, came round at a slow trot, and stopped before the broad terrace steps; a poodle with long, gray ears rushed out of the house and barked; Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire started, turned round, and hurried in with quick, graceful movements. After a few minutes two ladies appeared, still deep in talk, and advanced slowly across the terrace toward the carriage. They were both elderly women. The visitor was the younger of the two, short and plain-featured, but with something about her both pleasant and distinguished.

"Then I am not to see *la petite* to-day?" said she. "Well, perhaps it is better that we should not meet again till things are decided. I leave the affair in your hands—it could not be better placed—and I shall anxiously expect an answer."

"I think I can promise you a good one," said Madame de Saint-Hilaire She was a tall, thin, upright old woman, who carried a long stick, and wore a black straw hat on her thick,

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gray hair. "I have always found my granddaughter reasonable enough. She will feel as I do, that monsieur votre fils does her a very great honor."

"*Du tout, du tout.* You are very amiable to say so," said the younger lady. "And when do you expect your English relations?"

"This afternoon. They will be here in an hour or two."

"Indeed! I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing them. I have seen so little of the English—a very interesting nation. Are they handsome, these young people that are coming to you?"

"I really cannot tell you. I have not seen them since they were children."

"Ah, *par exemple!* Adieu, madame—*à revoir!*"

The visitor got into her carriage, and the horses went trotting slowly off round the sweep and away through the trees in the direction of the high-road.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire went back into the house, followed by her poodle, and called "Marie!" on which her granddaughter came stepping lightly down the wide oak stairs into the hall.

"Come out to the bench. The sun is not so hot now, and I want to speak to you."

Some of the large trees that grew below the terrace were beginning to throw a kindly shade across the yellow gravel and the white bench under the house wall. Any one at the library window above could have heard all that was said here; but the old lady and her granddaughter lived alone at the château, and their servants were all safe at the other end of the house.

"I told you that I had exchanged letters with Mme. de Rochemar about you," said the Comtesse, stroking her dog's curly head with her stick, and glancing at the girl beside her with a little anxiety.

"Yes, grandmother," said Marie, quietly.

She sat with her head and eyes drooped, smiling faintly; a slenderly made little person, with delicate, aquiline features, and soft, pensive, dark eyes. She looked like the last of a long race of fine ladies and gentlemen, with the shadow of their sins, perhaps, on her devout Catholic conscience, and the brightness of their wit lingering about her finely-cut lips.

"She has a very high opinion of you," Mme. de Saint-Hilaire went on. "She proposes that you should be married to her eldest son. She assures me that it is also his wish, that he has the most agreeable recollection of you, and hopes earnestly for your consent. You have not forgotten him, I suppose?"

"I remember M. le Marquis very well," said Marie. "He gave me a very pretty *bonbonnière*. I have it still. But is he come back from Algeria?"

"No; but his mother expects him very soon. You are fortunate, my child, to meet with such a good *parti*. Mme. de Rochemar tells me that this has been her intention for years, and nothing but your bad health, *mon amie*, kept her from speaking to me sooner. One must be glad to be connected with such a family as hers. There are few that hold a better position. Their fortune is large, their châteaux are fine, they are loyal and religious, and there could not be a person of more excellent character than Louis de Rochemar. You accept his offer, then, *mon enfant*, with gratitude?"

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire talked on with great satisfaction, but there was a shade of doubt, too, in her strong, handsome face, and she still looked anxiously at the weak, slight girl beside her. Perhaps she knew that Marie's chief weakness lay in her delicate looks. A girl with the blood of the old *noblesse* in her veins, and whose ancestors had died in the Revolution, was not likely to be without strength of some kind—if it was only self-will.

"Mme. de Rochemar loves you, *ma petite*, as if you were her own daughter," said the comtesse.

"She is very good," said Marie, gently. "Yes, if I must be married, grandmother, if you will not let me stay with you, M. de Rochemar pleases me as well as any one I have seen. If it *must* be," she repeated, suddenly looking up into her grandmother's face.

"Yes, it must be," said the old woman, in answer. "You are my only heir, and those other Saint-Hilaires shall never have my estates. *Allons!* the affair is settled. *Embrasse-moi*, Marie."

The girl took up her grandmother's hand and touched it with her lips. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire laid her other hand on her shoulder, and kissed her affectionately on both cheeks.

"I shall have great pleasure in writing our answer to Mme. de Rochemar," she said.

CHAPTER II.

AN ADVENTURE AT LE MANS.

WHILE the sun was shining down on Les Sapinières in its quiet cheerfulness, and while little Marie de Saint-Hilaire's thoughts were quite taken up with the prospect of being Marquise de Rochemar one of these days, her English connections were on their way from Paris, and, having a couple of hours to wait at Le Mans, had wandered off to look at the town and the cathedral. Notre Dame de la Couture attracted them first, with its two unfinished Norman towers, its great open west front, the graceful arcade above, and the noble stone carvings in the archway.

Frank Wyatt pulled out his sketch-book, and stayed in the court leading up to the bare, strange, rather sad old church, while his brother and sister went in, walked up the nave and round the silent chancel, dived into the crypt, tried to study the history of that Jeanne whose tombstone is set against the wall there, poked and peered about in the darkness in true English fashion. They decided that after all there was not much to be seen, and hurried off to tell Frank so, and to drag him on to the cathedral. As they came out under that great, open archway, leaving the dark, shady church behind them, and advancing into the white sunshine that glowed on the paving-stones, they met two ladies face to face. Behind these ladies was the intense blue sky, hard, clear, like the background of an illumination. The younger lady's beautiful fair hair escaped in some curls under her hat; the light shone through them, and they glittered like an aureole as she walked into the church with free, decided steps; a tall, upright, noble-looking girl, like an angel in some old Italian picture.

"Johnny, what a lovely girl!" said Miss Wyatt.

"Yes," said Johnny, rather absently. "Her mother was very handsome too," he went on, after a moment.

"How do you know it was her mother?"

"By the likeness, of course. Look, there's Frank with a priest talking to him."

When they reached their brother the priest had turned and walked off in another direction, his black skirts clinging to his legs.

"What is the use of staying here?" demanded Frank. "That little abbé says the cathedral is magnificent. We must get on there at once. It is an immense distance."

"Then you can't walk," said his sister.

"Thank you, I can."

The three marched off together through the narrow streets, passing all kinds of quaint shop-windows, at which the young men would stop and look in, though their wiser sister begged them to remember that time had a limit and trains would not wait; across baking little "places," paved with round stones, climbing up, up, higher and higher, with at last a glimpse of the cathedral to help them on. Oh, that last delicious bit of street!—beetling, dirty, picturesque; painted figures, carvings on the houses, doorways with the touch of grace and beauty that those old builders gave to everything; perfect old women screaming to each other from the doorsteps, equally appropriate children playing in the gutter.

Frank Wyatt, standing still in the middle of this street, tried to say something on sanitary matters, but broke off to admire the nearest house-front. His sister, less theoretical and more practical, hurried up the street as fast as she could, exclaiming, "How delightful, how quaint! Johnny, do come along; let us get out of this. We shall have no time for the cathedral."

It was strange to see how all that dirt and squalor crept up to the very brow of the hill, crouched under the very eaves of the great cathedral, as it stood crowning the height, a dream in stone; its graceful flying buttresses cutting the sky, its windows and arches, roofs and gurgoyles and pinnacles soaring very near heaven, breathing praise, gathering the prayers and sighs of its poor neighbors, and carrying them with its own rich offering into a purer air.

These young English people, as they walked up the stately nave, were making a pilgrimage to the grave of an English queen. Berengaria, Cœur de Lion's dear and beautiful wife, lies in the south transept of the cathedral. Standing by her effigy, one looks up the narrow side aisles of the choir; they are full of rosy light. There is silence in the church, except a distant footfall echoing on the stone. It is a fit and peaceful resting-place for the noble Plantagenet queen.

There were sure to be some lines, or arches, or effects of light and shade, that had to find their way into Frank's book. His sister, who was hot and tired, came and sat down on a straw chair beside him, looking over him, while their younger brother wandered away by himself. These three agreed very well in their journeys together. Frank settled their plans and directed everything; Agnes, who was the eldest and plainest of the three, carried out the plans and took all the trouble, except when Johnny woke to the necessity of helping her. She admired her brothers heartily, especially, of course, Frank; though I suspect that she loved Johnny the better of the two.

The time stole away in the solemn cathedral. Frank's clever pencil worked on; the pink light changed and faded a little. Very soon it was time to go back to the station, and the two walked out together to the porch; but no Johnny was to be seen. Frank sat down there, while Agnes hurried back into the church, calling him in a low voice, flying with quick steps up and down the aisles. As she approached the choir, a priest, with a round, good-natured face, came down and asked her if she had lost anything.

"I am looking for my brother, monsieur," said Agnes.

"He is not here," said the priest. "I think he is gone out, madam. I saw him—a young English gentleman, with a blue coat and curly hair. You will find him, no doubt, in the street."

"Oh, merci, monsieur!" said Agnes; and she went back to the porch, thinking that the fat young priest had described Johnny as if he liked him, and with even a little regret in his tone that no part of the same description could ever apply to himself.

They walked slowly down the nearer streets, looking about them, but Johnny was nowhere to be seen. Only the sunny pavement, which had been so quiet before, was now covered with groups of people, chattering and gesticulating. Shop people had come to their doors, women were leaning out of the windows. At one place, near the deep cutting that was being made right into the centre of the hill, quite a little crowd was gathered; they were pointing and describing and exclaiming. Frank asked a woman who was passing what it was all about. She had just stopped to listen, and was nodding her white cap and staring with her big brown eyes.

"Ah, dame," said she, "a terrible accident;" and she went on with a quick, confused history. The horses of Mme. la Marquise de Valmont had been frightened, had run away; "le cocher de madame" had been thrown off the box; the horses, with the great carriage behind them, had rushed through the streets, and would have precipitated themselves into this cutting; but fortunately, at the last moment, somebody stopped them. They dragged him a few yards, but he kept his hold upon them; and as soon as they were stopped he disappeared. Mme. la marquise was "désolée"; for he had saved the life of her and mademoiselle, and she wished to reward him, but he was gone.

"Le petit Pichard says it was no one of the town, but a saint out of a church window," said the good woman, showing her teeth. "C'est possible. What do monsieur and madame think of it?"

"Is madame la marquise a good Catholic?" asked Frank, gravely.

"Mais oui! No one could be better."

"Then probably it was a saint. Bon jour, madame."

"I wonder if those were the ladies we saw in the other church?" said Agnes.

They went on down the steep street, making inquiries here and there for their brother; but no one had seen him pass, and every one had been thrown into a state of distraction by Mme. de Valmont's wicked horses. The curly head and the blue jacket did not appear round any corner. Frank, however, declined to fuss himself or be anxious, and was quite sure that Johnny would turn up at the station before the train left.

"We have nothing to do but to take care of ourselves," he said, consolingly, to Agnes. "If a fellow who has been several times round the world can't get on alone for an hour in Le Mans, there's no more hope of him."

They arrived at the station, and were penned up with their fellow-travelers in the waiting-room.

"But if he does not come," said Agnes, looking despairingly at her elder brother, as he walked up and down in the middle of the room, the object of admiration to two young Frenchwomen in the corner, "Frank, are we to go on without him?"

"Of course. Do you think we can frighten your Welsh great-aunt out of her senses, and keep her carriage waiting at the station? He must get on as he can—stupid fool!"

"What can he be doing?"

"Probably he has lost his way among some of those streets, and is somewhere about three miles off at this moment. At any rate, he is too late, for here is the train."

The waiting-room doors were flung open, they walked out on the platform, and, after lingering till the last moment, got into the train; but no Johnny appeared. Frank had spoken to one of the officials, and left a message for him; there was nothing more to be done.

So it came to pass that, as the sun was getting low that afternoon, and as the shade of the great chestnut and walnut trees was creeping higher and higher on the front of the old château, its inhabitants heard the far-off jingle of harness-bells on the road, coming over the hill into the village. Past the church with its white spire; over the bridge, where

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the slim poplar-stems lay reflected on the clear water; into the avenue; out again into the sunny meadow, where the shepherdess was collecting her flock to drive them homeward—nearer still, past the little corner towers of the old courtyard, round the grass and the pink geraniums, came that merry and sweet jingle, till the good horses stopped in front of the steps, where the gray-haired *valet-de-chambre* was waiting, and the two English visitors got out at Les Sapinières. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was standing with Marie on the terrace, and came forward to welcome her young relations. She kissed Agnes, and put out her left hand to Frank; then she introduced them to "my granddaughter, Mdlle. de Saint-Hillaire;" and Marie made a deep, graceful courtesy, her two hands, in long, yellow gloves, in front of her.

"But there are only two of you," said the old lady. "Where is your brother John?"

"Indeed, I wish we could tell you," said Agnes, who was looking quite peaked and anxious; her pleasure was sadly spoilt by the Le Mans adventure.

Frank, who had very good manners, began to make his brother's excuses, setting him down as an absent, queer sort of fellow, who never did things quite like other people. He begged that Mme. de Saint-Hilaire would not disturb herself, or think about John at all.

"But it is very unfortunate. We must not lose him altogether. Auguste," to her coachman, "you must go again to the station to meet the next train. M. Jean Wyatt has not arrived."

"Bien, madame la comtesse."

Johnny's brother and sister both interfered eagerly. He would walk, he could find his way, he would be shocked at giving so much trouble.

"The distance is nothing at all, and it will do my horses good," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "Come, let us go into the house. I am very happy indeed to see you, and to welcome you to Les Sapinières. I hope, my dear Frank, that you have recovered from your illness. You look tired; it is a hot day for traveling."

Frank, hat in hand, answered these inquiries most politely. They all followed the comtesse through the glass door into the hall, and turned into the great, brown saloon, where Marie pushed forward old tapestry chairs on the polished floor, and begged them to sit down. She herself sat down by Agnes, and asked little questions about her journey, thinking in her heart that this English cousin was rather dull.

"How was it you lost monsieur votre frère?" she asked, smiling.

And Agnes told her all about it, still looking a little sad and distraite.

Johnny lost! It seemed like a horrible dream. Not to know where he was, when two or three hours ago he had been walking by her side in that funny, narrow street, and under the glorious arches of the cathedral!

Little Marie was very kind and sympathizing; threw up her hands and nodded her head while Agnes told her story.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, as she entertained Frank, glanced from one to the other, and came to her own conclusions. She had a very great fancy for good looks, and a young man with a face and figure like Frank's did not much need any further recommendation. The best type of Englishman, she decided; and who should know better what an Englishman ought to be? for her first cousin and great friend had married these young people's grandfather, one of the handsomest and most charming of men.

This descendant of his was very like him; tall and upright, with a sort of easy grace about him; a regular, handsome face, fair hair with a decided dash of yellow, clear, quick blue eyes, and quite the air of what he was—a soldier and a gentleman. Frank had walked over the course, and won the old French lady's heart without any trouble or exertion.

His sister was scarcely so fortunate. Certainly she had a good figure, dressed well, and looked like a lady; but her face was plain, her complexion nothing particular, and she looked sad, puzzled and downcast, and almost as if she wished herself somewhere else.

"Stupid!" thought Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I thought they told me she was full of intelligence. But perhaps the poor thing is anxious about her brother."

CHAPTER III.

JOHNNY.

THEY were sitting on the terrace after dinner in a flood of moonlight. The old, white stone balustrade, with the masses of ivy hanging over it, gleamed like marble. The moon looked down at them over the trees on the left; she and all the stars seemed to shine with an intense brightness unknown in more northern skies. The owls hooted in the still, clear air, answering each other from tree to tree. Peloton took no notice of them at all, but sat wisely on his hind legs beside Mdlle. Marie, who fed him with bits of sugar soaked in coffee, as a reward for the tricks he had been displaying for the strangers.

Old Jacques had brought out coffee on a little table under the library-window; and there, where Marie had heard her fate that afternoon, she was sitting in the midst of the group, smiling and very cheerful, trying, as Frank and her grandmother did most of the talking, and all Agnes's senses were absorbed in listening for bells in the distance, to remember exactly what M. de Rochemar was like. Short, she was afraid, and altogether a very different-looking person from this tall Englishman; but, after all, what did that matter, and what business had she to be comparing the two? Somebody had told her once that people with titles and fine estates need never trouble themselves about the want of good looks, and of course that was true.

Englishmen, she believed, were generally poor, and more or less "bourgeois" in their extraction; if that was the case, poor things, what good fortune for them to be handsome! She glanced across at Frank, who happened just then to be looking at her. The moonlight gave a charming refinement to his handsome face, which was a little thinned and softened by recent illness. Marie returned to Peloton with affection, taking his curly head between her hands, and gazing into his good, brown eyes.

"Peloton, tu es mort!" said she then, trying weakly to make him resume his tricks; but the sensible dog knew she did not mean it, and took no notice whatever.

"Are your brothers like each other, Agnes?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"No, ma tante, not at all. Johnny is not so tall as Frank, and a good deal darker. I don't think any one would ever know they were brothers. But I heard you saying that Frank was like a soldier, and I am sure you will think Johnny like a sailor. Ah, don't I hear the carriage coming?"

"What quick ears you have! Yes; but it is not nearly at the church yet. Now, suppose he does not come?"

"We must go back to Le Mans to-morrow and look for him," said Agnes.

She got up and walked to the top of the steps, standing there to listen. Marie and Peloton followed her, and the poodle plunged down the steps and rushed barking into the bushes, in pursuit of some imaginary trespasser. The bells came presently jingling up. Jacques appeared from the house, the horses stopped; stout, good-humored Auguste looked down smiling from his box.

"Ah! C'est ça—le voici!" said old Jacques, as he opened the carriage-door.

Johnny jumped out, quite awake, and hurried up the steps.

"Here you are!" said Agnes, seizing his arm to make quite sure of his reality.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire came forward to meet him. She could not be anything but kind and hospitable, and she accepted the young man's earnest apologies with a smile. Not that Johnny said much, but what he did say he evidently meant; and I think Mme. de Saint-Hilaire understood this, though he did not make half so many excuses for himself as his brother had made for him.

"I beg your pardon. It was extremely kind of you to send for me. I'm so sorry you did. I managed to miss the train, you see."

"Don't speak of it. It does not matter in the least," said the comtesse, kindly. "We were a little anxious about you, that was the worst of it; and I am afraid you have distressed yourself a great deal with very little cause."

"But how on earth did you manage to do it, Johnny?" said Frank.

"Oh, I lost my way;" and Johnny turned round to make a low bow to Marie.

"Let me present you to my granddaughter," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Johnny!" said Agnes, coming up behind him. "My dear, what have you done to your coat?"

"My coat?"

"It is torn half across the shoulders. Have you been fighting?"

Everybody laughed, gently and politely, for Johnny began to laugh himself.

"Oh, an accident. I'll tell you about it some day."

"Now you must come in and have some dinner; and, in the meanwhile, you can tell us your adventures," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

Johnny began protesting, like a sailor or a schoolboy, that he did not want any dinner; but she took him into the house, and presently left him with his sister and Jacques to take care of him in the *salle-à-manger*.

The old servant went in and out. Agnes sat with her elbows on the table, and gazed smilingly at her brother.

"I am uncommonly hungry, though," he said. "What a jolly room this is!"

It was picturesque, with its brown, painted walls and shiny floor, and long curtains of rich mixed colors at the two windows. A shaded lamp was hanging over a round table heaped with fruit and flowers. Old Jacques brought in dish after dish, and handed them to the young traveler, who did justice to everything.

"Johnny, now do tell me what happened to you, and how you managed to tear yourself like that?" said Agnes.

"It's a long story. I don't know where to begin."

"At the beginning, of course. What did you do when you went out of the cathedral?"

"Walked down the street. Do you remember seeing some photographs in a shop window? There was one of that old church we went into first."

"Yes. What has that to do with you?"

"Well, I thought I'd go and get it. I can't sit for hours in a church, like you and Frank. I suppose I dawdled about, rather. At any rate, I never got as far as that shop—not then, at least, for I went afterward. Here it is."

He pulled out a photograph of the west front of the old church, and threw it to his sister.

"That's nature, you see. I call that better than Frank's pencil-sketches, don't you?"

"Well, as to that—it is a very good one. Go on. What did you do?"

"As I went down the street," said Johnny, slowly and quietly, going on with his dinner, "I met a carriage and horses coming up at full gallop. Two ladies inside, and nobody on the box, and some people running behind. I thought I might as well stop the horses, so I ran and got hold of them. They were difficult to stop just at first; and I suppose in hanging on my jacket got torn."

"That was you," said Agnes, under her breath, half laughing, and yet with her eyes full of tears.

"It was awkward for the ladies," Johnny went on. "They sat like two Britons, without saying a word. Who do you think they were?"

"Those two we saw going into the church?"

"Yes. That was clever of you. Did you see them afterward?"

"No; but we heard of the accident as we came down from the cathedral. Nobody seemed able to imagine who stopped the horses, unless it was one of the saints out of the church-windows. We heard that the ladies were dreadfully vexed at not being able to thank him. What became of you, Johnny?"

"I cut away as soon as I possibly could, down one of the streets, and managed to lose myself somehow. Did you happen to hear their names?"

"Madame and Mademoiselle de Valmont."

"Well, whatever their name was, they behaved most grandly."

Johnny seemed quite happy and satisfied in his admiration of the two brave Frenchwomen, and his sister knew better than to say anything more about his part in the business. They went back together into the *salon*, where they found the others. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was sitting in a large chair near the piano, and Frank and Marie were turning over a heap of music. Just as Agnes and Johnny came in, Marie took her place on the music-stool, and began playing a polka. Her small fingers jumped in a funny staccato style from one end of the keys to the other. Frank stood and watched her, his tall figure reflected in several mirrors; Agnes took a chair close by; and Johnny sat down by the round-table in the middle of the room, and began turning over an illustrated paper that was lying there, not at all conscious that Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was inspecting him, as the lamplight fell on his face.

Decidedly plain, she thought; and yet there was a certain picturesqueness. A squarish face, with short and by no means handsome features; a skin burnt by all possible weathers to a dark reddish-brown, a tinge of brickdust red on his mustache and the ends of his hair; broad shoulders; a figure awkwardly strong and square, and not tall enough, though by no means to be called short. Then came the redeeming features of this rough exterior. Large, gentle gray eyes, with long lashes curling like a girl's—beautiful eyes, if they had not been too sleepy and indifferent; and a quantity of soft, waving brown hair, with a red light on it, as if it had been just caught by the sun.

Madame de Saint-Hilaire saw all this as she looked at Johnny, and a little modified her first estimate of him as an ugly, awkward, boorish young man. Still, of course, no one could help feeling his vast inferiority to his brother. Here was Frank, with a charming smile, taking Marie's place at the piano, and singing with a very fine accent, for an Englishman, the "Valse des Adieux."

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire turned round in her chair to give her whole attention, and listened with a great deal of pleasure and approval.

Marie, sitting by Agnes, exclaimed, "*Charmant—charmant!*" half under her breath, and gently clapped her hands.

CHAPTER IV.

ON MARRIAGES.

MADAME DE SAINT-HILAIRE'S château lay on the eastern slope of one of the pretty valleys of Anjou. From the road that passed through the village, on the other side of the river, you saw its square, solid towers, with their steep gray roofs standing up among surrounding trees. Green meadows, full of wild flowers, went sloping down to the stream. Along its banks, and all about the lower ground, there were rows and plantations of poplar, Swiss, black, and white, their tall, slim stems and light, silvery foliage brightening up the green all round as they stood against the background of the larger and darker trees. There were plenty of these, too—oak, elms, chestnuts, walnuts, and the graceful-leaved acacia, and the ailanthus with its bunches of red keys.

On the other side of the château were several large old yards, with long ranges of white buildings, and great square gateways connecting them. Here there was always something going on, for the comtesse farmed her own estate, and employed a great many people. Behind the house was the old "allée de plaisance," where apple and walnut-trees grew in great numbers; but the grass was rough, and the old pleasure ground was chiefly used now as an approach to the walled fruit-garden at the further end. Up on the slopes beyond were the "sapanières" themselves, the fir and pine woods, covering many acres; below them, and round behind the farmyard, lay the vineyards, sloping to the south and southwest.

It was altogether a picturesque old place, with the remains of former strength to be found everywhere—in fragments of wall, foundations of towers, all gone now except the two corner tourelles with round, pointed roofs, thick walls, and gun-holes, between which you now drove up to the front of the house.

Agnes opened her window wide that morning, and looked out into the Summer brightness and peacefulness. The flowers were all shining in the sun, that came to them over the farm-buildings and the acacia branches; a dog was barking somewhere; a woman in a round white cap and a short blue jacket and petticoat, with a long stick in her hand, came driving some cows across from the yard to the lower meadows. One of them tried to run up among some trees by the side of the road; she shouted out an inquiry why it always persisted in going where it ought not; the creature was ashamed of itself, and hurried back to its companions. Then Mme. de Saint-Hilaire appeared on the terrace, and Agnes took her hat and went down-stairs to join her. Her aunt, as she called her, received her very kindly.

"You can come with me to my garden," she said. "I am going to gather fruit."

So Agnes took a large basket out of her hand, and they went off together through sunshine and shade along the wild *allée* to the garden at its further end.

As they went, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire asked Agnes a great many questions about her home and her family. She considered herself quite perfect in her knowledge of English life, having once spent two months with her cousin, soon after she married these young people's grandfather.

"She was married in the year '19," said she, "and I was with her in '24, when your father was a child of four years old. We were very gay; we went to many parties, danced at balls, enjoyed ourselves. English life has many pleasures for young girls; I had a great fancy for it then. I thought there was no marriage like an English marriage. I can well remember all I felt on that subject.'"

"My grandmother's was an English marriage, was it not?" said Agnes,

"Yes, indeed. She met your grandfather in Paris, in those happy days when we had a king. They met at a ball; and I may tell you, my dear, as you are English, and accustomed to such things, that they loved each other at first sight. M. Wyatt contrived to inform Mlle. de Magny of his devotion. She, in answer, begged him to address himself to her parents, which he did; and after a little delay they consented. He was only just in time, for they were on the point of arranging a marriage for her with M. Paul de Jolivet. But they were affectionate parents, and not unwilling that she be happy in her own way. I was much attached to your great-grandfather, my uncle De Magny; but I must confess to you that I had a prejudice against M. Wyatt. I had no sisters, and Léontine, my dearest friend, was taken away from me to another country. I liked him afterward, however, and visited them with great pleasure not long before my own marriage. I saw them again, with your father and mother and yourselves, when you were all staying at Boulogne."

"Yes," said Agnes, "I have always so much wished to see more of you."

"You are very amiable, my dear child. It is a great happiness to me to have you all here. And now tell me about your very charming elder brother. Has he quite recovered from his illness?"

"He is not really strong yet," said Agnes. "It was rheumatic fever, you know. But the doctor said that such a change as this would be of the greatest use to him. He had a year's leave, and he has got six months' extension because of his illness, so I hope he will get thoroughly well. He is a very nice invalid, for he can always amuse himself; he is so clever in all sorts of ways. I don't think I could mention anything he cannot do."

"You are very proud of him, no doubt," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "And your brother John, he is not quite so remarkable?"

"I am not sure," said Agnes, thoughtfully.

The old lady glanced at her, with a slightly incredulous smile.

"Here we are at the garden," she said. "Open the gate, if you please. Now you shall cut what fruit I tell you, for I am not young enough to stoop much. The peaches are this way."

There was a fountain in the middle of the garden, and round it grew great beds of zinnias, scarlet, purple, crimson, orange, with their silky leaves and gold centre crowns turned up to the sun. The apple and pear trees in the garden were loaded with fruit; there were tall castor-oil plants growing, and a tobacco plant or two, and several other strange things unfamiliar to English eyes

The white, trellised walls all around were covered with fruit: peaches, red and golden; great, heavy bunches of purple and white grapes, on which happy insects were already beginning to feed themselves; bright nectarines; figs, hidden among their leaves.

Agnes and her aunt went round the walls. The comtesse pointed out with her long stick, and Agnes gathered obediently into her basket, and grew so lively and enthusiastic among the wonderful fruit that madame was quite pleased with her, and thought, after all, she had a bright face, and her hair was a pretty color and beautifully dressed.

Somehow they did not go on with the subject of Johnny, for Agnes was not quite at home with this old French relation of hers, and felt inclined to let her take all the lead in the conversation. But when, the basket having become tolerably heavy, and a bunch of zinnias having been laid on the vine-leaves above the fruit, they were slowly making their way back to the house, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire went back to the subject of marriages, in which she naturally supposed that a young Anglaise must be interested.

"My friends will not believe me," she said, "when I assure them that the English never marry except for love. It astonishes them wonderfully."

"But is it so," do you think, ma tante?" said Agnes.

"Mais, certainement! When such a thing happens in France, which, of course, it does now and then, we call it a marriage Anglaise. There are merits, no doubt, in both. We must follow the fashion of our country. In a French marriage all is carefully arranged; and if the demoiselle herself has not so much voice in it, everything is done for her by those who know her and love her best. Now, in England, where a young girl settles these things for herself, how many mistakes are made!"

"Perhaps so. But there is much more happiness."

"That depends upon what we call happiness. Now my little Marie, I have not a doubt that she will be happy, for it has been my object to make her so. I have made a marriage for her with the eldest son of my friend the Marquise de Rochemar."

"Indeed!" said Agnes, much astonished, for it had never occurred to her that the odd little demoiselle, with her pale, curious face, could possibly be engaged to be married. And does she like him? Is she happy?"

"She does not know much about that yet," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, smiling. "It was only arranged yesterday, and she has not seen M. de Rochemar for some years. But she must like him. He is very amiable and very sensible. I have the highest opinion of him."

"You let me say what I please, my dear aunt, and you understand that I take an English view," said Agnes, bravely. "I must confess that such an engagement, if it were to the greatest hero on earth, would make me very miserable."

"It is possible. But, my dear, you must also forgive me for saying that you Englishwomen have not well-regulated minds. It is not your fault, but that of your bringing up. You have not our strong sense of duty. With us a Christian woman loves her husband as a matter of course, because he is her husband—loves her children because they are her children, and does her duty to all. Some *malheureuses*, of course, go astray, allow their minds to wander to other objects. That, however, is no one's fault but their own."

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire laid this down with some decision.

"On the contrary," thought Agnes, "it is the fault of those who marry them to the wrong person;" but they were reaching the house, and as Marie was just engaged, she considered that argument would be useless. So she held her peace.

Breakfast was at eleven o'clock. The polished walnut table reflected the fruits and flowers, which seemed to be piled upon it as if there was no room for them all. The shutters of the front window were closed, and into the half-darkened room the inhabitants came one by one, in different stages of liveliness.

Frank looked pale, and confessed that he was tired. Johnny let out quietly that he had been all round the place, and had caught some fish in the little river. Mdlle. Marie seemed to her English cousin, who had just heard such interesting news about her, to look rather wistful and indifferent, even, perhaps, a little cross. Her dark hair grew low on her sensitive, white forehead, which she wrinkled up in a distressed sort of way. Old Jacques's ways seemed to fidget her; she would eat scarcely any breakfast, and sat looking small and pensive in her buff cambric gown. Her grandmother did not notice this at all, and entertained her guests with a healthy cheerfulness which one sees almost oftener in the old than in the young. At seventy, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire had more spirit and more strength than Marie at twenty-four.

Poor Marie! Agnes Wyatt, who was very romantic, quite put herself into those little, high-heeled shoes, and was filled with immense pity and sympathy at the thought of how she should feel in such a state of things. She supposed her mind was ill-regulated, as the comtesse, with something less than French politeness, had told her. But however that might be, she was certainly old enough to have a mind of her own of some sort, and opinions of her own, though in some people's eyes they might be wrong ones; and she was pretty sure that her mother in England would agree with her in thinking this a dreadful thing.

"I am sure she is unhappy," she thought. "She looks quite pale and sad. How can I save her?"

The answer to this question did not at once arrive.

In the meantime, Marie was almost cross to old Jacques who, after handing her several dishes in vain, half appealed to his mistress: "Mademoiselle ne mange rien."

"Merci! Non, vous dis-je!" said the young lady, as she impatiently waved away the approaching *perdreaux*, which seemed inclined to persevere. "Non grand'mère, je n'en veux pas," she said, with a faint smile across the table.

Mme. de Saint-Hillaire did not attempt much remonstrance, and afterward told Agnes that Marie had been in bad health for years, and that it was a wonder to see her eat anything at all, especially at breakfast.

As they stood in the great, darkened *salon*, where long lines of light streamed through the nearly closed shutters across the floor, throwing rays into the mirrors, and catching the old china and the quaint carving of the chairs, the comtesse called Frank, and asked if he was inclined for a drive that afternoon, to see some of her neighbors. "I can take you all four," she said, "if your brother will sit on the box with the coachman."

Frank thanked her very much, but thought he had better keep quiet to-day. It was a great disappointment to him, but he had been foolish in dragging up the hill at Le Mans the day before.

"Agnes should have kept you in better order," said the old lady. "Do as you think best for yourself. Agnes, Marie, Jean, will you be ready at three o'clock?"

Marie followed her grandmother out of the room; Johnny, who had already made friends with the cook, went off to talk to her about his fish; and Agnes went up to her elder brother, who had thrown himself into a chair.

"Did you hear how Johnny tore his jacket?" she said.

"Not a word."

"I wonder we did not guess it at the time. That boy is always doing brave things, and getting no credit for them;" and she told Johnny's story, at which Frank smiled.

"Of course, just like him. A great piece of luck for Mme. Who-ever-she-was that happened to be there. However, I think the sooner he gives up stopping other people's runaway horses, the better for him. One of these days he will get something worse than a torn jacket."

"He wouldn't be Johnny if he did not do those things."

"Wouldn't he?" said Frank.

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"I have something else to tell you, Frank," said his sister.

But just then Marie de Saint-Hilaire came back into the room, and the news of her sad fate had to be kept and brooded over for the present in the sympathizing soul of Agnes.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHATEAU LAURON.

They drove in an open carriage along a magnificent road, wide, smooth, and perfectly firm—not a loose stone was to be seen on its fine brown surface. It ran like a line of light between thick dark woods, in the deeper part of which Mme. de Saint-Hilaire told them that there were wolves and wild boars and deer of different kinds. Johnny wondered if he should come in for any hunting; but she said it was very unlikely at this time of year, though one of the gentlemen in the province had the right to kill wild beasts all the year round, being in special charge of them, with the title of "Lieutenant Louvetier."

Beyond the woods there came a hill, and a great wide view with more woods in the distance, with two or three church spires and villages, and here and there the towers of a château standing up, clear and bright, among green fields and vineyards. In that transparent air, they could see a long way to blue hills in the far distance; and all the nearer touches of color—trees, flowers, cottage roofs, yellow pumpkins, grapes already purple—stood out in the sunlit landscape as if it had been a great pre-Raphaelite picture. Now and then they passed people on the road, walking, or driving the long carts of the country, sometimes drawn by strong oxen with bent heads and a yoke across their horns. The people looked up and nodded a friendly "bon jour," and Johnny, seeing that it was expected of him, pulled off his hat diligently to everybody they passed.

"What nice-looking people you have about here!" said Agnes.

"They are not nearly so handsome as in some parts of France," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but they are very good people. Of course, we have some bad republican characters, but they are not worth thinking of. They are black sheep, not at all respectable, and nobody takes any notice of them. Do you see all this wide plain! It was formerly a great forest, and was destroyed in the wars with the English. That old stone cross in the middle of the vineyard yonder, marks the site of a battle."

"This has not been a peaceful country," said Agnes.

"No, indeed. And even now no one ever knows when the Red Republicans may rise, and bring another deluge of misery over our poor country. I could almost say that they would be worse than the Germans."

Agnes was beginning to ask some question about the war, but Marie, who had recovered her temper by this time, leaned forward and seized her with both hands.

"You must not talk about the war," she said. "It was like an awful dream. It makes my grandmother ill to remind her of it. Some time, when she is not with us, you may ask me questions, and I will tell you about it."

"Thank you," said Agnes.

Past the great bare hill, and the plain, they came into a quieter, more homelike country; passed through a little, quaint village, then between gardens and meadows where cows were feeding by the side of a stream. The meadows had no gates, and women and children sat watching the cows as they grazed. Sometimes dogs, with rough, bristly hair, rushed out and barked fiercely at the carriage. Then the road went winding along a shady, green valley, with wooded green slopes, the same little stream running, and poplar and chestnut-trees growing on the banks. Beyond that, there was a poplar avenue by the water-side, such an avenue as one sees in a dream. The trees stood close together in an unbroken row along each side of the road, which was narrow here, though still smooth and good. The gray stems and the delicate foliage went up, up, tapering straight and slender to the sky, so tall that their tops, as you looked up, seemed close together, with only the narrowest line of blue between; the carriage and horses were like small things creeping on the ground as they went under them.

"This is something like a cathedral," said Johnny, as he sat and looked back along the receding avenue. "It gives one an idea of one's real size."

"Yes, it is beautiful," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "It is on my friend M. de Valmont's property. He is very proud of it, and wishes it was nearer to his house."

A flash of life and interest sprang into Johnny's eyes. He glanced at Agnes, who began to regret that she had not made an opportunity to tell their aunt about his adventure yesterday. She did not dare to do it now in his presence, and thought that, as things had gone so far, it would be fun to wait and see if the rescued ladies told the story themselves, and if they would recognize Johnny as their rescuer.

For the last two or three miles the country was wilder again, the fields were steep and rocky, here and there rough little commons, covered with bracken and gorse, stretched away from the road, and heather just beginning to fade from its purple richness lay like a sunset cloud on the sides of the hills.

Then they saw a great, dark wood in front of them, and standing up before it, with arched avenues leading to it and green lawns about it, was an immense building, with towers and soaring roofs and many windows, like a castle in a fairy tale, high exalted and gazing alone over the vassal country that lay humbly sloping up to its feet.

"There is Château Lauron," said Marie, leaning forward.

"It is magnificent!" said Agnes. "What an immense house!"

Johnny said nothing, but looked silently at those great towers.

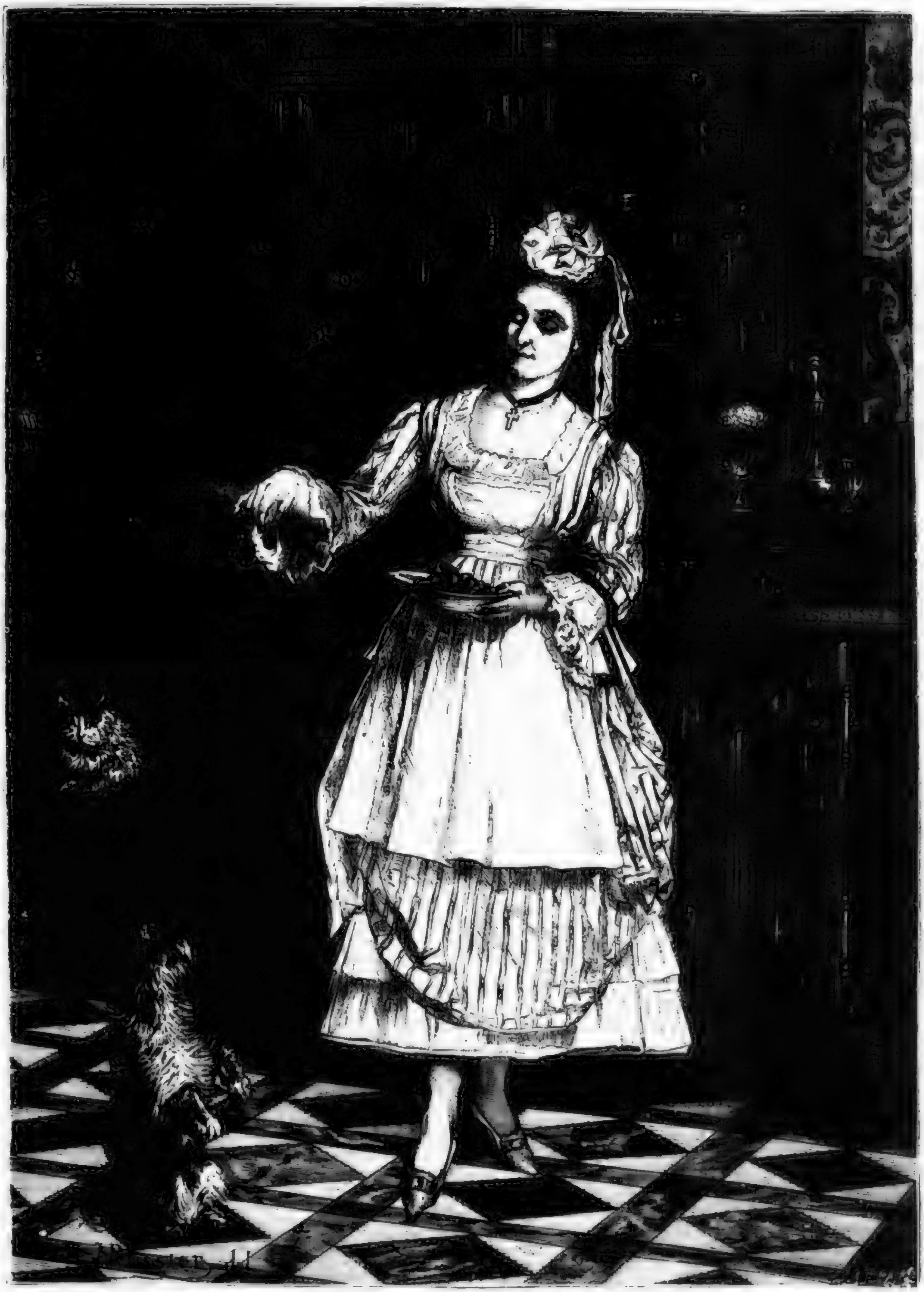
"You do not often see anything so fine as that in England," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "What do you think of it, Monsieur Johnny?"

She was a little provoked by his quiet way of taking things, and put it down to that thoroughly English frame of mind which, feeling the value of its own opinion, won't rashly give it in favor of any new thing, however beautiful.

"It is a very fine old place," said Johnny. "No, I never saw anything quite like it before."

They drove up the avenue, and round the wild, open lawns, uninclosed, and looking as if the wolves from the woods would come down when they pleased and prowl about the house-door. There were no flowers, except a few blossoming shrubs that clustered under the great, rugged walls, and under the double flight of steps that went up in a curve to the door. There were three square, high-roofed towers, and *corps de logis* between them, and extending beyond them in a long, uneven line.

The whole family belonging to this stately old place was standing on the steps as Mme. de Saint-Hilaire and her party drove up; M. and Mme. de Valmont, their daughter, and two sons in shooting-coats. The gentlemen came with their hats in their hands to open the carriage-door and help the ladies out. Johnny Wyatt, who had jumped out first, also stood hatless, and gravely returned such bows as were directed to him. Seeing M. de Valmont bend over the comtesse's hand and raise it gently to his lips, he was not sure whether he ought to observe the same ceremony with Mme.



"BEG, SIR!"—FROM A DRAWING BY PELISSIER.

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de Valmont, but she put him at his ease with a smiling bow. She was a very handsome woman, tall and fair; and, though she had no longer the delicate lines of youth, there was something very attractive in her frank, kindly expression.

Of course it was the same lady who had walked with her daughter yesterday into the old church at Le Mans. This daughter, now standing behind her, had a much graver look on her noble young face. Her complexion was pale and clear; and there was a simple, straightforward dignity about her twenty years which gave every one who saw her the feeling of being in the presence of a high-born maiden of the olden time.

The English sailor, waiting in the background at the foot of the steps, looked up at her, and she looked down at him in her quiet way. Then she opened her brown eyes with a sudden surprise, and put her hand on her mother's arm, as she was just turning round to mount the steps with Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Mon Dieu, maman, c'est lui!"

"What do you say, Cécile? Where? Who?" exclaimed Mme. de Valmont. "Ah, c'est bien lui! Pardon, chère madame; it was monsieur votre neveu who saved our lives yesterday. Monsieur, how can we show you our gratitude?"

Everybody turned round, Agnes biting her lips and smiling with irrepressible delight; Marie and her grandmother utterly mystified.

"It was a noble action," said M. de Valmont, who was a slight, dark, pleasant-looking man, with very demonstrative manners; and going up first to Johnny, he took him by both hands and squeezed them affectionately.

Johnny was half afraid of being embraced; but M. de Valmont knew better than that.

"Max! Pierre!" he cried, "where are you? Shake hands with this noble Englishman, and offer him your thanks for saving the life of your mother and sister. Thanks are less than nothing. We owe him our whole happiness—all that makes life worth living. Ah, it is a debt that can never be paid!"

Under this shower of gratitude, poor Johnny behaved beautifully. He smiled and said nothing, his sunburnt skin taking a still darker tint as he shook hands with the gentlemen.

When Mme. de Valmont came and offered him her hand, with very sincere tears in her eyes and all kinds of pretty speeches chasing each other from her quick, expressive lips, he just stooped and kissed the soft, white fingers, still without saying a word. But when Cécile, with the wonderful life and light in her eyes, that very few, even of those who knew her, were privileged to see often, held out her slim young hand too, looked at him, and gravely smiled, Johnny pressed the hand in English fashion, and said, in a low voice, looking at her;

"Merci, mademoiselle."

"De grâce, ma chère," began Mme. de Saint-Hilaire to Mme. de Valmont, as they went into the house, "explain all these wonders to us. Marie and I are dying of curiosity. Where and when did you make acquaintance with my nephew, John, and how had he the good fortune to save your lives?"

"I was going to tell you the whole story," said Mme. de Valmont, "and how grieved we were to have lost sight of our deliverer. But is it possible that you do not know it already? Your nephew has not told you of his brave action?"

"Neither my nephew nor my niece has said a word to me on the subject. I hear now for the first time that your life and Cécile's have been in danger," answered the comtesse, slightly aggrieved. "When did this happen?"

"Yesterday, at Le Mans. I have not yet recovered from the shock. Would you not have thought that after such a drive as that the horses would have been quiet? But no! Had it not been for the heroism of your nephew, we should have all been dashed to the bottom of the new cutting."

"Agnes, my dear child, why did you not tell me?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Ma tante, we were not with Johnny at the time. It was after we lost him. I should have told you, but I knew he would not like it to be talked of. And till we were driving along to-day I did not know that Mme. de Valmont was a friend of yours."

"You are very happy to have such a brother," said Mme. de Valmont—"as modest as he is brave. Does he follow any profession, this hero of ours?"

"He is in the English navy, madame."

"And has French blood in his veins," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, as she climbed the stone steps in the hall.

Johnny had another ovation when they had crossed the pretty parqueted hall above, with its low, arched roof, and gone on through the library into the great saloon, with its immense chimneypiece and painted ceiling, its tapestried walls and dark oak furniture. Here they all sat down in a circle of large fauteuils, and listened to Mme. de Valmont as she thrillingly described her adventure of yesterday. There was much throwing up of hands, and many exclamations; more showers of grateful admiration on the head of the unfortunate hero.

Mdlle. Cécile said nothing, like a correct young lady as she was, but sat with a smile in her eyes and a lurking look of fun which sympathized with Johnny's discomfort under this mountain of thanks. Marie de Saint-Hilaire asked a few questions, smiled kindly at Johnny, and made complimentary remarks to Agnes. M. de Valmont, who had been in the French navy in his youth, began asking the young man something about his life on board ship. The two "jeunes gens" listened and held their peace.

After some time spent in this way, M. de Valmont asked Johnny if he would like to see his horses, a proposal which Johnny jumped at; and this ended in all the young people going out with him at the other side of the château, where the drawbridge crossed an old moat thirty feet deep, with trees growing in it.

"Now that they are gone, ma chère, I have something to tell you," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, moving a little nearer to the marquise.

"Some news about la petite?"

"Yes. The affair with M. de Rochemar is arranged. I cannot tell you," said the old lady, clasping her hands, "what a relief this is to me. I have been very anxious about Marie, for, as you know, she has never been quite like other young girls—always difficult to manage, though the most charming child possible."

Mme. de Valmont nodded and acquiesced, and then listened with great interest to the history of Marie's affairs. In her heart, perhaps, she did not quite regard her as the most charming child possible; but she was far too good a friend and too polite a woman not to take her quite contentedly at her grandmother's valuation. Any faults that long acquaintance had spied in little Marie were quietly buried in the Marquise's own knowledge. She offered many congratulations, and spoke with the greatest kindness both of the girl and her fiancé.

"The Marquis de Rochemar is so good, so amiable," she said. "I only hope that Cécile may be as fortunate as her friend."

"Have you any plans for her?" asked Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"She had several offers, you know," said Mme. de Valmont, shrugging her shoulders and flourishing her fingers in the air. "Mais je ne sais pas—I tell them all that Cécile is too young; and, as you know, one only daughter is different from a dozen. There is no hurry, and her father and I will give her to no one till we are perfectly satisfied. She has a right to expect as good an establishment as any young girl in France. And, besides, her education is scarcely finished. I cannot part with my Cécile yet. The other day I had a letter from my aunt D'Altain, proposing a gentleman of her acquaintance, Monsieur Jules de Marillac. She says he is a fine young man, and heir to his old uncle, M. le Comte de Marillac. That sounds well, and I think it is just possible that if I see him in Paris, and if I like him, I may permit him and Cécile to have an *entervue.* But I am not at all sure. Now that we are alone, I seriously must congratulate you on your charming nephew, to whom we owe so much. I admire mademoiselle your niece, too; elle a l'air très-distingué. But as to him—such fearless courage, such presence of mind, such devotion! You are happy in having such a relation, dear madame."

"I am extremely glad that John behaved so well," said the comtesse; "in fact, I am astonished. If it had been his brother I should have felt no surprise whatever. Frank is the flower of the family; and so you will confess when I have the pleasure of presenting him to you."

"Is it possible."

"It is so, I assure you. As handsome as an angel; clever, accomplished, with manners that might have been learnt in Court. I am proud of him as my relation indeed."

"And why did you not bring him with you?"

"He has long been suffering from a severe illness, and was tired after his journey. The next time we meet I hope he will be quite himself."

"You and all your young people must dine with us very soon," said Mme. de Valmont.

While these ladies were talking them over in the saloon, the young people were following M. de Valmont all about the place. His stables were well worth seeing, to begin with. He had beautiful English horses, and they lived in stalls with brass headings and pink marble mangers. The saddle-room, where the harness and the whips were so various and in such perfect order as to be quite an exhibition, had a polished floor, with little green mats laid upon it here and there. The young De Valmonts were very anxious to know whether such arrangements as these were commonly seen in England; and Agnes and Johnny assured them that such perfection was very seldom reached, or even tried for.

"Mon père est grand amateur de chevaux," said Max de Valmont, a good-natured, good-looking young man of two-and-twenty.

They went next to see some deer-hounds, which had a house in the outbuildings; and then wandered round the courtyards of the old château. The present house was, perhaps, not much older than François I.; but there had been a strong castle here for hundreds of years before that. Six round towers defended the old inclosure, inside which there were now three or four large yards and a good-sized kitchen garden. There were ivy and climbing roses on the battered old walls, and great walnut-trees leaning over them. Agnes was very much interested, and pleased M. de Valmont by asking all kinds of intelligent questions about the fortifications and the history of the château. Cécile talked to Marie, and helped her over the heaps of stones and the uneven places which were in their way now and then. The young men and Johnny lingered a little behind, but had not very much to say to each other; however, there were two fox-terriers to be played with, which came racing after them.

"Now follow me," said M. de Valmont, as they crossed the kitchen-garden, "and I will show you one of the causes of the Revolution. Take care, mademoiselle; the descent is very steep."

They all followed one another down something which had once been a staircase, and now was a chaos of stones, and tumbling earth, and dead leaves, with long grass and weeds hanging over it. At the foot of this they mounted a broken step into a little doorway, and stood inside a round tower very oddly constructed. There were openings at the top, under the penthouse roof, and to the height of at least five-and-twenty feet there were tiers on tiers of pigeon-holes in the old white wall—thousands of them. In the middle of the tower there was a great upright beam, with arms stretched out, to which were fastened two ladders. The arms turned round, and by their means the ladders could move from nest to nest.

"This is a funny place!" said Johnny.

"C'est le colombier," said Cécile de Valmont, turning to him with a smile. "One of the old rights of the noblesse. My father keeps it as a curiosity."

The marquis, in the foreground, was explaining to Agnes that before the Revolution the nobles alone had the right to keep pigeons, which lived in this tower, and flew out all over the country for their food, taking the best grain of the peasants, who had no business to complain if all the food belonging to them and their children went for the use of the seigneur.

"How wicked that was!" said Agnes, earnestly.

"Oui, mademoiselle," said M. de Valmont, smiling. "That and other wickednesses were swept away so roughly that one almost forgets to be indignant. My grandfather and grandmother, and many other of our relations, paid dearly for their colombier with their heads."

"Ah," said Agnes, shivering a little, "I think I never realized the Revolution before."

They climbed silently back out of the old tower, and were soon laughing in the garden sunshine, but Agnes's thoughts still lingered in the darkness of the Revolution. In more ways than one she could understand it now. In Mme. de Valmont, with her sweet, easy manners; in Cécile, with her grave nobleness brightened by girlish fun, and the straight, fearless look of her brown eyes; even in Marie de Saint-Hilaire, with her small frame and delicate features, and air at once spirited, careless, gentle, and a little sad, she seemed to see the ladies who had kept up their traditions in all the terror of the prison, who had smiled and laughed sweetly, and prayed earnestly; who had not dreamed such a thing as cowardice possible, and had gone on to their terrible death as if it was indeed the gate at the end of the "thorny path that leads to glory."

Agnes was quite right; the times are not so changed but that it still means a good deal to have noble French blood in one's veins.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

When his relations had driven off, Lieutenant Frank Wyatt took a cigar, and wandered round about the old place—into the yard, down the avenue, about the meadows, where pretty pale crocus-flowers carpeted the ground. Indian corn grew there, too, with its long stalk and leaves, and the great head pushing its way upward. The poplars rustled beside the river, the fish dived and darted along under the shadow of the weeds. The whole place lay perfectly still in the afternoon sun, like "a haunt of ancient peace," a silent, sleepy Arcadia.

Unless one is brought face to face with them by some personal experience, it is almost impossible to believe that these

French country landscapes can be the scene in present times of war and revolution. Old feudal struggles there may have been; that old château on the hill may have sent out smoke and fire from the gun-holes in its walls; but all that was hundreds of years ago. Now, the place lies open and secure, without even the protection of a single gate, from the entrance of the avenue to the terrace and the house-door. Yet, within the memory of children, Prussian soldiers have clattered down through the village of Sonnay-sous Corillon, which lies close to Les Sapinières; and within the memory of men there have been burnings and revolutions; and those who live now confidently expect to see more of such things before they die.

Frank wandered about very agreeably to himself. His artistic mind understood and enjoyed the beauty round him. Perhaps it needs as fine a faculty to see and appreciate this kind of beauty as to sit gazing in rapture at mountains or the sea. The poplars by the little river, with their silver stems and light leaves that shadowed and flickered and rustled with every softest breath of air; the blue, clear sky shining through them; the slowly running water, blue, silver, brown, green, in its gentle reflections; the meadows emerald green.

Frank found several lovely subjects for sketches down here in the low ground, and also discovered a pretty view of the château, and another of the church-spire rising among trees. He had an idea, which, I think, shows that there was something in him of the true artist, that Nature in her everyday work is even more worth copying than in her grand efforts. Poets and wise men have said very truly that we miss the beauty that lies about our feet. It is true concerning more things than water and grass and trees; but as far as these went, at least, Frank was not one of the blind.

Presently he walked up into the meadow near the house, where the shepherdess had just brought her flock for their afternoon graze. This was not one of those bergères proper to Arcadia and the Muses, with a round straw hat and a crook. La Mère Chapin was a little, withered, old woman, active, upright and shrewd, with a tight white cap, a short jacket and petticoat, bare, brown legs like two sticks, and dark-brown worsted socks under her sabots. Her rough-haired dog was in attendance; and as she watched the sheep, she was hard at work all the time with her distaff and spindle.

"Bonjour, monsieur," said she, with a laugh in her black eyes, as Frank, in his gay clothes, looking very fair and languid, came sauntering up the meadow.

"Bonjour," said Frank, taking off his hat with a smile.

"Monsieur has recovered from his journey? Ah, dame! those railways are tiring enough in such weather as this. And monsieur came from a great distance."

"From Paris, yesterday; but before that I came from England. That is a long journey."

"England! Yes, indeed, I have heard the name of that place before. And the sheep in England, monsieur, are they as fine as these?"

"There are many different kinds," said Frank, "some larger, some smaller. Where do these come from?"

When once La Chapin had started on the subject of her sheep, nothing could stop her. They were her children, her darlings. She ran on for some time about them, giving Frank, who was not learned in sheep, more information than he chose to show. As soon as he could get a word in, he began asking her about the place: had she lived there long in the service of Mme. la Comtesse? This was another of La Chapin's pet topics. She had lived at Sonnay all her life, and her parents before her. They were there all through the great Revolution; but monsieur must understand that they were good people in those times when all the world was wicked.

"Madame's family was not here then?" John suggested.

"Certainly not. M. le Baron de Sonnay and his wife and daughter—voilà tout. Ah, dame! ce pauvre monsieur, it was a terrible time for him. He sent the ladies out of the country, and remained himself at the château with his valet-de-chambre — and that was my uncle, Jean Pichard, my father's brother. But perhaps monsieur has heard the story?"

"No, never," said Frank.

"M. le Baron was rich, and the best master and the best friend in the world. He had also great treasures of silver and gold, dishes and vases, spoons and forks, and all kinds of things that monsieur can imagine. Allons! he determined to hide all this, and, in fact, he and Jean Prichard buried the whole somewhere about the château. He wrote to madame his wife, and told her that he had done this. He said it was quite safe, for no one but himself and Pichard knew the place. Ah, it was safe indeed! A few weeks after, ce pauvre Monsieur le Baron was guillotined. And, as if that was not enough, my uncle Pichard was shot by some wicked soldiers that passed through the place. So both of them died, and neither knew of the death of the other."

"That was strange," said Frank. "And the treasure?"

"The treasure, monsieur! It lies where Monsieur le Baron and my poor uncle buried it."

"And no one has searched for it?"

"Si," said La Chapin, laughing. "Everybody has searched for it, but nobody has found it. If Madame la Comtesse would take the advice of her servants, she would dig over the whole estate. But she does not trouble herself about it, any more than I do about the stones on the road yonder."

"Who lived here after M. de Sonnay? Did his wife and daughter ever come back?"

"Never, monsieur. Their property was taken from them, ces pauvres dames, and they both died at some place a long way off. Julie Robert, the femme-de-chambre, came back here and told us that they were dead. I remember that myself. But the château was sold to a little farmer of the neighborhood, un homme de rien, and he lived there, little miserable, till M. le Comte, the husband of madame, bought the place."

"If the treasure was found, it would belong to madame," Frank half soliloquized.

"Ah, dame! oui," said the shepherdess, nodding her head violently.

"A couple of francs would not do her any harm, I suppose," thought the young man, and he pulled them out accordingly.

La Chapin's gratitude was almost tearful; she promised to pray for him; and Frank, very well satisfied, wished her "bon soir," and walked off toward the house.

He waited for his friends on the terrace, but they did not arrive till nearly dinner-time; and at dinner they were full of Château Lauron and the De Valmonts.

"We have a great many neighbors in this country, and a very agreeable society," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but only two of these families still retain the property they had before the Revolution. Les Rochemars live still at the Château de Rochemar, and Lauron has always been one of the châteaux of the Valmont family. They lost the old Château de Valmont in Touraine; in fact, it was burnt to the ground, and the property was taken from them."

"Are they rich?" said Agnes.

"Yes, they have a good property; but they have spent a great deal in restoring their château and other ways. M. de Valmont's father was an extravagant man, and lived a great deal in Paris. He thinks himself very prudent, for he has undertaken several strange things. He has a share in a shipbuilding firm at Brest, and in a great bank somewhere else."

"I did not know that a French gentleman would have anything to do with such bourgeois concerns as those," said Frank, laughing.

"M. de Valmont has many English ideas," said the comtesse. "Not that he would ever go so far as some of your noblesse, who turn their sons into merchants, if what I hear is true; but he thinks that a man of his birth can do anything that is not sordid, without in the least affecting his position. You think him right, do you not?"

"Perfectly right," said Frank.

"I thought he seemed to have a great deal of sense," added Johnny.

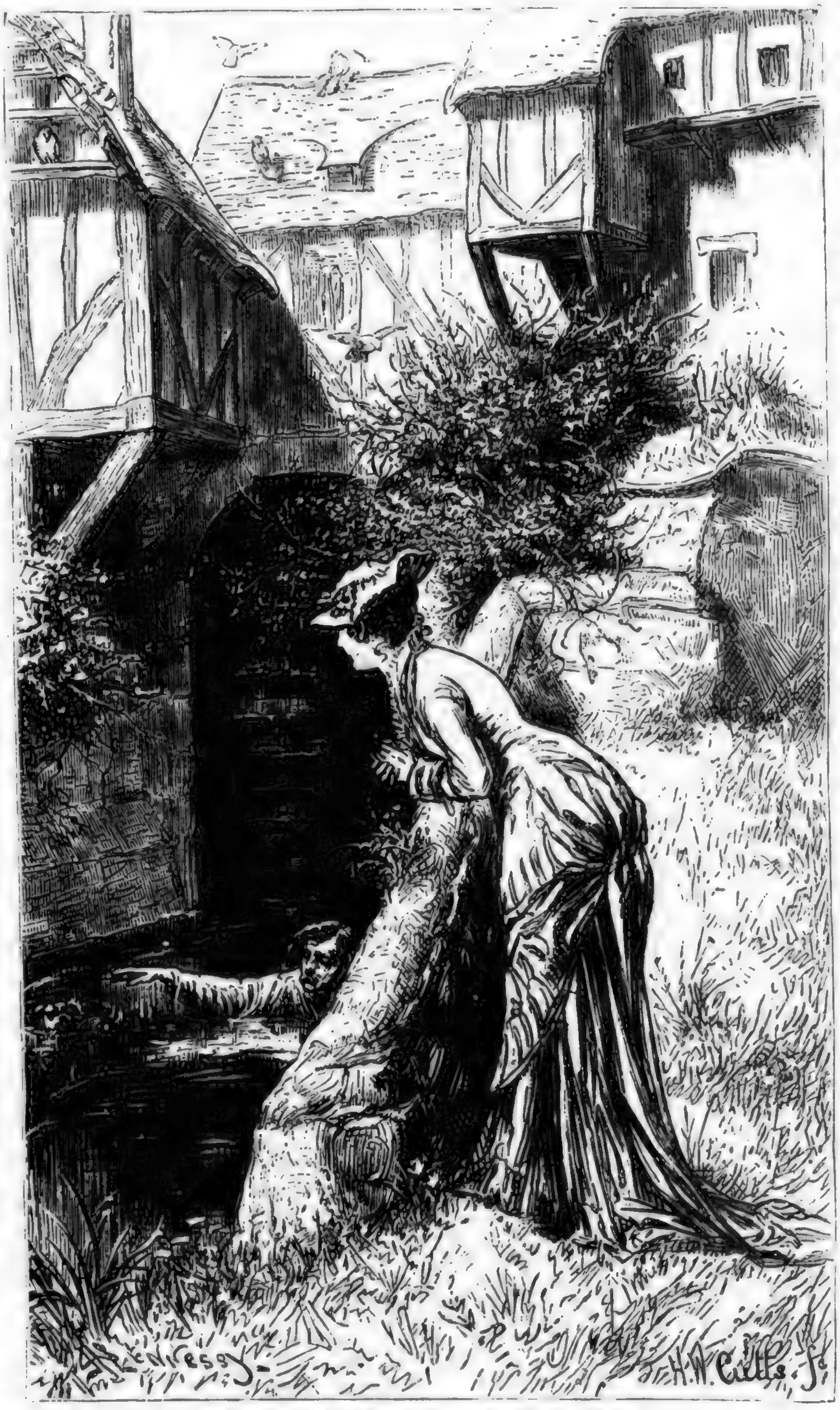
"You may well say so. Ah, Frank, your brother has won all the De Valmont hearts. You ought to have been there; you have lost your chance. He kissed Mme. de Valmont's hand as if he had been born a Frenchman."

"That was Johnny in a new light, certainly."

"I couldn't help it," said Johnny, in an undertone.

"Cécile thought him very gentil," said Marie. "She told me so."

"I thought her very pretty—very beautiful," said the sailor, with the slow, quiet decision which always made his brother laugh.



THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.—JOHNNY PLAYS THE HERO.

"Yes, she is charming," said Marie. "I suppose her mother will soon marry her. Do you know, grand'mère?"

"At present there is nothing beyond an idea," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "A young M. de Marillac has been proposed to her lately; but the affair will not be settled in any way till they go to Paris. He will have a large fortune, they say. But you must not say a word about this, my children."

"It will be strange if little Cécile is married," said Marie; "only the other day she was a child. But I think she will love her husband and be very happy."

Agnes watched Marie as she spoke, but could not discern any particular horror at the prospect of her own fate. Evidently her view was that one must be married, and as to loving one's husband, that was an additional blessing to be hoped for.

After having their coffee on the terrace, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire and Peloton were inclined for a turn in the moonlit avenue, and Frank walked off with them, leaving Johnny to entertain the two girls.

Frank had a talent for amusing and making friends with old ladies, which is sometimes a very amiable talent, but at other times has a decided background of selfishness.

I do not wish, however, to judge him before the time, or to say that he did not walk after Mme. de Saint-Hilaire for her own sake. He told her about his doings in the afternoon, and alluded to the shepherdess's story of the buried treasure.

"La Chapin's favorite story," said the comtesse. "Ah, yes, they want me to pull down the terrace, to undermine the house, to dig holes and burrow in all my fields—in fact, to spend the treasure before I find it. But I am not rich enough for those amusements."

"Still it would be worth finding," said Frank.

"That is very likely. But you have no idea how many stories of this kind there are in the country—legends of the Revolution. At any rate, it must remain hidden as long as I live. When the place goes to Marie, she and her husband can do as they please."

"I could not live here without certainty of some kind," said Frank.

"You English are so curious, with your active minds and bodies," laughed Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, her quick wits failing, for once, to follow the train of thought in her companion's mind. "However, M. de Rochemar is already so rich that I think he will be contented with the estate, and what chance may bring him beyond it. He is of a quiet nature, too, and would not care for the trouble of setting people to dig for a chimera."

"And who may he be, this M. de Rochemar?" asked Frank, rather wonderingly.

"Tiens! Nobody has told you? What silent young people these are! Your sister Agnes might have been brought up in a convent of Dames Carmelites. M. de Rochemar is Marie's fiancé."

"Indeed! Has she been engaged to him long?"

"Since yesterday. His mother and I have arranged it for them. The marquis himself is in Algeria with his regiment, but he is expected home soon."

"They are acquainted, I suppose?" said Frank.

"They saw each other some years ago; but most of the acquaintance is yet to come. His mother is a friend of mine, and we have always known the family."

Frank paused a minute, and then laughed.

"I hope it is a very happy arrangement for her," he said. "Your marriages in France are a little startling, when one is not used to them."

"It is very possible," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but in this case, I assure you, nothing could be happier."

CHAPTER VII.

SETTING SUNS.

IN spite of buried treasures and marriages de convenance, these young English people managed to make themselves very happy in this French life, so delightfully different from their own at home. Everything was free, picturesque and natural, and without the stiffness which so often spoils English country society. In that charming part of France, at this time of year especially, everybody is enjoying château life, visiting friends without formality, riding, driving, dancing, shooting, taking walks in the beautiful valleys, sitting out at night in the clear, warm, dry air; dressing as one pleases, without any trouble of bonnets or kid gloves.

Agnes Wyatt accommodated herself to all this very easily, left her new bonnet in its box, and bought some comfortable *gants de Suède* in the little town of Carillon—did her best, in fact, to turn herself into a Frenchwoman, and gained great credit from the neighboring ladies for her pretty toilets and nice, attentive manners. Her brothers, also, became very popular; Frank, of course, without any effort of his own. Johnny brightened up wonderfully, partly from his intercourse with the De Valmont family, whom he thought the most delightful people he had ever met in his life. He might well think so, for Mme. de Valmont, who was a woman of the world, and knew courts and their ways, paid him more amiable attention than she would ever have thought of bestowing on a young countryman of her own. Johnny was quietly devoted to her and her daughter, though he had not much to say to Mdlle. Cécile, who, like a French girl, withdrew herself and kept silence, listening to her mother's agreeable conversation, with laughing eyes of fun and sympathy.

Marie de Saint-Hilaire, being older, was much more talkative, and, in her small way, shared the rule of house and village with her grandmother. She got her own way in things by showing little tempers whenever she was opposed; but she was generally very lively and amiable, though easily upset and annoyed, and inclined to be fussy. Her face in repose had always a tinge of sadness; perhaps this was owing to delicacy of health. But she was extremely charitable; the servants loved her, though she scolded them, and her kindnesses in the village were unnumbered. Of course her education had been most carefully looked after, and thus she had read very little of her native literature. Her ideas did not stray far beyond "La Femme Forte," "La Femme Sainte," "La Femme Chrétienne," "Lives of the Saints," Mme. Craven's books, and those wonderful, exalted French biographies which seem to be written on purpose to keep young women like her in the right way. Of course she was also a passionate Legitimist, and would have given all she possessed to help on the Carlists to victory. But this enthusiasm of hers was not roused to action, and at present her chief interest was the establishment of two Sisters of Charity in the village—one to visit and nurse the sick, and the other to teach the children.

She walked down nearly every day, now generally taking Agnes with her, to the little house in the village street. There she went in and talked to the Sister in the midst of her small flock, made remarks on this and that little girl—the boys went to the communal school—then climbed the narrow staircase to the kitchen. Sœur Lucie, if she was there, would come forward in her black gown and great flapping cap, set chairs for the ladies, and give her report of the sick and old and needy, for whom she did all sorts of nice little cookeries on her small stove.

Very often Marie and Agnes brought a basket of fruit with them from the château garden, which the Sister unpacked with her quick and neat fingers, pleasantly smiling and chatting all the time. Agnes watched and listened, and thought it all very good, and sighed as she remembered English villages where there was no Sœur Lucie or anybody else to look after the poor, except those euphuistically called their "guardians."

The fat old curé, with his honest face, went about the village, and beamed with benevolence on Marie when he met her. Just now a mutual anxiety bound all these people together. A dear little girl of eight years old was very ill; she had caught cold in harvest-time, and now seemed to be in a rapid consumption. Her name was Anaïs Robert. She was a saint, never known to be naughty, and what made her approaching death sad was that she was the only child of one of the greatest reprobates in Sonnay, a Republican, and a person altogether good for nothing. This child never ceased trying to convert her father, who listened to her and to no one else. Actually she had brought him once to church, just before she was taken ill—a thing never accomplished by her mother, who, though a good Christian, was a poor, weak woman.

Agnes heard a great deal of talk about this little Anaïs, and one Sunday she saw a whole row of young girls, who sat on the front bench of the church, kneeling through part of the mass with their heads bent and scraps of lighted taper in their hands. One by one the tapers went out, and they rose from their knees.

"Ah," said Marie, afterward, "they were praying for that poor little one. I am afraid she is dying."

In the afternoon, after vespers, they heard that the child was dead, and Marie cried a little, not, as she explained to Agnes, for the happy young saint, but for "ce pauvre Robert," who would have no one now to bring him to church.

These things seemed to interest Marie a great deal more than her engagement to M. de Rochemar, though one afternoon her grandmother took her alone in the carriage to pay a visit to her future mother-in-law. They brought back an invitation from the marquise for them all to dine with her one day in the following week. The De Valmonts were to be there, too, and Mme. de Rochemar, who was fond of society, hoped to have some of her relations and friends staying at the château.

In the meanwhile, the days passed on pleasantly at Les Sapinières. Frank, who had begun by being lazy and dawdling about the neighborhood with his sketch-book, or reading in the high, cushioned windows of the library, where he found a very fine collection of French books, took it into his head to teach Marie to ride. She was rather nervous, though not really afraid; so he mounted her on the quiet, old white mare who used to go shopping to Carillon, her maid Louise took the bridle, and away they went together about the lanes and woods and vineyards in those clear, golden afternoons, Blanche stepping deliberately with the light, little figure on her back, and Frank walking by the side, ready to guide her over any difficult place.

Johnny was away on his own concerns, or, perhaps, fast asleep somewhere, and Agnes was attending on her aunt as she walked about the farm and superintended her people. Nobody thought of interfering with Marie's doings; she was no longer a child, and the young Englishman was her cousin; and, besides, her grandmother and every one else was accustomed to her independent ways.

A low wind rustled through the pine woods that afternoon, bringing out their health-giving scent, making music in the upper branches, that sighed at its least breath. As that little cavalcade from the château turned into the wood, the stems were all glowing red in the sinking sunlight, and the carpet of purple heather glowed, too, as if all the ground was blushing.

They went along the soft path, across a corner of the wood, till they suddenly came out beyond it into a full view of the western sky, where the sun was slowly descending, and clouds of all shapes, sharply cut upon the clear background, some all red or gold, some dark, with a gold edge, lay stretched along the sky. Down from their feet fell the steep slope of a vineyard, golden green; then there were masses of trees, with the bright thread of a river in the valley; then poplar-tops, all rosy, woods and slopes again, and a glimpse of a distant country, through a break in the high ground, fading away into a mist of glory.

Blanche pricked her ears as Frank laid his hand on the bridle and stopped her in face of this view, just where the wood-path ended and the road through the vineyard began. Louise nodded and laughed, and turned back into the wood to gather a bunch of heather.

"Ah, that is pretty," said Marie. "I assure you that I never saw this before."

"I am not very much astonished," said Frank; "but I am glad you like it. I never heard you admire nature before. What does this view make you think of?"

He stood stroking the mare's neck and looking up at Marie, with his back to the view. She brought her eyes from it, and met his, smiling and hesitating a little.

"But, Frank—I don't know," she said. "Paradise, perhaps; but that is not what you are thinking of."

"No. The effect of a beautiful sight like this on me is always to make me think of what I love best in the world. If it is a long way off, so much the worse; it is nothing but a dream. If I can turn round and look at it, so much the better. What do you think of that?"

"Very pretty, only I am not sure that I understand you," said Marie.

But her eyes were gone back to the clouds, and Frank did not explain himself. Only he muttered under his breath, "Tant mieux!"

"We don't care for the view after all, do we?" he said, in quite a different voice. "At least, I see that it takes your thoughts far enough away from here. Where are they gone; tell me? To Paradise, or to Algeria, or only as far as Rochemar?"

"You are very strange this evening," said Marie, suddenly looking him straight in the face. "Is that the way you talk in England?"

"Not at all. Forgive me," said Frank. "But certainly it is a roundabout way of talking, and I have to do something which is difficult to me, my dear cousin. You may not believe me, but it is very difficult. I have to offer you my best wishes on your engagement. Will you accept them?"

"Thank you," said Marie, gravely.

The congratulation had been oddly put, certainly, and at that moment, drooping a little over Blanche's mane, with her pensive eyes and pale face, she did not look as if any great happiness was shining before her.

"You will see Mme. de Rochemar on Wednesday," she said. "She is so good to me! And the château is beautiful."

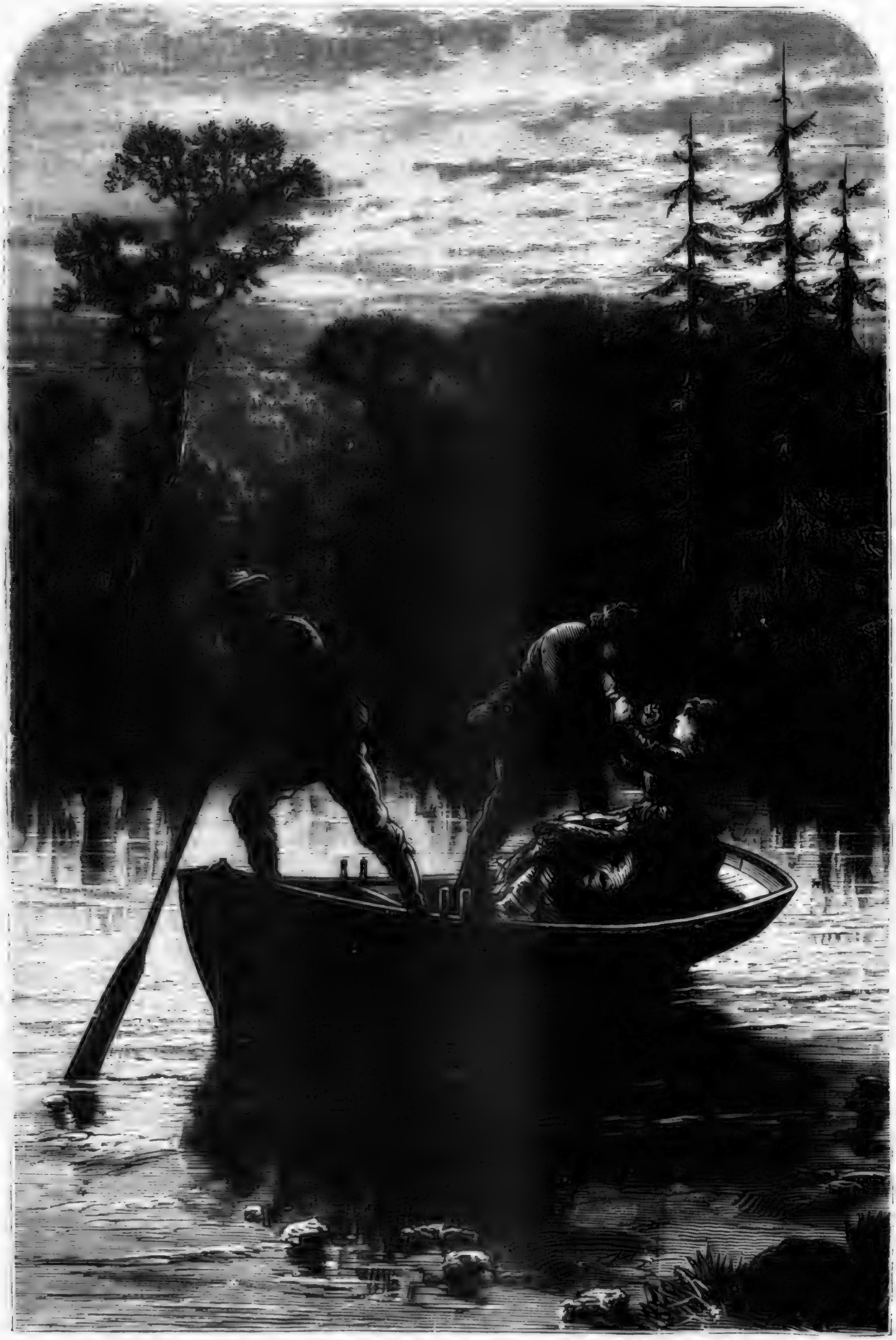
(To be continued.)

THE HAPPY LOT.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Bless'd is the hearth where daughters gird the fire,
And sons that shall be happier than their sire;
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While love and hope inspire his worldless prayer.
O from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know!
Them, may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye,
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die;
The generous heart, the independent mind,
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!
May Pity come, Love's sister spirit, there!
May they shun baseness as they shun the grave!
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!
Sweet peace be theirs—the moonlight of the breast
And occupation, and alternate rest;
And dear to care and thought the usual walk;
Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk;
But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain;
And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again.
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
Their floor resound the tread of little feet;
Bless'd beyond fear and hate, if bless'd by thee,
And heirs, O Love! of thine Eternity.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know, to the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.



THAT RIGHT FOOT.—"THEY LIFTED HER INTO THE BOAT, AND, WHILE FENTON HELD HER, HIS ACCOMPLICE PUSHED OFF, AND PADDLED DOWN THE STREAM."

THAT RIGHT FOOT.

Chapter I.

Noah Blosburg's right foot was swathed in yard upon yard of linen bandages, and over all was a thick, red-and-black woollen shawl. Moreover, Noah Blosburg's right foot was lying in two cushioned chairs, while Noah Blosburg himself occupied another chair, also cushioned.

Sitting or lounging on the sofa, just ten feet from Noah Blosburg's right foot, was Timothy Blosburg, otherwise known as Tim Blosburg, young Blosburg, Lawyer Blosburg, and Noah Blosburg's nephew. He had dropped in to see how the right foot was getting on.

"Plaguy uncomfortable, Tim," said the old gentleman, with a look that asked for sympathy. "And what makes it worse, Tim, the left one begins to twinge. I sha'n't get out of this for a month yet."

"Oh, yes, uncle," said Tim, looking over at the red-and-black bundle, as though he were calculating the probable number of chairs Mr. Blosburg would need, if the other foot didn't stop its twinging. "This lowery weather will soon be over, and then you will come out all right."

"If that is your—oh-h-h—candid opinion, Tim—oo-oo-ugh!"

"Which foot, uncle?"

"Right one.—ugh!—if that's your opinion, Tim, I'll set it at two months—oo-oo-oooo-ugh!—for you never did come nearer than that on a guess—ugh! confound the foot! There, it's better now."

THE HAPPY LOT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 335.

"I am heartily glad of it!" said Tim, much relieved; for his agony at the sight of his uncle's horrid faces was scarcely less acute than Noah Blosburg's rheumatic misery "But, as I cannot do you any good, I will go——"

"No, you won't!"—Mr. Blosburg's manner sometimes approached abruptness—"I've got business for you."

Tim settled back on the sofa quite contentedly. It was not often that Noah Blosburg had business for Tim, and the young man thought he could see a good fee in prospect.

"Now, if those plaguy twinges will stay away while I tell you," said Mr. Blosburg, with little faith. "You see, Tim, we had a good customer out West—a plaguy good one he was, too, until he died——"

"No blame attached to him for dying, uncle?"

"No, Tim; but he left his affairs slightly mixed, I fear. His daughter—his name was James Merton——"

"His daughter?"

"There, there, boy! His daughter wrote to me to come out—old friends, you know—but this dreadful rheumatism is on to me, and I want you to go for me."

"I don't believe I have the least objection," said Tim, languidly. "Well off, uncle?"

"Snug property, boy."

"Good-looking?"

"What on earth!—Are you talking about the girl?"

"Certainly. I believe you said Mr. Merton died?"

"Yes, I did!"—quite short—"but I want you to understand that it is the business which needs looking after—not the girl!"

"I certainly hope to find the girl all right," remarked Tim.

"All right! of course she is! But, as I was saying, Merton's partner is giving Myra some trouble."

"Myra? Who is Myra?"

"Why, the girl! As I was saying, Myra being alone——"

"Where's her mother?"

"Dead, Tim, years ago. More's the pity; for, if there ever was a nice woman, she was one. But, as I was saying, Myra being all alone, Fenton—that's Merton's partner—is having everything all his own way; and I want you to go out and tell him what is what. Can you do it, Tim?"

"Uncle, that is a hard question to put to a bashful young man, but as you undoubtedly expect an answer, I will say that I do believe I can tell Mr. Fenton 'what is what.'"

"Of course you can, Tim, and——"

What Noah Blosburg intended to put after the "and," will never be known, for the entrance of a servant, with a letter, interrupted him; and the reading of the missive drove all previous thoughts from his mind.

"Tim, there's no time to waste," said Mr. Blosburg, quite anxiously. "It is from Myra. Here! read it."

Tim cast his eye over the letter, and became interested. It was very brief.

"Mr. Noah Blosburg—*Dear Sir:* I am in trouble. I fear that Mr. Fenton is a villain. Please come out, if only for a day, for I cannot trust anybody else. Myra Merton."

"Well, Tim——"

"I'll take the next train, uncle."

"That's right, my boy! And Tim, bring her back with you. You know her mother was a very dear friend of mine."

"Oh! I understand," said Tim, elevating his eyebrows. "You missed it, perhaps?"

"Terribly, Tim! terribly! And all on account of a lameness in this plaguy same foot. Made an appointment; didn't keep it; and—she married Merton. If Myra looks anything as her mother used to, I——"

"Wouldn't miss it again, uncle?"

"I don't believe I would, Tim."

Chapter II.

THE residence of the late James Merton was situated on an eminence, about a mile from a thriving Western village—perhaps we should say city—on the banks of the Missouri.

It was a beautiful place; for James Merton had been a man of taste as well as wealth. Trees set out by his own hands around his home had grown into a beautiful grove, meeting the heavy timber that skirted the Missouri, a hundred rods or more from the dwelling.

Through this strip of timber an avenue had been cleared to the river, and no more delightful promenade could be found in all the great West. It was Myra's favorite retreat. She loved nothing better than a stroll through this almost natural arbor, or a seat upon the banks of the broad river. And, after death's shadow had fallen upon her home, she still sought this place—this solitude—as being more consonant to her feelings than any other spot on the broad earth.

One day, several weeks after the death of her father, Myra sat in her favorite seat by an old, white-limbed sycamore. It was nearly sunset; still she lingered, loath to leave the loved spot. All alone, she reclined with charming *abandon* against the old, weather-beaten tree. The setting sun threw a golden radiance all about her—falling softly upon her dark-brown hair; touching lightly her beautiful face—beautiful even in sadness; peering gently into the depths of her violet eyes; paling beside the red ripeness of her lips; enveloping her perfect form; brightening up the sombreness of her robes of black, and revealing one tiny foot and well-turned limb, which had escaped the accustomed shield of skirts and dress.

Yet she lingered—lingered too long, for a long shadow fell across the leafy ground just before her—Wayne Fenton's shadow.

Myra started, with a woman's first shame at being surprised in her negligence. Then came alarm, as she saw Wayne Fenton standing just across the path, gazing in undisguised admiration at her ravishing loveliness.

"A beautiful sunset, Myra," said Fenton, in soft, measured tones, as he approached her.

"I have watched it too long already," said Myra, striving to speak calmly. But her heart was beating wildly, and her limbs seemed to have lost their strength; for there was something in Wayne Fenton's eyes that she never saw before—a hard, cruel, passionate look that would have made any pure woman fear his presence.

"Stay, Myra," said he, with a detaining gesture. "I came here to find you. You remember our conversation of yesterday?"

"I do," she coldly answered; "and I hope it will not be repeated."

"That rests partly with you," he said; "for I must make the same demands I made yesterday. I want those papers. They are absolutely necessary to my welfare, and yours. I can do nothing without them. It will ruin my business and fall heavily upon you. Can I have them, Myra?"

"You cannot have them, Mr. Fenton," she firmly replied. "I have written to Mr. Noah Blosburg, and, when he comes, I shall be guided by his advice. Until then, I hold everything."

She sought to pass him, but he rudely caught her arm.

"Not so fast, dear, beautiful Myra! I have tried gentle means, and failed. Now I shall try something else."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Myra, struggling to release her arm, while her white face and terror-fraught eyes told of the agony she was enduring.

"I mean that I shall compel you to do my bidding. Those papers I *will* have! Your wealth I will have! And beautiful Myra Merton I will have! Here, Dick, I want you!"

At this command, a great, loathsome villain stepped out of the bushes and grasped Myra's other arm. She shrieked; but Fenton soon closed her mouth. They dragged her, half fainting, to the river, where a boat was drawn up on the sand. Into this they lifted her, and, while Fenton held her, his accomplice pushed off and paddled down the stream.

About four miles below the boat was run to land. The two men helped Myra out, and led her to a rough cabin, thirty or forty rods from the river.

"I hope you will make yourself as comfortable as possible," said Fenton, pointing Myra to a stool.

Myra sank upon the seat without a reply.

Fenton smiled triumphantly, and turned to his companion:

"So far, all right, Dick. And now for the rest of our work. You think it will be safe to leave her here, while we go back for the plunder?"

"It might be safer if one of us could stay and keep an eye on her; but it ain't anyways likely that anybody will be poking round here to-night. We can tie her up while we are gone."

"Yes, we shall have to bind her!" he sneered. "Beautiful Myra, don't you wish you had listened to me?"

"No! A thousand times, no! Now I know you, villain! If I escape this time, you shall have justice, if there is any to be had!"

Fenton laughed, provokingly, at Myra's outburst of feeling.

"How charming you are in anger! I believe I shall provoke you half of my time! What glorious eyes!"

"Hark! hark!" whispered Dick.

Both men sprang to their feet, and drew their revolvers. A step outside had alarmed them.

"Take her back into the corner, and I will see who it is," said Dick. "I must have a lantern."

The man lit his lantern, and stepped to the door. Just as he put his hand to the wooden latch, there came a rap on the door.

"What do you want out there?" shouted Dick.

"Well, I did think I would stop with you to-night; but I've changed my mind. Good night, sir."

"Hold on! Who be you?" cried Dick, hastily opening the door, and holding the lantern so that the light fell upon the face of the tall, well-dressed stranger.

Dick only gave one look, and exclaimed:

"I swear it's Jack Hague, or my name ain't Dick Rocher! Hurrah! Give us your flipper, old Jack! Spruce as ever! But, then, you always was a neat one."

The new-comer put out a hand as white and soft as a woman's.

"Dick Rocher, or I'm a liar!" he exclaimed, after a furtive glance into the cabin. "What the deuce brought you out to this hole?"

"What are *you* here for?" returned Dick, with a grin and a wink. "Come, let's go in."

"That's just what I've been waiting for you to say," said the new arrival, as he followed Dick into the hut. "Live here alone, old chap?"

"Mostly; but I've got company to-night. Mr. Fenton, allow me to introduce you to my friend and pal, Mr. Jack Hague." Adding, in a low tone, "He's all right, Fenton. He's one of us."

"Happy to see you, Fenton," said Mr. Jack Hague, carelessly extending his hand to Wayne Fenton. "Deuced hole you've got here, though, Dick——" and Jack inclined his head toward Myra.

"Ha! ha! ha! Old Jack, you must excuse me! Miss Myra Merton, my very esteemed friend Jack Hague, the celebrated champion cracksman of America."

Chesterfield himself would have found no fault with Mr. Jack Hague's bow to Myra. His words, however, were scarcely up to the standard.

"So pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Merton; but deuced sorry to meet you in such a confounded place as this! You are deucedly handsome!"

The hot blood mounted to Myra's face and neck; but she deigned no reply.

Dick Rocher spoke up quite hastily:

"Jack! Jack! She's Fenton's property?"

"Ah! Excuse me, Fenton; I've not another word to say, only to congratulate you. But, Dick, old boy, what have you got to eat?"

"Not much, Jack, I tell you," said Dick, placing some coarse food before his friend. "I've got too big a job on hand to bother my head about grub."

Mr. Hague was excessively dainty. He ate quite sparingly, but was a long while about it. Meanwhile, Dick and Wayne Fenton were conversing in low tones that could not be heard across the cabin.

At length Dick arose, and went to the table with Jack.

"Which way are you traveling, Jack?"

"Well, Dick, I'm rusticating. It was growing pretty warm back there, so I lit out. It don't matter much which way I go, so it's cool."

"You don't want to take a hand in with us, Jack?"

"Not to-night, old boy. The fact is, they followed me pretty close, and I'm fagged. All I want is rest, and plenty of it. I might talk with you to-morrow."

"But you wouldn't mind doing me a good turn, provided it didn't interfere much with your rest?"

"Out with it, Dick."

"Well, Jack, Fenton and I are up to a little business. It will take us both to do it—*safe* business, you know. But we've got the gal on our hands, and can't take her along."

"Spit it out, old chap."

"Why, we want you to keep an eye on her while we are gone. What do you say."

"Well, I might, Dick. I've done worse jobs. You'll make it worth while?"

Dick turned to Fenton.

"How much, Fenton?"

"How much will do, Mr. Hague?"

"Well, I suppose that nothing less than a fifty would keep me awake. It's low, but I don't want to be too hard on *friends*."

"You shall have it!" said Fenton.

"All right, Fenton. When do you go?"

"Right off. Just as soon as we can get ready."

Mr. Hague drew a stool to the window, elevated his heels to a level with the sill, took a cigar-case from his pocket, and passed it to Fenton and Dick.

"Prime ones, gentlemen."

"I know they are, or you wouldn't have them!" said Dick, proud of his pal.

"I calculate to have as good as there is a-going," said Jack. "Miss Merton, will you have a cigar?"

Dick grinned and Fenton scowled. Myra took no notice of the question.

"Oh, you don't smoke! Excuse me, Miss Merton. I hope the smoke will not be disagreeable to you?"

Myra still remained silent. Her heart was too full for utterance, even had she been disposed to resent the insult.

Mr. Hague waited a moment for Myra's reply, and then coolly lit his cigar.

Fenton and Dick Rocher followed the example, and then commenced their preparations for the "safe business" contemplated.

Mr. Jack Hague sat and smoked, and watched the two men.

"Push it through, Fenton," said he, as they passed out of the door, "for I'm deucedly sleepy. I ought to have charged you a hundred."

"Back by three," said Dick, while Fenton pushed on toward the river.

Mr. Jack Hague sat by the window, watching the light, until he knew, by the distance and motion, that the two men were in the boat, and rowing up the river. Then he threw away his cigar, and went over to where Myra sat, bowed down with grief and despair.

"Miss Merton!"

She suddenly raised her eyes to his face, for the sound of his voice was so much different.

"We have no time to waste in words," he went on; "yet I *must* ask your pardon for my seeming rudeness. I am your friend. That miserable wretch calling himself Dick Rocher, detected in my face some real or fancied resemblance to one Jack Hague. Reading the villainy in his face, I decided to humor him, and assume the *rôle* of Mr. Jack Hague, the cracksman. You may guess how hard it was to do it, when I heard your name. But, fortunately, I had sufficient self-command to carry me safely through it, and I believe the rascal never thought of suspecting me. My name is Timothy Blosburg."

"Blosburg!" exclaimed Myra, joyfully.

"Noah Blosburg is my uncle. He was confined to his room, and I came on instead. I am glad I did, too, for *your* sake."

"Oh, I could not believe you to be one of them!" exclaimed Myra. "How shall I thank you?"

"I am well repaid by this opportunity to serve you," was Tim's reply. "But we must be going. I will take you to some house, and leave you, while I hasten to the village, and have the villains arrested. Do you know what safe they have designs upon?"

"My father's. There are some papers in it, which Fenton wants. I refused to let him have them, and he has taken this cowardly way to get them. Is there time to prevent it?"

"I think I can reach the village before they do, for they have the current against them," replied Tim.

Twenty minutes of rapid walking took them out of the woods, and in a short time they reached the main road and a farmhouse.

Tim was quite loath to part from Myra, for she had proved herself a very pleasant companion during the brief space that he had known her; but, reflecting that he should be

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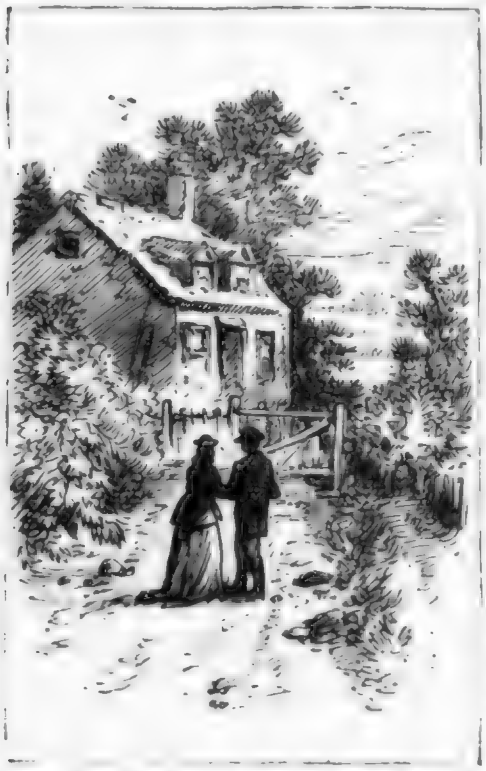


THAT RIGHT FOOT.—"TWENTY MINUTES OF RAPID WALKING TOOK THEM OUT OF THE WOODS, AND IN A SHORT TIME THEY REACHED THE MAIN ROAD AND A FARMHOUSE."

with her again in the morning, he wisely put aside his half-formed intention of taking her with him that night, and left her with the good people at the farmhouse. He then procured a horse, and pushed on to the village, which he reached without mishap.

He lodged his complaint with the authorities, and formed one of the party to surround the Merton mansion. Though he had made good use of his time, he had not been too expeditious; for scarcely were the men posted about the house, when the two rascals came creeping up from the river. They were allowed to effect an entrance, and then their capture was an easy matter.

Mr. Dick Rocher was very indignant at his "pal"; but Tim soon mixed a little surprise with his indignation by acquainting him with the sad mistake he had made. Wayne Fenton, Esq., was also somewhat haughty in his manner; but public opinion had changed wonderfully since Tim's arrival, and the unfortunate Wayne Fenton, Esq., soon gave up his *rôle* of injured innocence, and went to his new quarters at the county jail without a murmur.

Quite early the next morning, Tim Blosburg might have been seen on the road to the farmhouse where Myra passed the night. He drove one horse before a buggy, and led another behind it—the one he hired of the farmer.

The good people were at breakfast when Tim drove up; but they all left the table, and flocked to the door with Myra.

"Did you nab 'em?" was the good farmer's first question.

"Both of them," answered Tim, as he gave the led horse to him, and hitched the other to the fence.

Tim now turned to Myra, who stood back, somewhat shy of Noah Blosburg's tall and handsome nephew, and, greeting her pleasantly, gave her a detailed account of the capture.

After breakfast—the good farmer would have Tim "set up and take a bite"—Tim and Myra went back to the village.

Tim found his hands full. Wayne Fenton, Esq., had got the affairs of Merton & Fenton "slightly mixed"; but, as Myra was willing to share Tim's labors, he found it not an unpleasant task, and settled down to it with becoming fortitude.

CHAPTER III.

NOAH BLOSBURG waited quite impatiently for Tim's first letter. It came, at last, and it was brief, but to the point:

> "DEAR UNCLE—Arrived safe. Have told Fenton 'what is what.' Am now helping Myra to straighten matters. How is the foot?
> "Yours, TIM B"

"Helping Myra?" muttered Noah, glancing at the red-and black bundle on the end of his right leg. "I don't quite like that, but I guess it's all right—perhaps."

Another letter arrived during the following week. Noah Blosburg opened it with some trepidation.

> "DEAR UNCLE—Progressing finely. Fenton did not like his prison quarters, and attempted to escape. Guard shot him down, and that's the end of him. Still helping Myra. Take a long time. How's the foot? Yours, TIM B."

"Plague take him! I don't like it at all!" said Noah. "How's the foot? I do believe he's making game of me!"

And again, the next week, another epistle came from Tim.

> "DEAR UNCLE.—Getting on first-rate. Take a long time to fix up things as they should be; but I will do it, if it takes a year. So don't worry. Wish I could spare you Myra; but it must not be thought of. How's the foot? Yours, TIM B."

"Drat that boy!" exclaimed Noah. "I wish he would send Myra along. If it wasn't for my foot! Plaguy provoking! I suppose Tim is all right, but—I wish the foot was well."

But all the wishing would not help the foot a bit. In fact, the more he fretted, the more his foot wouldn't get well. It was "plaguy obstinate."

All the while, Tim's letters were coming, coming, coming, and not a bit of comfort in them, until the one that told of Tim's return with Myra. The letter was delayed, and, while Noah Blosburg was reading it, Tim and Myra appeared at the door.

"Here we are, uncle," said Tim; "but I'm afraid that right foot of yours has played you another shabby trick."

"Why?" gasped the old gentleman, gazing at the beautiful Myra, so like what her mother had been.

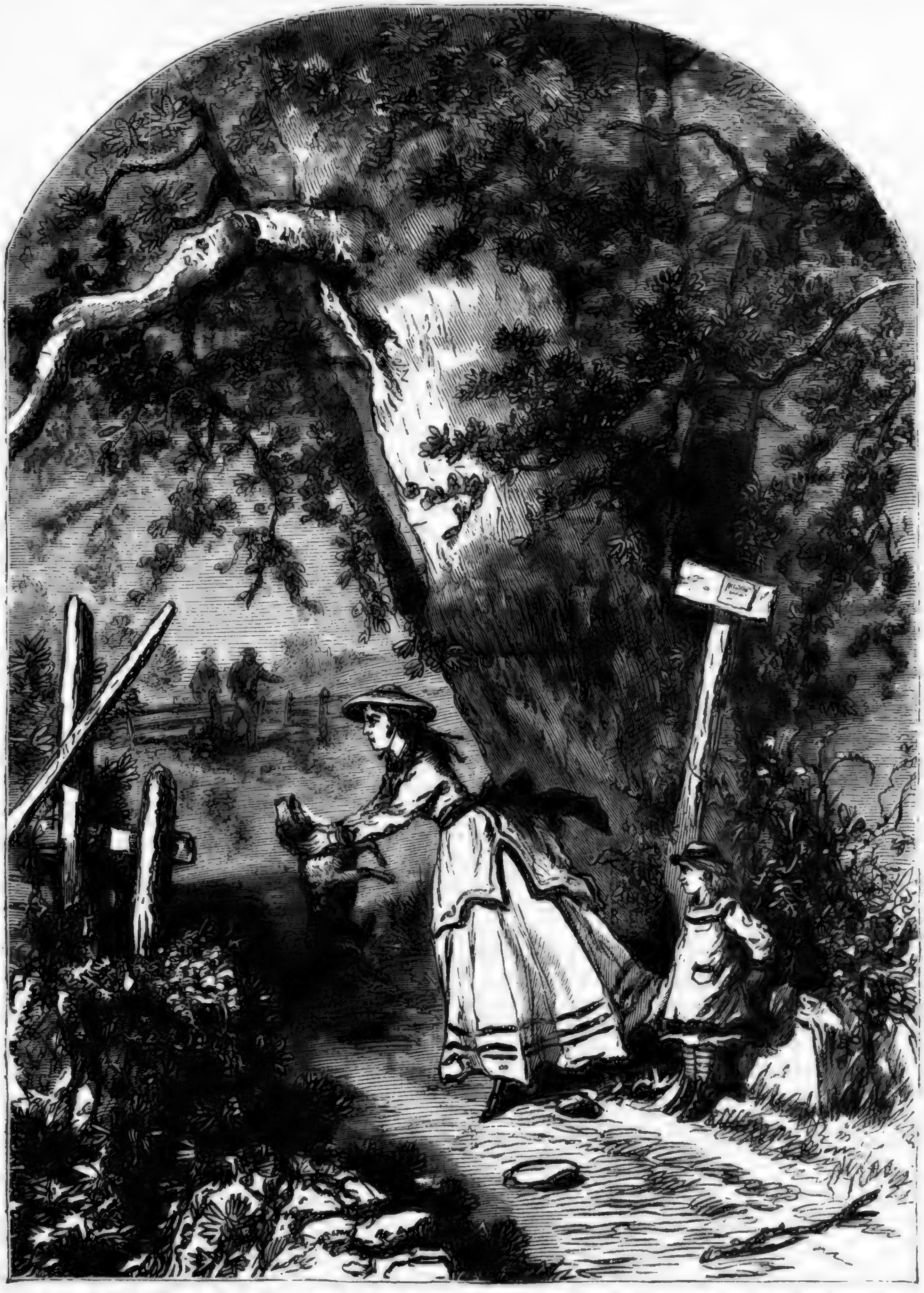
"Well, uncle, I found out, when about half through out there, that I could not possibly fix up affairs as *I* thought they *ought* to be, unless I married Myra. Allow me to introduce my wife."

"O-o-o-o-h! my foot!" shrieked Noah. "O-o-h! what a twinge it did give me!"

And Tim smiled, and wondered whether the twinge was in the foot or in the heart.

AMBITIOUS QUESTION.—Whitelocke, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, accidentally meeting with Cromwell, in St. James's Park, in November, 1652, was requested by him to "walk aside, that they might have some private discourse together." In the colloquy that ensued, Cromwell put this short, pithy but characteristic question: "What if a man should take upon him to be a king?"

BY THE SEA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 313.



THE MAN I "TOOK A DISLIKE" TO.—"AS THE DOG FLEW AT THE CHILD I CAUGHT ITS THROAT. I HELD IT WITH THE STRENGTH OF THE MADNESS OF THAT TERROR, FOR THE LITTLE CREATURE'S SAKE, THAT HAD COME UPON ME."

THE MAN I "TOOK A DISLIKE" TO.

My name is Lulu Ferris, and I am called a belle; and though I suppose "modesty" ought to forbid me to mention this—if serenades, bouquets, crowded dancing-lists, myriads of invitations to opera, promenade and ride go for anything in the proving one to *be* a belle, then I may say that, like Hamlet, I "know not *seems*."

Eyes? Well, of course I have pretty eyes. Eyelashes? Ditto. Nose straight; teeth white and even. My hair is my own. I do not chalk and vermilion myself till I look like an Indian squaw that has stolen her papa's war-paint. I prefer not to do so. It's *nasty*.

Figure—oh, figure! that is where I shine! Small waist, but not too small; well-rounded bust and shoulders; arms good, with handsome hands. I am a blonde, but not of the dim and washed-out sort. I sing the best kind of French music. *Of course* I croquet. And there you have me!

Things being, as Artemus Ward would say, *thusly*, my aunt Julia, Mrs. Roberts, thought it would be a good thing for me, and, on the whole, livelier for her, to have me with her this Summer at E—— Springs, near Saratoga. I "jumped," as the phrase is, at the invitation.

We arrived. Three days after, *the man* arrived. What man? you naturally inquire. Hem—well then, if you must know, *the man I took a dislike to.*

Wore his hair rather long. Had a velvet coat. I suppose some persons would have called his eyes fine, and his nose fine, too, for that matter. Some persons, like Aunt Julia, for instance, would have thought that his coat was becoming to him. I suppose it was becoming, and that if I liked him, I should have thought so; but I did not like him, conceited fellow, and so *I* did not think so. Dear me! I presume everybody has a right to their own opinion.

Then, I was little better than a baby, only sixteen, and ought he not to have known better than to stare so? That is, he did not exactly *stare*, you know, but *looked*. When I caught his eye, he would look down at his plate—he sat opposite us at the *table d'hôte*—and looked confused. Aunt Julia said that if I had not looked at him, I should not have known that he was looking at me. Well, Aunt Julia is a person that I am attached to, but sometimes she does say things—well, never mind.

He drew pictures; he was an artist. I presume he thought that what with his hair, and eyes, and portfolio, and melancholy expression, we girls had only to look at him to fall right in love. Conceited thing!

Then his sister! She was "musical." Had a sweet, full voice, you know, and sang, oh, divinely! Gave a concert. We went. And what did Henry do—if there is a name that don't amount to anything, it is Henry—but sit near us, and look at me? But this is not all.

I suppose that he knew that boat—we went boating—was going to upset, or else he would not have followed us in another boat.

I am sure I did not ask him to jump into the water after me and pull me out. I should think not! If he had known what a dislike I had taken to him, he would not have done it. Placing me under such an obligation! Of course, *after that*, I was obliged to bow.

"Aunt Julia," said I, "you can say what you please—he must have known something was going to happen. There now!"

"I don't see how he could possibly have known, my dear," replied Aunt Julia.

"Then, why did he follow us in that boat?"

You see, I had her there! She "could not say, really," she replied. And she smiled to herself in such a provoking way, you can't think. Oh, I was *so* angry!

Sixteen. Well, Aunt Julia need not be always saying to me that I'm *only* sixteen. I don't care if it is so, I have refused three offers—Captain Walford de Grasse, of the navy; Lieutenant Baker, of the Ninth, and Mr. Belfairing, the banker's son. De Grasse, they say, is a gambler. Baker is a widower, and there is an ugly tale of his first wife's dying of a broken heart on account of his lively flirtations. Belfairing does not look as if he knew enough to go in when it rains. And there you have my three suitors. De Grasse is a painful instance of the "Roman warp."

If anybody thinks that I would marry any one of that *trio*, that person is mistaken.

I felt too foolish for anything, to return to Henry Carling—did I mention that his last name was Carling?—after being fished out of that lake. It is too ridiculous! Why I must needs fall in the water just at the very moment when there was a person about that I had such a dislike to, is really more than I am able to say.

Wrote poetry, too! Showed it to his sister. Sister set it to music, and sang it at her second concert. It was a covert allusion to *me*—to me in the water; pale, dying, hair all down, and clasped in his arms in the waves. Did you ever? *There were no waves!*

Aunt Julia says—but she *will* laugh when she says it—that there being *no waves* settles the question. "The man," she says, "must be an impostor, if, as you say, Lulu, there were *no waves*."

But this is not all.

Next day after I was half drowned, and Henry Carling pulled me out of the water, his sister paid me a visit.

That hateful Belfairing was there. He is a species of being that will not take "No!" for an answer.

He drawled out in his horrid way that he "pweesumed" I should feel obliged to "mawwee"—he meant *marry*—my "pweserver." By that he meant *preserver*.

At this, Henry Carling's sister turned crimson, and said, quietly:

"Henry is not a person to try to marry a rich man's daughter because, by a mere chance, he saved her from drowning. My brother was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl, who died of consumption. That is her picture in his studio near the lake"—there was such a place in a little cottage—"and I am not sure that he ever got over it."

Aunt Julia came into my room that night at midnight. I was disrobing after the hop. I was crying. What I was crying about I am sure I cannot imagine. But if Aunt Julia thinks that it was on account of what that disagreeable, perked-up, singing sister said about Henry and that consumptive girl—I'm sure I don't think her picture is perfection, by any means—why, then, Aunt Julia's mistaken.

But this is not all.

About a week later, what did I do but go out to walk alone.

I had never gone out quite alone before.

I am sure I did not know that Mr. Henry Carling was prancing after me; I cannot imagine what he could possibly want. Why didn't he stay in his studio with that ugly picture? I'm sure I did not ask him to come out to walk.

I walked, and walked, and walked. Presently I came to a cottage, outside of which a beautiful little child, with long hair, was playing. The pretty thing ran after me, laughing.

I held out my hand to him.

We walked on toward a clump of wild flowers that hung over the road in a graceful way that I'm too stupid to describe or draw, though Henry Carling can do both. I presume that, though I may dislike a person, I'm able to do that person some sort of justice.

We—the child and I—were seated together on the little rock I had chosen as a resting-place, when suddenly there came in sight an object I shall never forget—no, not to my dying hour.

It was a dog, mad, it was easy to see. It ran on, hanging its head, but with wild eyes, and foaming at the mouth, hideous and furious. It flew at the little child.

I only remember one thing. As it flew at the child, I caught its throat. I held it with the strength of the madness of that terror, for the little creature's sake, that had come upon me, and there I stood. I did not tremble.

The horrible saliva ran from the dog's mouth. It did not touch my hands. Fortunately, too, I had doeskin gloves, to keep my hands from freckling and tanning.

I stood so—and ages seemed to me to pass—when Henry Carling came up. With him were three men.

How they mastered the dog I do not remember. After that I fainted.

When I revived, I had been carried, I found, into the cottage of the little child's mother. She was kneeling beside me, and saying all manner of things to me about "saving her boy's life."

As for Henry Carling, he was crying.

The idea of crying like a baby, a grown man!

And all because a girl held a mad dog! I suppose he would have had me think of nobody but myself, and run off! I hate such people!

Two days afterward his sister came to see me. I had to keep my bed. I was overcome by something or other. Fright, I suppose; for when it was over, I could not but admit that I *did* feel strangely.

Miss Carling was not quite so perked-up as usual.

She remarked that she was "glad to find one unselfish being in the cold world of fashion."

I believe, on the whole, I rather like her.

When she was about to leave the room, she turned and said:

"You must be aware of my poor brother's attachment. I hope you will be kind to him. Of course, I do not expect any rich girl to marry a poor artist like him. But, oh, Miss Ferris, do not trifle with him! Don't lead him on! Don't break his heart!"

With this she left me.

Lead him on! Trifle with him! Break his heart!

I might have answered, with perfect truth:

"My dear Miss Carling, he never gave me the chance."

* * * * * *

Next day I went downstairs. Of course, the first person in the parlor had to be him.

He looked pale, and had tears in his eyes, and when he tried to speak to me, he seemed to choke, and could not do it.

Then, what do you think, of all things, that he *did* say?

He said he loved me.

To-day week we are to be married. Papa made a little fuss at first; but Aunt Julia, who has taken a mother's place to me ever since my poor, dear mamma died, advised him not to thwart me.

"What is the use of being rich, my dear Charles," said she, "if you cannot let your child follow her own inclinations? Carling is a fine artist, and a gentleman."

There's that horrid man calling now. He is in papa's library. He wants—a kiss! He says it is three weeks since he has had one. Does he suppose for a moment that I am going to him to give him one? I am in the sitting-room writing all this. I presume that if he must have such an indulgence, he is big enough, and old enough, and ugly enough to come for it himself.

Aunt Julia says that "it"—meaning my story—shows that we should never take unaccountable dislikes to people. But she laughs unmistakably when she says this to me, and I am told by good authority that she quotes Hal and I as an instance of "love at first sight *on both sides.*"

Well, I presume that when I am married she will not undertake to make fun of me that way. Hal says that he should like "to see her do it."

BENEVOLENCE does not measure its charities too nicely. The clouds never send down to ask the grass and plants below how much they need; they rain for the relief of their own full bosoms.

BY THE SEA.

I STAND alone by the beaten shore,
My heart attuned to the restless sea;
Its chords are swept by the mystic past,
And sorrow is weighing heavily.

The sea rolls on with its restless surge,
Its lips are white with the angry foam;
The starry sky hears its mournful song,
And views itself in the liquid dome.

The crescent moon, thro' the ether waves,
Is delving its way—a golden bark—
And far beneath, on the deep afloat,
Its twin in beauty illumes the dark.

The years, impelled by the hand of time,
Return to-night as an echoed bell;
And sadly sweet, on this starry eve,
The past rolls on with the ocean swell.

No voice of friend breaks the mystic air—
No dulcet song wings the tuneful sea—
No merry laugh cheers the solemn hour;
Ah! these will never come back to me.

The winged winds in their airy flight,
With immortelles sowed this rugged spot;
And round these rocks and dewy nooks,
Shall ever bloom the "forget-me-not."

I stand alone by the beaten shore.
My heart attuned to the restless sea.
Its chords are swept by the mystic past
And sorrow is weighing heavily.

TYROLESE WILD-HAY GATHERERS.

THE whole Alpine ridge is divided into three distinct parts, of which the easternmost is situated wholly within the borders of the Austrian monarchy, and extends in a broad belt through the provinces of Tyrol, Styria and Carinthia. To the south of the River Save it branches off into two other mountain systems, which form the main ridges of the Balkan Peninsula.

The Tyrolese Alps, though very remarkable for their scenery, are not so celebrated for their beauty as the Swiss Alps, and in their outlines do not exhibit the bold forms of the Franco-Italian ridges. Owing to a peculiar configuration of their valleys, the mountains of Tyrol do not possess, like Upper Bavaria and other neighboring countries, the precious ornament of large and picturesque lakes. The territory of this province comprises the valleys north and south of the watershed, and the Brenner Railroad now connects them both.

The close contiguity of Tyrol and Lombardy has, in the course of time, produced a curious medley of Italian with German characteristics in its interesting population, which, at least on the north side of the watershed, may be considered to be of pure German stock.

The German dialect of the north is full of Italian, the Italian dialect of the south side largely mixed with German words, and the intermixture of both nationalities is perceptible also in the dress and the habits of the people. The pointed high hat worn by both sexes of the Tyrolese is the same hat which, in the south of Italy, goes by the name of calabrese, and as the Greeks and Romans wore sometimes hats of this shape, it is undoubtedly not of German, but of Southern, origin.

The Tyrolese are most faithful adherents to the Roman Catholic Church and to the Austrian dynasty, and their rugged country has formed one of the most ancient parts of the Austrian Empire. They are a hard-working, sturdy and

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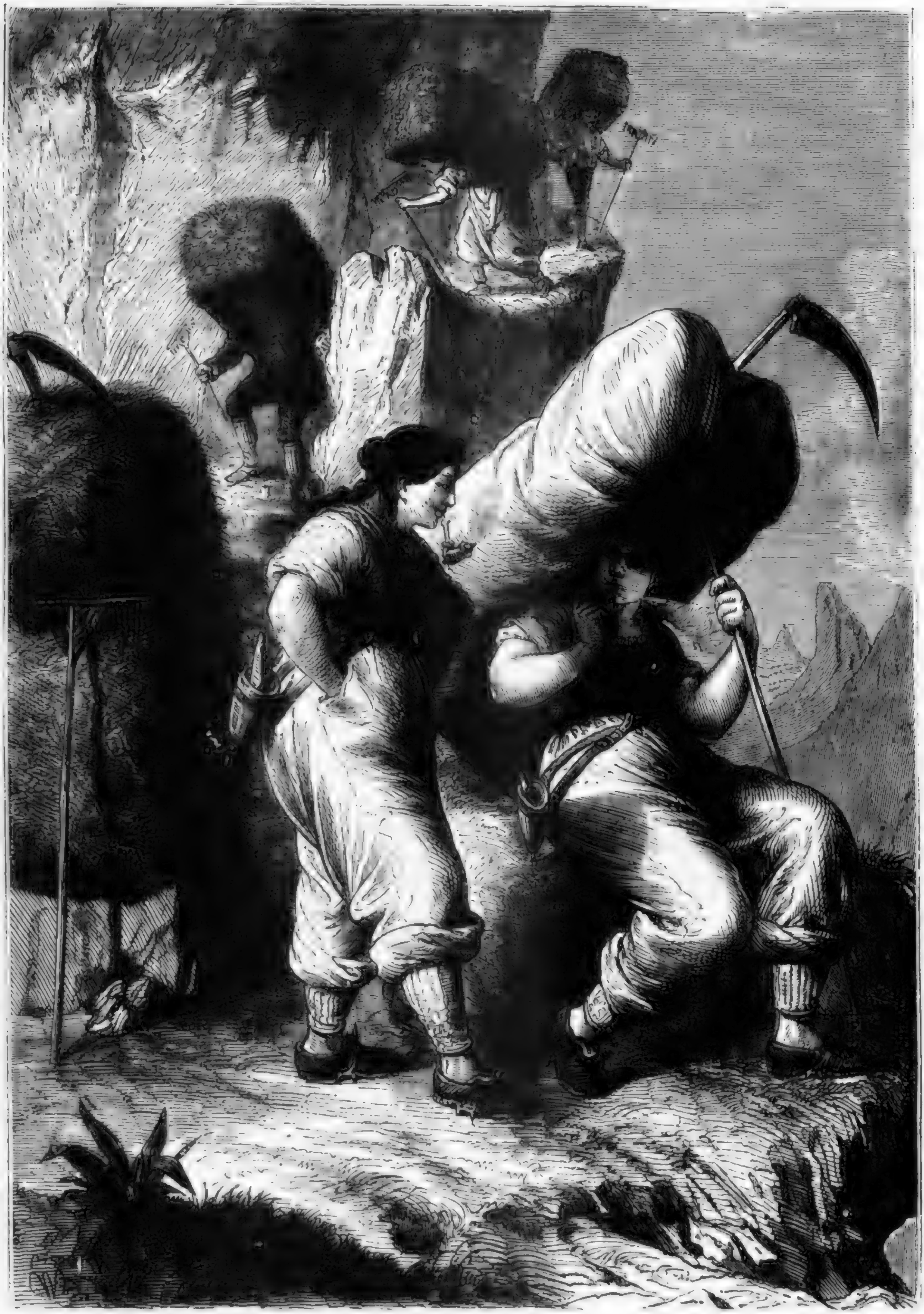
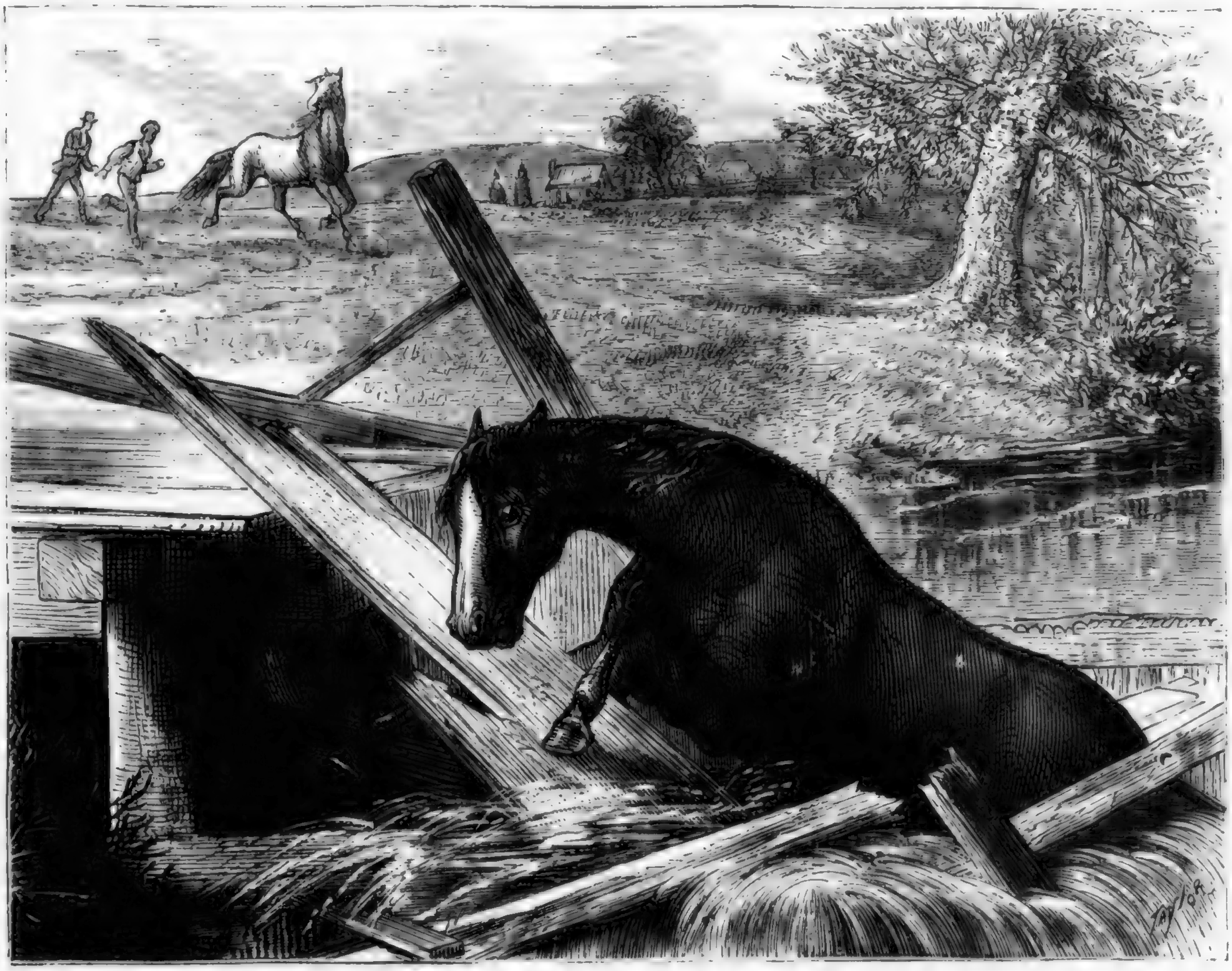


ALPINE WOMEN IN THE HAY HARVEST.—SEE PAGE 343.

robust race of men, and those inhabiting the roughest parts of the interior manage to eke out, by the hardest exertions, a livelihood devoid of any comfort, but, nevertheless, answering to their easily satisfied wants.

The outside world has not exercised yet much influence on their way of living and thinking, and the number of their schools must be greatly increased before they can be put on a level with other nations of Central Europe.

The strong attachment to their native country with which they are inspired, has never been shown in a more splendid light than during the first Napoleon's reign, when, for many months, they repulsed, with the most astonishing bravery, the attacks of the combined armies of the French and the Bavarians.



A SAGACIOUS HORSE.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

The frugal habits prevailing in Tyrol will appear best from a description of one of the most characteristic traits of many Alpine villages; we mean the gathering of hay on the steepest slopes and most perilous cliffs. Men who are wont to make a part of their living in this way, will probably not be much frightened when, on a sudden, a torrent carries away their modest home, or when an avalanche or rock-slide scatters heaps of stone and rubbish over their carefully kept gardens and fields. By patient labor he will finally clear away all these obstructions, and, unmindful of a repetition of such a disaster, he rebuilds his block-house on the very same spot where it stood before.

A student, who recently visited some valleys in the central parts of Tyrol, recounts in the following strain what he observed among these simple-minded mountaineers:

"Last Summer I devoted some leisure time to studying and exploring the Oetzthal group of mountains and glaciers, which is situated between the Tyrolese capital of Innsprück and the watershed of the Stelvio Pass, which connects the valley of Upper Adige with the Valtelline and Milan. This group forms the centre of all the high, level tracts in Tyrol, and is the most extensive and most elevated part of them. I followed the pathway leading to the scattered houses of Zwieselstein village, and soon found myself in a deep ravine which exhibited the boldest and most surprising scenery to be found anywhere in Europe.

"In a perpendicular cleft of more than three hundred feet the roaring torrent of the Aach pursues its course to the plain, and in the middle height of this abyss the narrow pathway winds itself along in close contact with the overhanging rock. From time to time it crosses on a bridge to the other ledge, and then the traveler finds himself suspended between heaven and earth on this frail wooden structure. These crossings do not inspire much confidence, for of many of them the only support is the rotten stump of a larch-tree or a fissure in the rocks.

"After a while the path slants down into the vale, which at this spot widens sufficiently to allow a village to spring up there. Here I intended to close my day's walk, and so I entered the first cabin on the way, and found all its inmates in a joyfully excited state of mind. I met the proprietor before his door, and asked for a night's lodging. Slowly he withdrew from his mouth his short tobacco-pipe, and, perhaps surprised by my late arrival, examined me from head to heels with a rather stern countenance. He apologized for the hard quality of the only bed which it was in his power

XUM

to offer me, and for the fact that my rest could not last longer than a few hours, for at daybreak he would start with all his people to a distant valley to gather mountain-hay; everything was now packed and disposed of, and so he could scarcely offer me a piece of bread. He gave me the advice to start further on to a house about two miles above his, where I could fare much better.

"I declared myself perfectly satisfied as I was, since I intended to follow his route the next day. So I concluded to stop for the night in his humble cottage, and, before retiring, he gave me all the particulars of wild-hay making.

"On the slopes of the highest mountain-peaks, green patches are found where a fragrant grass grows rank, but is too difficult of access for the horned cattle. Between the sowing and the reaping of the crops, after Ascension Day, every mountaineer who is the happy owner of any such patch or patches, will emigrate there with his family and servants, shut up his cottage, or leave it in charge of some old man who is unable to stand the fatigue. He will stay on the mountains for a few weeks, and enjoy this sojourn as thoroughly as we do a trip to the seashore or to some fashionable resort. This nomadic life relieves him and his people for a short time of all the home cares.

"At dawn I joined the joyful crowd of men, women, and children, and with them climbed the steep pathways leading to the peasant's mountain-meadow. There was not one whose back was not loaded with milking-stool, kettle, rake, or scythe, or with a sack holding utensils of minor size, as hatchets, frying-pans, spoons, jew's-harps, and guitars. A big goat, which was to furnish the milk, joined the procession. Our meadow was found between some of the steepest and highest rocky walls, and the access at points proved difficult, not only for us, but even for the nimble goat.

"The structure which was to shelter us in this cold climate, was a rough-looking châlet, without any partitions, and evidently constructed from the rocky fragments scattered on the meadows. It was destined to serve as kitchen and sleeping-room, as stable for the goat and as barn for the hay. A good fire was kindled in the centre, and a flat stone moved to it, which served as support for the pan; the smoke was allowed to escape through the door and roof as it might.

"The daughters of the family were adepts in making flapjacks, which they turned over by simply throwing them up from the pan and catching them again with the cooked side up. Evenings were passed in company round the fire, everybody in turn story-telling, chatting, making puns, or parties reaping the neighboring meadows were received as guests.

"When the work is all done, most of the hay is housed in the hut or polled around stackpoles, and left there until Winter has come; for fresh-fallen snow furnishes the most convenient and safe way of transporting it on sledges into the valley. Even the boldest of all adventurers would become frightened when sitting for the first time on such a hay-sledge rushing homeward.

"On the mountain I was treated in a very friendly way by the family, and the peasant accompanied me to various points, where a fine view could be enjoyed on the neighboring valleys and surrounding peaks, as the Wildspitz, the Similaun, the Ramol, and from where all the mysteries of the glaciers and icefields could be overlooked at a glance.

"On one of these petty excursions, I noticed on a precipitous, rocky ledge some dark points moving to and fro, and inquired of my guide if they were eagles. 'No, sir,' said he; 'those are poor people, who do not own any mountain meadows of their own, and have to pick up their hay where they can. At some spots they have themselves lowered down by a rope to some good patch on a projecting ledge, and are then drawn up again. Some of them get killed or badly bruised; it is more pleasant to stay at home, but people must undergo what God has ordained for them.'

"On the fourth day, I took leave of my new friends and descended into the Passeier Valley by a mule-road which crosses the Timblerjoch. During this walk, which was not free from imminent dangers, I met a party of mountaineers—men and women—carrying hay. The two women I could not at once recognize as such, for, like the men, they were dressed in wide pantaloons, had on heavy shoes with projecting iron points, and (as seen in my sketch) were carrying heavy loads, the scythes tied to them, using their rakes as walking-sticks, and puffing clouds of smoke from their short pipes.

"I thought it might be of interest to learn the motives that impelled the two young women to undergo the hardship of making hay on these rugged mountains; I, therefore, offered them some tobacco, and this proposal was so readily accepted that they at once became more talkative. They apprised me that they were sisters, that their old father had been deprived of his eyesight, but that, in spite of this, the Emperor had taken away his son and only support from the family to serve in the army. Now the girls had resolved to earn money to effect his release from military service a few years before the usual term, and to attain this had become wild-hay gatherers. They were fond of mountain-life, and said that if the crop was as good as this and last year, they would be able to redeem their brother Jack next year.

"The same day I safely reached the valley and returned home. Some time after, I passed again through the Passeier Valley, and, on inquiring what had become of the sisters, I was told that they had, in fact, earned sufficient to restore their brother to the family, but that, on the point of being released, he had died of malaria in the fortress of Mantua."

A SAGACIOUS HORSE.

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* tells the following anecdote of one of his horses: "A few days since, as we were leaving our residence, on our usual morning visit to the office, a chestnut horse belonging to us galloped up, and caught our arm, and made an attempt to pull us in the direction we wished to go. He then left, and went off at a quick gait toward a pasture on a farm about a quarter of a mile distant from our residence. In a few minutes he approached us again, making an unusual noise, and seemed by his actions to desire us to follow him. This we did, and when we reached the pasture we observed the mate of the horse entangled in a bridge that had broken through with him. After we had extricated his companion from his dangerous position, the horse which had given us notice of his companion's danger came up, and rubbed his head against us, showing great signs of satisfaction."

Lively Retort.—Mr. Garrow, in examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a cause of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language, and utter words so bad that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat them; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why, sir," replied she, "if *you* have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have?"

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.

SANDY.

A CHEERLESS night out on the desolate marsh, whose inky pools had a scum of glistening ice upon them, whose unwholesome tufts of damp grass had stiffened in the fierce wind. Not a sound of beast or bird broke the ceaseless monotony of the whistling blast. A treacherous surface-hardening of the spongy ground had come with the frosty night, but woe to the wayfarer who trusted it. Yet, in the half-glimmer of the cloud-darkened moon, a figure could have been seen, if you or I had been so unfortunate as to have been there, slowly staggering, plowing through the slough, breaking through the thin crust of ice, sinking knee-deep in slime, drawing himself slowly and painfully out, struggling on, falling, lying prone and helpless for a while, then trying again, with the persistency of a drunken man, to make for the lights of the town.

For the man had been drunk, to begin with. But so many semi-immersions in ice-cold water and the struggle for life had sobered him again. He swore at himself for having wandered off the road in such an imbecile way. Then he began slowly to remember what had gone before. His child was dead—little Robbie—and he had shown his grief by getting dead drunk.

Well, what else was there for him—what cheer? what hope? He had loved the little fellow. No one could contradict that. Even Polly, who sneered at him and rated him, and, he verily believed, hated him, would not deny that fact. It was something to see that little golden head lighting up the dingy room where they lived, and now never again.

And the baby loved him too, the miserable, drunken wretch that he was; its heavenly blue eyes lit up when they rested on him, and the pretty rosebud mouth had learned to form the word "papa," as fondly as if he had sheltered the little treasure as other fathers are wont to do.

A thorn pierced the wretched man's heart with this thought, and he stumbled blindly forward. Covered with slime, which dripped from his rags, with wild, haggard face and unkempt hair, he stood at last, faint and worn, by the last wretched house of the town, and stared up at the dim light from one window, which told that the watcher was there.

"I can't face Polly," he muttered, slinking away again, but still lingering about, till a kindly neighbor who had been sitting with his wife, offering those consolations which the poor offer to the poor, came down and saw him.

"Go up, Sandy," she exclaimed, in a half-commiserating, half-angry tone. "Go up and comfort your poor wife in this 'ere tryin' time. I've been a-coaxin' her to take a cup of tea, but not bite or sup has passed her lips this day; and you off carousin'! Shame on you! Have you no heart at all?"

Sandy hurried by, then up the rickety staircase, to the little room that was their only home, and opened the door timidly. Yes, though there were six feet of him, a great, yellow-haired giant, with childish blue eyes, and a child's weakness shown in the lines of his mouth, he stole in like a frightened schoolboy. He tried to form some word, but his dry lips refused. He glanced at the bed, the one bed they owned. It was covered with a decent white sheet, and beneath—oh, beneath! clearly, rigidly defined, the baby form, covered from sight.

The last brands of a poor fire were burning away on the hearth, and by them sat a woman, slowly rocking herself to and fro in a dull monotony of motion that was half-unconscious. She was wretchedly clad, but her dress was clean and neat. Her dark, handsome face was turned to the fire, and, spite of her grief, you could see that her eyes were fine, though they were fixed in a stony stare, that her hair was silken and purplish black, though it was dragged carelessly back from her forehead. She never looked up nor spoke when the door opened and shut. She felt who had come in, and that his great, wistful eyes, like those of a beaten hound, were seeking her face anxiously.

And what an object he was for that room, poor as it was! It had been made as clean as its wretchedness would allow—fit for the presence of the Angel of Death. Sandy, looking about helplessly, saw this, and how the muddy water was running down and making dirty puddles on the floor. But he had no other clothes to put on, so crept nearer the fire, humbly too, as one who had no right.

At last he could bear the silence no longer, there seemed such a deathly hush in the room, the very hush of death.

"I say, Polly, won't you have a cup of tea now? Mrs. Simmons has left the teapot here, I see. I'll take some with you, for I'm soaked through, and all of a shiver."

Still no answer.

"Are you hard on me for going off, Polly?" he went on. "I'm a wretched fellow, weak, weak as water. I couldn't stand it, I couldn't. I loved him."

"Yet you murdered him." She was roused now, and turned her flaming eyes upon her husband. "It's too late now to talk or to cry maudlin tears over him. His death is on you!"

"As how?" faltered Sandy, shivering as with a more deadly chill than the soaking slime could give. "Polly, you're excited, and don't know what you're saying, or you wouldn't be so hard on a cove now."

"Now is the time," the woman went on—"now, when my child lies there dead—dead of want, of cold, of hunger, while you have loitered away your time with boon companions, and we have starved on the pittance I have earned. Oh, my darling! oh, my Robbie!"

"Not—not starved, Polly," muttered Sandy, his lips quivering. "Don't say starved. You never were without bread."

"Bread! My child needed other things—jellies, beef-tea, chicken, all those delicacies which other fathers work to give. They would have raised him up. 'Insufficient nourishment, the doctor said."

Sandy groaned.

"Don't pretend that you were ignorant of it," she went on. "I told you weeks ago."

"So you did, Polly, so you did. Oh, what a miserable wretch I am!"

The woman turned to the fire again, and began rocking.

"I'll turn over a new leaf now, Polly," the man began, looking at her eagerly; "I will, so help me God! I've been thinking it over as I came through the marsh."

She made no sign.

"I'll—I'll kneel down by—by the darling's bed, if you like, and take an oath, that never—never——"

"No, you need not. It makes no difference."

"No difference?"

"No, not to me. I shall not be here to see the reformation. If you stand or fall, it is to yourself now."

"Why—what—what can you mean, Polly?" Sandy faltered, turning paler, and shivering more and more.

For the fire had nearly gone out now, and its fitful light fell faintly on the two faces.

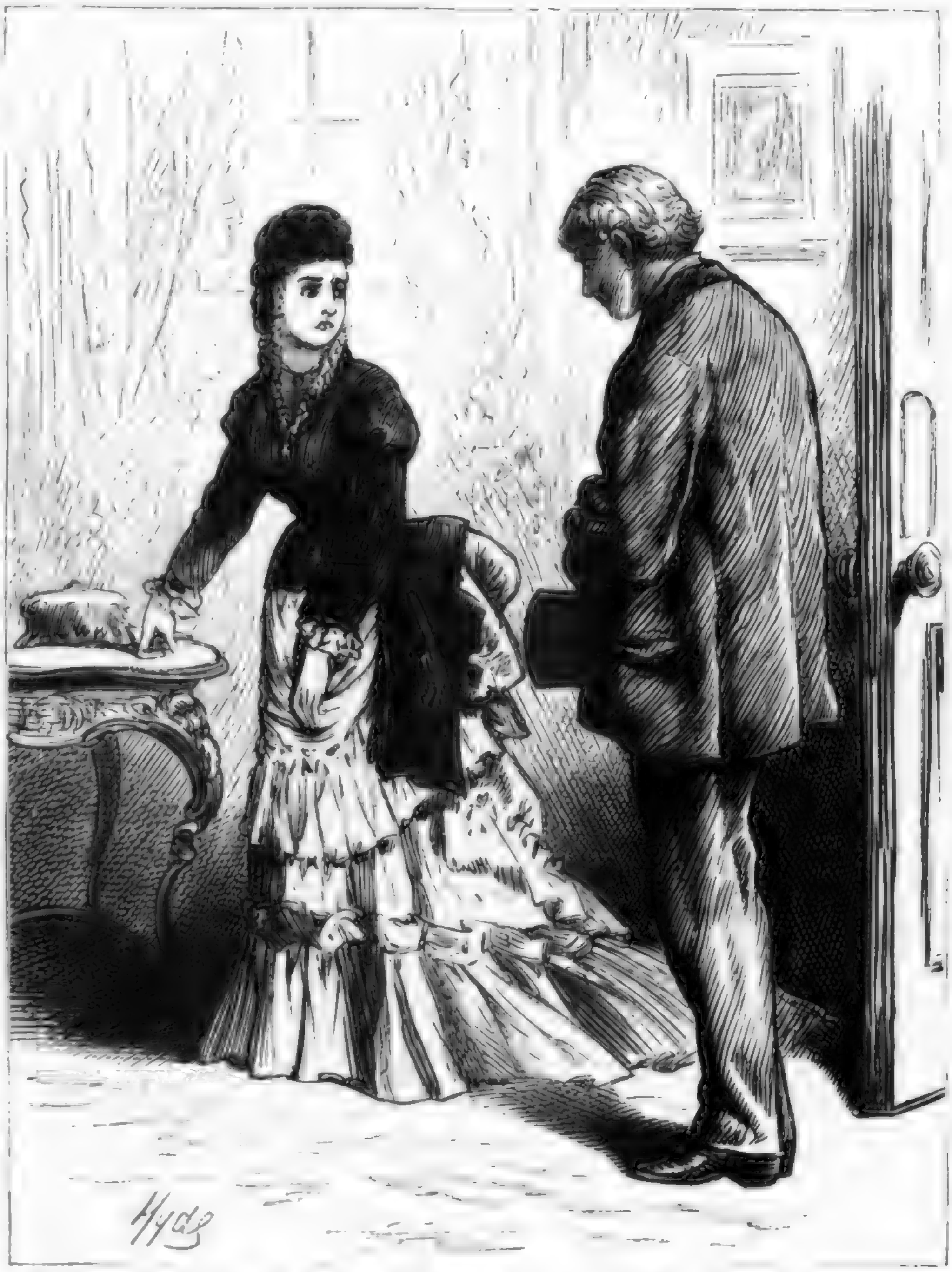
"I mean that when my darling is laid in the ground, I am going away. I mean that I never wish to see your face again."

Sandy recoiled as if he had been struck a great blow. He gasped a moment, but could not speak.

"Did you think this could go on forever?" she said, more fiercely. "Did you believe that I would let you drag me down lower and lower into the mire, because I was mad and blind enough to think I loved you once? Can you not see that you have killed my love, and now you have killed the child?"

"Oh, don't say such cruel words, Polly!" faltered Sandy. "I've—never—never used you bad, have I? Never! I've been weak. I can't stand temptation or a friendly glass. I've been unlucky, deuced unlucky, but cruel, never! Why, I never lifted a hand against you, even when I was dead-drunk. I've loved you always, Polly. I know you're too good for a miserable cuss like me, but if you'll only forgive me this once——"

"I'll never forgive you—never!" she interrupted, the fitful flash of the fire illuminating her handsome face and shining eyes as she spoke. "If you lay dying before me, if it was your last prayer, I would not forgive you."



SANDY.—"'YOU CAN NEVER BE ANYTHING TO ME AGAIN. I TOLD YOU THAT DREADFUL NIGHT THAT YOU KILLED MY LOVE. THERE IS NO RESURRECTION FOR A DEAD LOVE—DO YOU KNOW THAT?' SHE SAID."—SEE PAGE 346.

Sandy then shrank into silence. Big, burly giant that he was, the spirit and fire of the slender little woman had always cowed him. He had no more to say. The unforgiving wrath of Polly's last words could not be answered. He saw that no pleading or praying could avail. No friendly hand would be stretched out to keep him from going to the dogs. In a half-troubled doze he sat there, starting up now and then to see his wife sitting near, motionless, with wide, staring eyes, which burned on tearlessly. And near them lay, in the everlasting peace of death, the little child who belonged to both—the bond that had held together these dissonant souls. How far he was removed from the storms that compassed them, lifted straight out of the dingy room into the sunshine of God's smile, into the city of the golden streets and gates of pearl! Ah, it was well with the child! it was well!

Something like these thoughts swept with others through the brain of the dry-eyed woman who kept that dreary vigil. She thought, too, of her own past, of the time when she had invested the wretched object before her, who had sunk into the dead sleep of exhaustion, with ideal charms. His handsome blonde, innocent face, his kindly blue eyes, had won her, spite of the rumors of his habits. She had scorned all warning; she had chosen for herself, and had reaped a harvest of wretchedness ever since.

But the end had come. Thank God, the end had come! She felt no remorse as she thought of it, no sudden tenderness, no faintest remnant of her old love. Her heart was dead. Sometimes her thoughts, as the hours went on, projected themselves into the future. She had some dreams for that, stricken and wretched as she was. She knew that she possessed a voice of purest tone and quality. She would go on the stage; she could make a living that way, once free from the horrible clog that had dragged her down. She would rise; socially and by education she had always been above him. People had wondered at her choice. Bitterly she wondered at it herself now, as she sat by the fireless hearth.

Poor Sandy woke, shivering still, yet feverishly hot at times, from the heavy sleep into which he had fallen. For day had dawned—a bleak day, with a clouded sun and a breath of frost in it. Some neighbors began to come in. They had collected money among themselves for the poor pine coffin, and one had borrowed a black dress for the mother; but no one troubled himself about Sandy and his rags. They were dry now, and the mud stiffene them, as he sat there listening, with half-dazed face, to the minister reading over Robbie, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"Better, better for him," thought the wretched man. "If he had lived, he might have got far enough off from that place—as far as I am."

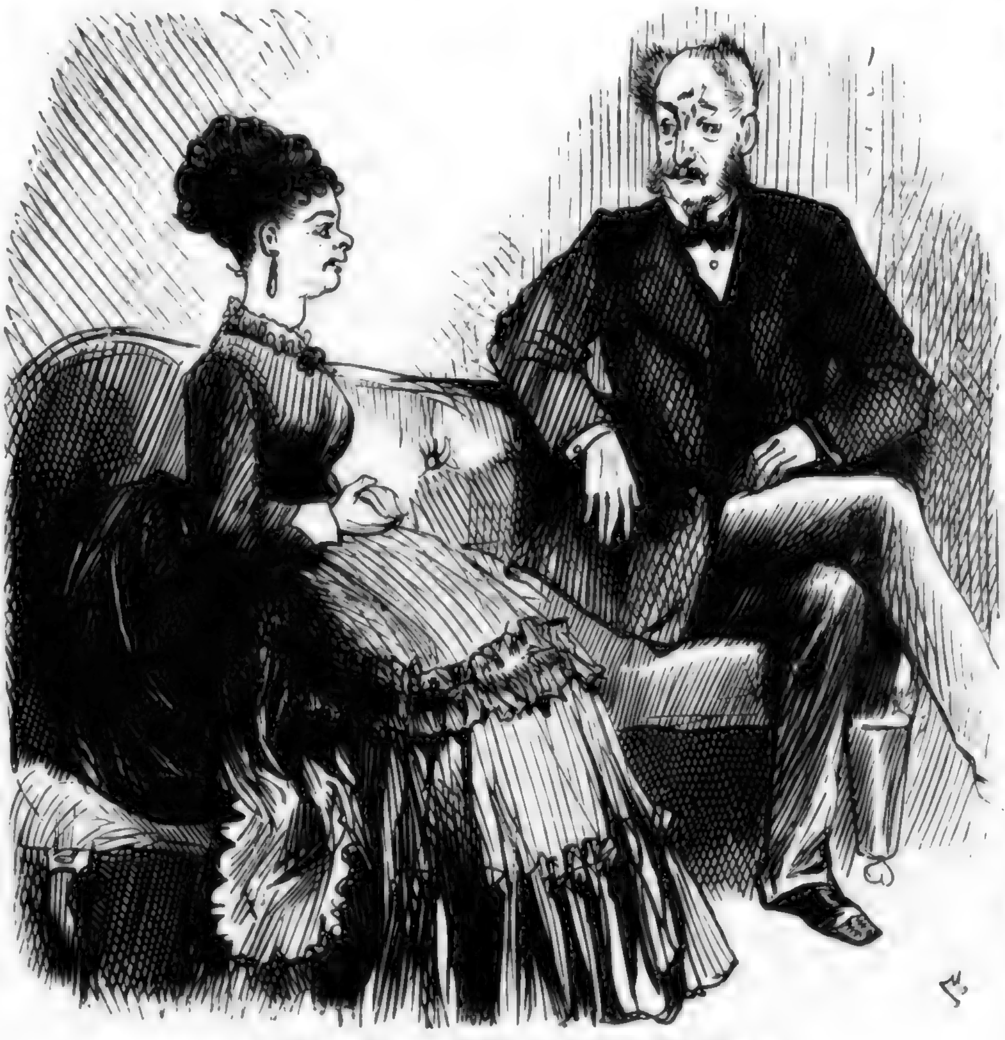
But when he heard the coffin-lid screwed on, he could bear it no longer, but slunk away out of the room, out into the desolate country, where he staid all day.

And the child was laid in its last resting-place. The sky looked leaden above, and the ground frost-blackened below, when the broken blossom was laid there; and the wretched mother did not look beyond, did not remember that her flower was but transplanted to the garden of the Lord.

She turned away hurriedly at last, and, with feverish haste, reached the room that she had called home. She declined all kindly invitations from pitying neighbors. She was going away for a while—to friends, she said, with a faint and bitter smile.

The poor bundle of clothes was soon made up, the black dress returned to its owner, and the woman looked about the wretched room, and bade it farewell forever. That part of her life was finished, and the "amen" said. She would forget that she had ever married. Ah, could she forget Robbie? She found a broken plaything that had belonged to him, and kissed it passionately. Then she saw his little, worn shoes. Oh, how worn and poor they were, for he had never had but that pair, and her tears burst forth! But she took no memento of him but the little golden curl she had cut from his dead brow, and so she went out beneath the sunless sky, and into the frosty air.

Three years had passed, and brought the same season again; this time a white earth, robed as in costly ermine, decked with diamond coronets, lay beneath a sky of cloudless blue. Through the white streets of the city sleighs of all forms and colors flew like birds, and the bells rang a ceaseless chime. The urchins who had no sleds watched the others with hungry eyes. Some, with artistic longings, were devouring the bills at the door of a concert-room.



WHAT IS TO BECOME OF EUROPE.

OLD FOGY—"*Going to Europe this Summer?*"
LITTLE MISS SHODDY—"*Oh, no! It costs so little to go, and Europe is really getting so decidedly Republican and low, that ma couldn't think of it.*"

"Stunnin' singer, you bet, Joe," said one. "A lady as mother washes for guv her a ticket, and she hain't time to go, and I'm goin' instead. My eye, won't it be a lark, for I've five cents for oranges, too!"

"Ho!" returned one, cynically, who had no chance of admission to this paradise, and so, naturally, derided it, "kin she sing 'Carry the News to Mary,' or 'The Prairie Flower,' ekil to that gal in Slimmin's Saloon? Wot's her name, now? Jest spell it out, if ye kin. Golly! what a name! Ought to be boiled, it's so tough."

But the other read it, with a feeling of great educational superiority, "Madame Pauline Montmorency. First appearance in M——. The great cantatrice."

"Stop," interrupted the other. "Wot's that, now?"

The reader was "stumped," as they say in college.

"I've seen," said the questioner, thoughtfully, "something like that word. Won't swear 'twas the werry same, but it meant some wenomous reptile. Do you think she brings it with her?"

"Oh, cork up, youngster!" cried the other boy; "she's a singer. That 'ere word means a singer."

While this discussion took place, a sleigh like a sea-shell, pale-green, with crimson lining, glided by, but the boys who stared at it had no idea that it contained the great singer herself. Yes, wrapped in sable and velvet, with handsome tiger-skin over her knees, came Madame Pauline Montmorency herself, looking around keenly, yet with little human interest in her eyes, on the town she had left on foot three years ago. The gorgeous splendor of this diamond day, and the cold, wan dreariness of that, were as much in contrast as her life.

With a sigh, which was for the little grave which she knew was piled high with snow-drifts now, Polly dismounted at the door of the hotel where she was to stay, and walked up to its best rooms, which had been assigned her.

They were very pleasant, too, Pauline thought, as she looked into the pretty parlor, with its velvet carpets and lace curtains, and the beautiful flowers that filled the vases. People had already sent bouquets to greet her.

She sat down in the great arm-chair before the blazing fire, with a sense of comfort stealing over her. She had accepted the invitation from M—— with some hesitation. It stirred up the ghosts of the past unpleasantly. Not that she ever forgot. Oh, no! In her greatest triumphs she had never been able to forget. In the glow of lights, with music and laughter about her, how often, as at a wizard's touch, all had floated away, and instead rose a vision of that bare and wretched room, with Sandy's weak, handsome face, and her dead boy! Or, more wretched still, the tiny grave in the frost-blackened earth.

She had come partly to put a gravestone to that little, neglected grave, and to engage some one to keep it neatly—to plant flowers on it when the time came. As for Sandy, he had drank himself to death long ago. There was no doubt of that. And she grew impatient that her thoughts would linger unpleasantly about that imaginary death-bed, with no friend near; or was it a death-bed at all, and not a more wretched death upon the desolate marsh, frozen by insensible degrees, or some blind fall, that had dashed life out of him? Ah, she was glad she had been spared that sight. She would hear something, probably, before she left M——.

She started uneasily, though, and began to lay out her dress for the evening. It was the softest tulle—like a Summer cloud with endless flutings. She wore it with coral of the palest rose-tint, and she knew she was beautiful in it. No one would recognize in her the worn and haggard woman who had gone away in a faded calico dress. Of course no one had known her then. Now all delighted to do her honor.

Of course Sandy would have known her, if he had been living. She had quite decided that he was dead. In any guise he must have known her, but——

Well, who could be knocking now? The manager, perhaps, or some one from him. The trim servant-maid opens the parlor-door, and Pauline goes in expectantly.

"A gentle——a—a man," she murmured, hesitating about the term.

And Pauline, looking at her wonderingly, sees behind her the face of Sandy!

Well, it was not so very wonderful that she should see it here. She might have expected it. Yet she started back as if she had seen a ghost, for she had so resolutely believed him dead. He, meanwhile, stood dazzled at her splendor, at her rich dress with its costly lace, at the banded satin-smooth braids of her splendid hair, at her glowing beauty, that outshone all. Very, very humbly he stood there, not offering to come forward, not expecting any greeting, only devoured with a great longing to see her once more. He had put on his best, too—a homely suit, but not ragged. His face, paler and thinner, was handsome still, but the old dissipation told on his trembling lips and nervous hands, or rather, the results of the past.

"Why—why, Polly!" he ejaculated.

"What brought you here?" she asked, sharply. "How did you find me out?"

"I watched for you," he answered, simply. "I found out long ago that you were my—Polly, and I've been reading papers and hearing of you. When I knew you were coming, I hung about, and learned all I could. You might have seen me at the door of the hotel, when you came up, if you had looked."

"And what was your object in watching for me?" she inquired, in a cold, indifferent voice.

"Object? Well"—the pale face flushed—"I reckon it is to see you again—just to see you again. You won't understand that, Polly?"

"No, I do not understand it," she answered, with decision. "As I had left you for ever—as I never wished to see *your* face again—I cannot understand it."

Sandy stood still just where he was when he entered the room—he made no further advance into it, but looked at his wife with a silent, wondering gaze. Was this the fond young girl he had married—who had defied her friends for him—or was it all a dream? It seemed so now. He rubbed his eyes and looked at her, half buried in the crimson velvet depths of the arm-chair, with one white hand, sparkling with rings, resting on the arm of it, and her cold, shining eyes fixed on his face.

"Well"—he hesitated—"I had one more object in coming. I thought you might care to hear it—that it might make a difference. I have not tasted a drop of liquor since little Robbie was buried."

"Ah! I am glad, for your sake, to hear it."

But the face did not change beneath Sandy's eager look.

"Only for my sake, Polly?" he asked.

"Only for your sake," she echoed. "It can make no difference to me—none."

Sandy's face fell. He looked at the floor. His hopes were so utterly dashed. He had lived all those years with the fond belief that his struggle and victory would be rewarded one day. It had been hard, too—a hand-to-hand fight with the powers of darkness—and he had been proud of his success. Now it proved all in vain. The pretty little home he had imagined—the handsome face that he had pictured at his hearth, all vanished, leaving not a vestige. A whirling chaos swallowed up all, and Sandy's brain seemed whirling away, too.

He snatched at the nearest chair to steady himself, for the solid earth or floor seemed heaving under his feet.

"I was mortal sick after you left me, Polly—at death's door, with a long fever. The neighbors were good, too; but I had many a lonely, weary hour, that put me back a long time; but when I was well I got work. I am not very gifted, Polly; but now that I am steady I make enough. You should never suffer again. I know a nice little cottage—white, Polly, with roses over it in the Summer. If you could overlook the past. I've never ceased to love you—never."

It was a long speech, made with much hesitation, and Sandy seemed to hear his heart beat like a muffled drum while he was speaking. He knew that the law gave him a right to compel this beautiful woman to go with him, but he never thought of compulsion. If she would not go of her own free will, why, then, he must go on his way alone.

He saw his answer in her face before she spoke.

"If you offered me a palace instead of the white cottage," she answered, looking calmly at him, "it would be all the same. You can never be anything to me again. I told you that dreadful night that you had killed my love. There is no resurrection for a dead love, do you know that?"

"I—I think I understand you, Polly," answered the poor fellow. "You were always cleverer than me, and grander in your language; but I gather your meaning, although there is such a buzzing in my head. Don't be afraid. I'll go away quietly, now I've got my answer. No one knows that you're my wife, and I'll not make them any wiser. Good-by."

"I'm glad you take so rational a view of things," Pauline answered. "Good-by."

And the slow, heavy step echoed along the hall, showing in its very sound a heavy heart.

And Polly turned back to the pretty white dress, with its vaporous folds, with a shiver, as if her coldness had made the very air chilly. The dress looked like a shroud.

But that night, in the lighted hall, the glow had come back again. Her cheeks and lips were like her coral ornaments. Her voice soared up clear and sweet as a bird's; flowers fell around her, cheers rang about her, and the triumph seemed to sweep away every vestige of the dull pain which had been gnawing at her heart.

To go back to that poor, dull life, it would have been madness. To put aside the full, sparkling draught of flattery, which had become the wine of life to her, for the common drink of water. No; even if Sandy did all he promised, she could not be content. And then he was so weak—who knew that he would not fall again?

Yet, somehow, when the songs were over, and the surging crowd had poured out into the street, and she was wrapping the furs about her in her sleigh, the plaintive voice and simple words echoed on in her brain, instead of the cheers of the crowd. She had just seated herself, and the driver was helping to tuck in the warm robes, when some street-boys, who had waited to see the last of the songstress, set up some unearthly yells, meant for cheers. The horses did not so understand them, but started at once, frantically, and dashed off with Pauline alone!

For a moment she did not comprehend, and then she saw the danger. The reins were dragging on the ground; she could not reach them. Madly they flew by the houses, over the white, shining streets, on, on, while Pauline, with white lips, murmured a prayer. She did not dare to jump. She sat still, trembling convulsively, for she felt that she was dashing straight on to her death.

The town had grown since she had left it, and improvements were being made all the time. The frightened horses were making straight for an embankment now, and one plunge there would be fatal. Pauline did not know how near death was to her, but her frantic shrieks had brought many out, who tried to stop the horse in vain.

At last, almost on the dizzy verge of the embankment, one man, plunging through the snow, caught the reins, and hung on them. He was dragged a few paces. He fell on his knees, but still he held on.

The sleigh was stopped. Kind-hearted ones pressed around. There were a hundred helpers now.

Pauline stepped out, dizzy and faint.

"Where is he," she asked—"the man who saved me?"

"Oh, he is all right," answered a gallant gentleman. "You must think of yourself now, madame, after such a shock to the nerves."

"No. I cannot go home without thanking my deliverer. I think he is not all right. I believe he was hurt."

Some inquiry was made in the crowd. Yes, the man had been hurt a bit. Tim Sanders had helped him into the store yonder.

So Pauline made her way into the "store yonder." She looked around as she entered, for some men stood there talking, and she saw no one else. She was recognized, however, and her object divined.

"He's in a room within," said the proprietor. "I've had him made comfortable, and sent for the doctor, but I fear he's mortal bad hurt."

Pauline went through the open door, feeling sick and faint. Some one hurt in saving her! Oh, how terrible!—with wife and children, perhaps, to be left alone in desolation. Ah, her life was not worth so much—she who had no one to leave. But she must see the poor man, and do what she could.

The room was neat and comfortable. A white bed stood in the corner, and, on a table near, a light threw a ray upon that bed and its occupant. A woman stood near, bending over him. She looked up, as Pauline entered, with a surprised air.

"I am the lady whose life he saved," she said, simply.

Then, with a glance at the injured man's ghastly face, with the pain convulsing it, she shrieked, ran forward, and knelt beside the bed.

"Oh, Sandy!" she cried, "did you do it for me? Oh, I have not deserved it—I have not deserved it!"

"Polly, I am glad," he said, a smile chasing away the pain in his face, and a look of content shining in his childish blue eyes—"I am glad God let me do some good thing before I died—glad that He let me do it for you. You'll forgive me now, Polly, all the evil things I ever did before—won't you, Polly?"

"Oh, Sandy! forgive me; I am the one who needs it. I have been so cold and hard."

"You know you said, Polly"—he spoke slowly and with effort—"you said that night, 'I'll never forgive you—if it was your last prayer, if you lay dying before me, I would not do it!' Those words have haunted me, Polly; and now——"

"Impious wretch that I was to speak them!" Pauline cried, seizing the hand of Sandy, and covering it with kisses and tears. "Only get well, dear, and we will have that white cottage and the roses, and forget all the bitterness of the past."

"Ah!"—what a look of sick longing came over the still handsome face!—"it can't be. Maybe it would not last if it could come. You know me of old, Polly; you could never trust me. God is doing the best for us both to take me away now, before I have broken my vow, and fallen away from His grace."

Silence for a moment, while Pauline hid her face in her hands.

"How did you come to be there, Sandy?" she said, at last.

"Well," answered Sandy, slowly, as if to recollect were an effort, "I went in to hear you sing. Yes, I saw you, Polly, beautiful as an angel in that white dress, and your voice—well, I'd heard it often before, when you sung little Robbie to sleep, but never like to-night. It stung me to the heart, somehow, it was so beautiful, and I could not bear the great pain of it, and so went out and wandered about the streets, in a sort of aimless way, till I heard a great hue-and-cry, and saw you, my Polly—I knew the sleigh I had watched bringing you to the hotel—dashing by at that mad pace. And my heart gave a great leap, for I knew the embankment was so near. I think God led me to that very spot—I think He meant me to save you, dear."

"And the hurt, Sandy? Oh! why don't the doctor come?"

"Ah!"—in pain; the words came slowly—"the horse kicked me in the breast. I can scarcely breathe now. Do not weary for the doctor. He can do no good."

Pauline sat there a moment, thinking of the man's true heart and constant love. He had counted for so little in the times past. He seemed so great now. How coldly, a few hours ago, had she cast them away, trampling on her vows before God and man at the same time! For had she not vowed to cleave unto him, "for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer, till death us do part"? Ah, the memory of that broken vow would haunt her forever. She had cast him away, and he had laid down his life for her.

"Sandy," she whispered, for his eyes were closed, "it has all been wrong. I should have staid with you, and tried to help you to do right. I hope God will forgive me. I think I can never forgive myself."

"Never mind, Polly," murmured the dying man. "He has made it all right now. I was a miserable wretch. I am glad He gave me grace to do better, and He did not let me fall. What! is that Robbie? Why, he's dressed in white, Polly, as you were to-night—all in white."

And with this vision of beauty, poor Sandy's eyes closed on every earthly sight forever.

The doctor, coming in a moment after, saw a smile on that still face, which illuminated it into rare beauty.

XUM

"He could not have suffered much when he died," he said, turning to Pauline.

And the doctor went out, wondering at the great emotion of the lady, till he heard the truth a day or two after—the truth embellished by various additions, as truth is apt to be. Robbie and Sandy rest side by side, and Pauline's time is frequently occupied in making visits to the quiet churchyard.

EUNICE DART.

Chapter I.

Sprays of ivy, blushing scarlet at the Winter's kiss, shot over the stone walls of Lishey Manor like tongues of flame. A woman's hand drew aside the velvet window hangings, and a pair of cold gray eyes drank in the mellow October sunlight that lay like a benediction over all. A gust of wind sent the scarlet leaves whirling through the open casement across the room, and the invalid, lying so pale and still upon the bed, slowly opened his eyes.

"Eunice."

His voice had all the double petulance of age and suffering, and his companion dropped the purple curtain hastily, and stood beside him. She was a tall, fair woman, graceful as a willow, with cold, metallic eyes, and a face like Diana.

Amid the sumptuous elegance of velvet and dead-gold she stood, with her dress of soft gray falling away from her perfect form, and no ornament save a mass of glittering hair coiled low upon her neck.

The sufferer gazed at her a moment with mournful tenderness.

"Diedrich will not think you beautiful," he said, fretfully. "You are too pale, and your lips are thin, like a scarlet thread. He has seen thousands of lovelier women since he left Lishey. Do you remember Diedrich?" he added, abruptly, looking her full in the face.

If the old man's sight had not been dimmed by age, he might have seen the thin lips grow thinner, and a look come into the calm gray eyes that would have made a stronger heart tremble. She answered him softly, disregarding all but his question.

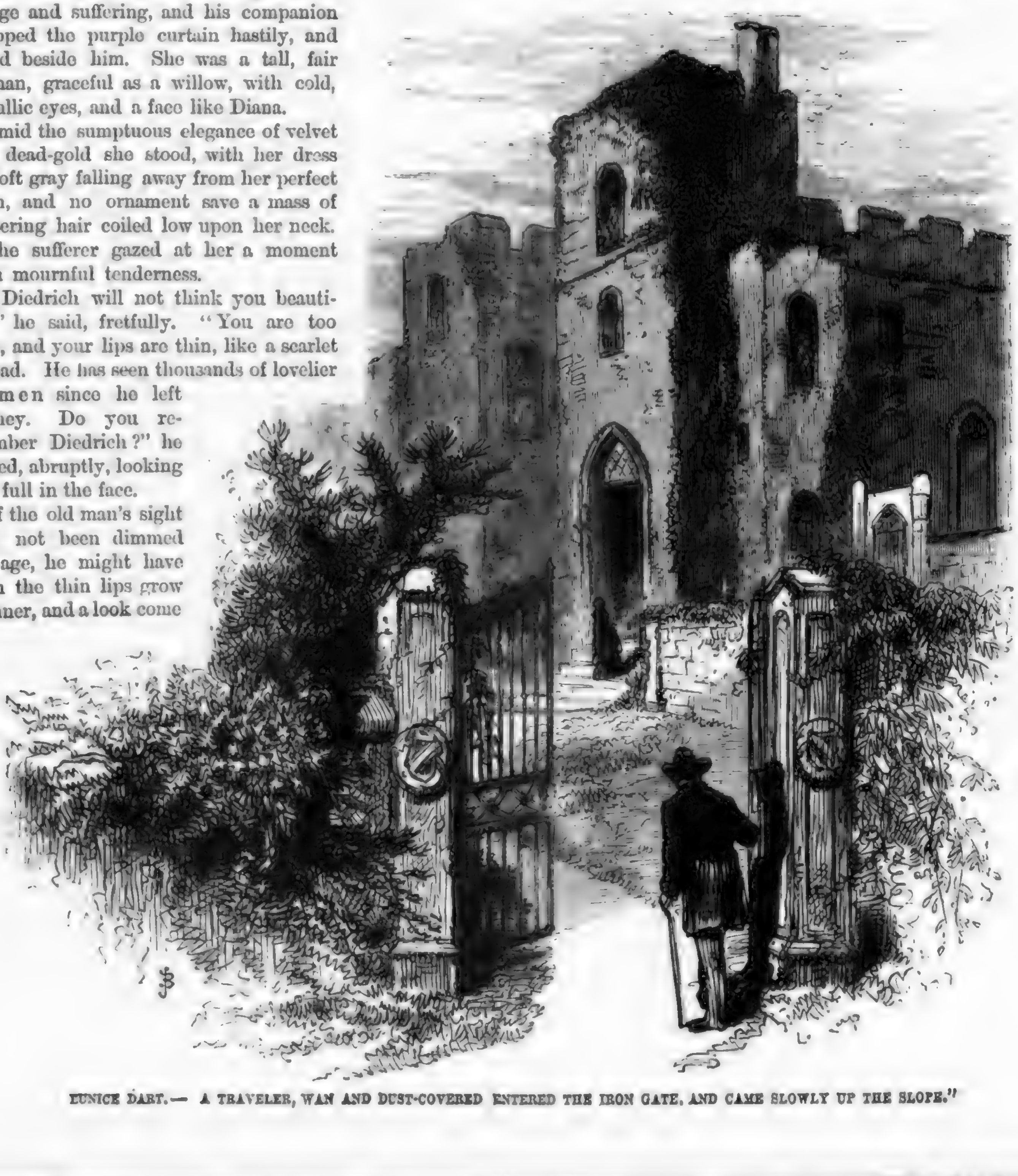
"Oh, yes, quite distinctly. You know I was almost eighteen when he went away."

"Almost eighteen," the old man repeated, musingly. "That was the Summer before Berenice died. Berenice was your grandmother, child. She was a faithful soul. If your blood were half as good as your heart, you might wed the flower of the land."

The weak, complaining voice died away, and the speaker sank into a doze. His companion returned to her watch by the window, and stood motionless as a statue.

No one understood this fair, still woman, who moved about Lishey Manor like a shadow. She had been brought there when an infant, they said, and grown to womanhood beneath the shelter of the rare old house.

It was whispered among the servants that there was better blood in her veins than that of her plebeian grandmother, the old housekeeper, who had served the Chetwyndes of Lishey so long and faithfully. But it was not Chetwynde blood; for they were a swarthy, passionate race, and this



EUNICE DART.— A TRAVELER, WAN AND DUST-COVERED ENTERED THE IRON GATE, AND CAME SLOWLY UP THE SLOPE."

woman was as cold and passionless as a frozen lily. Diedrich Chetwynde had called her his "Wintry Star" seven years ago, and only once had he seen a flush upon her cheek. She had grown colder still since Diedrich went away, and the weary, silent years had left their traces on heart and brow. He would be home to-morrow.

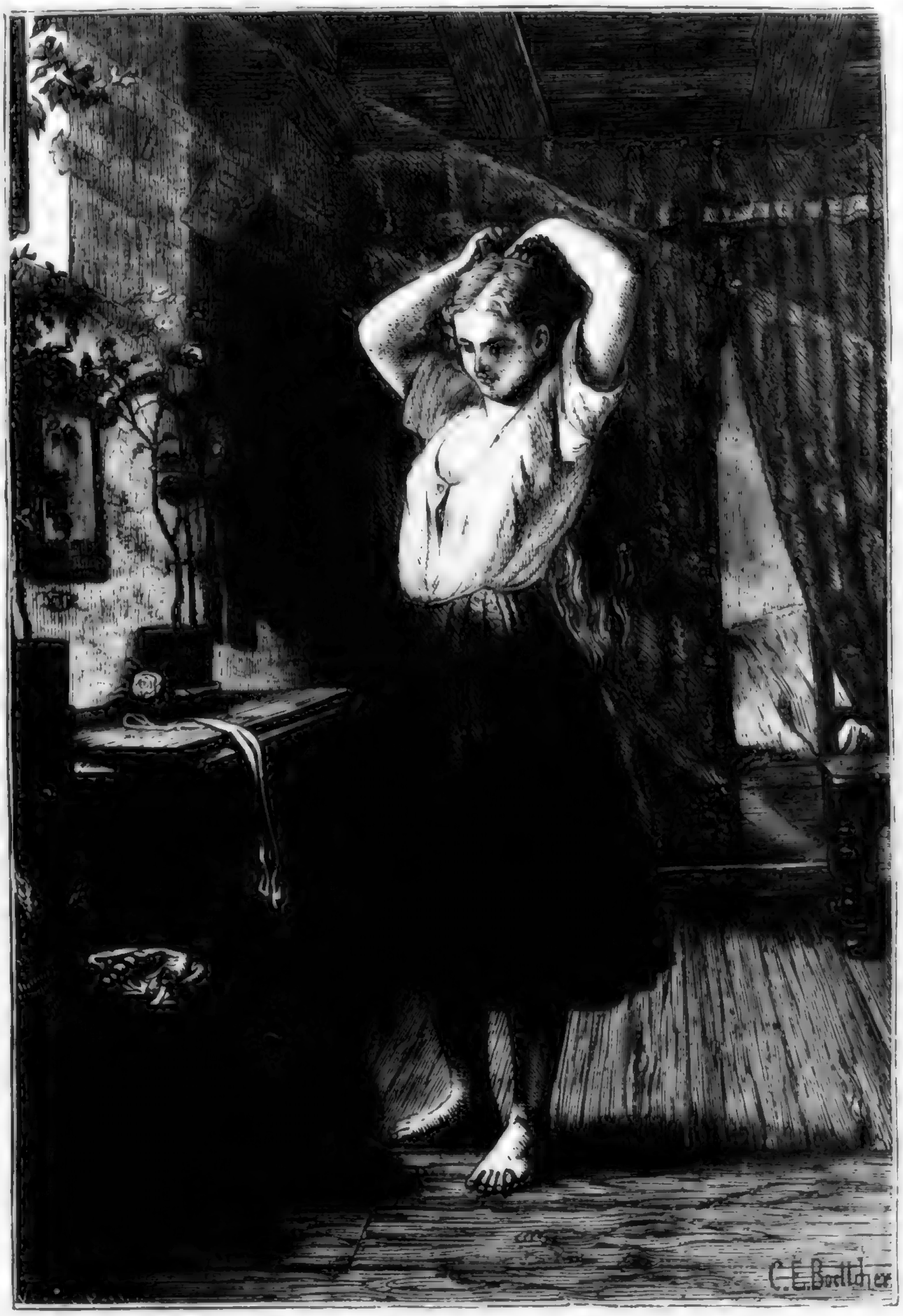
She turned the tiny gold band upon her finger slowly, and looked away across the landscape to where the broad acres of Lishey melted into mist. "There are the two things I love above all others, Eunice—you and Lishey Manor."

The words came floating back to her with the memory of the man who had drank her young soul like wine, and she curled her proud lip, and set her white teeth defiantly as she thought of his return.

He had written that a friend would accompany him, and the old mansion was echoing to the sound of busy preparation.

Before many months a funeral train would move down the long avenue, and Eunice Dart would be homeless.

She turned her eyes toward the pale, withered face upon the pillow. Disease had lent a helping hand to time, and the sufferer looked older than he was. Death had been trifling with his victim so long, she had almost ceased to expect him.



GRETCHEN'S TOILET.—SEE PAGE 355.

There was a strange, hard look in the woman's eyes as she turned from the sorrowful picture within to the lavish beauty of October's carnival without.

"Let him come back," she muttered, between her set teeth, "and overflow the old house with song and laughter for a time; let him bring his gay visitors, and play the host while he may. There are strange things in store for Diedrich Chetwynde."

And he did come back—brought his guest to Lishey Manor, and welcomed her royally. No one saw the face that looked from the diamond-paned window that day as Diedrich bent low and gazed with passionate tenderness into the soft brown eyes that were uplifted to his as he stepped from the carriage and gave his hand to his companion.

Eunice grasped at the heavy oaken casement, while wave after wave of anguish surged over her face, leaving it ashen and rigid.

Merry laughter, and the sound of young voices floating in at the open window aroused the old man, and his childish, trembling voice broke in upon her stupor.

"Has Diedrich come?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; "Diedrich has come at last."

"Eunice—Eunice Dart?" he said, questioningly, when they met, starting a little to see how grand and fair she had grown.

"Yes, Eunice Dart," she said, with stately sweetness. "Time and travel play sad havoc with our old playmates. Your uncle has waited anxiously for your coming."

"Diedrich," said the old man, fretfully, "come to me, my boy. It is seven years since I saw a Chetwynde."

He held out his trembling hand, and felt the firm grasp of youth and vigor. The withered lip quivered childishly.

"We are the last of the race, my lad. You should have children playing up and down the long halls of Lishey ere this—you and Eunice—for you will marry Eunice, Diedrich. She must be mistress of Lishey. I cannot die in peace unless she is."

The young man started, and glanced over his shoulder. She was standing with her back to them, gazing into the fire, her hands clasped behind her. She did not raise her head nor move, and Diedrich thought the old man's words unnoticed. When she turned, the pure, proud face was as calm as ever.

He beckoned her from the room as he left, and a moment later she stood beside him in the dimly lighted hall. She bade him good-by there seven years before, and now he looked into her face and said, hurriedly:

"I have brought my wife to Lishey to-day. My uncle seems very weak; perhaps it would be well to spare him the shock. Will you arrange the matter, Miss Dart?"

The words fell upon her brain like lead, yet she did not scream, nor faint, only held out her shapely hand and said, quietly: "Your bride! Let me wish you joy. I am sorry we must withhold the happy tidings from your uncle. But it shall be as you have said."

There was no tremor in her voice, and Diedrich felt that the old dream was forgotten. Somehow, the consciousness nettled him. He turned upon his heel abruptly, and strode down the long corridor without a word. His companion stood still where he had left her, and the haughty lips melted into a bitter smile.

"Does he think to dupe me again?" she almost hissed, gazing after the receding figure. "He little dreams how well I know his scheme."

The old man's words were ringing in her ears—"Eunice must be mistress of Lishey, Diedrich; I cannot die in peace unless she is," and the calm, steel-gray eyes had read her old lover's face like an open book.

"He would keep his young bride a prisoner below until the worst is over; till he is master here, and I am homeless. Though I hated every inch of Lishey soil, I would give up life, honor, everything, to snatch it from him."

The words came with a deep intensity of bitterness from her lips, and the delicate, colorless face was full of unutterable hatred.

A moment later she smiled down upon Diedrich Chetwynde's wife with melting tenderness. The soft-eyed, girlish bride looked after her with wondering gaze.

"She is so grand and sweet, Diedrich, yet her voice sounds like a shattered icicle, and her eyes make me afraid. Must I try to love her? Who is she?"

* * * * * *

November moaned the Autumn's requiem, and Winter wrapped her in her winding-sheet. Still the fluttering pulse had not ceased to beat, and the feeble, querulous voice greeted Diedrich Chetwynde's ear as shrill and petulant as ever.

"You will make Eunice your wife, my boy. I will have no other woman's children playing about my grave. Make her your wife. You will find no fitter mistress for Lishey!"

Diedrich bent low, and whispered in the old man's ear.

"Not now? And why not now? Would you deceive me, lad? Remember a Chetwynde's curse outlives all other curses. Make her your wife, I say!"

The sweat stood in great beads on Diedrich Chetwynde's swarthy brow, and he looked in helpless agony toward the stately, placid woman standing there as fair and immovable as marble. Could he trust her? The white eyelids did not droop; the clear gray eyes looked into his unflinchingly. He could have knelt at her feet and kissed the remotest hem of her garment in awe and adoration.

CHAPTER II.

WEEKS lengthened into months, and still those two, so strangely met, hung over the sufferer's couch. Still, Diedrich Chetwynde's childlike, trusting wife, wandered up and down the stately halls of Lishey Manor like an imprisoned fawn. Her husband rarely left his uncle's side, and then his words were few, though tender, and his restless eye strayed toward the sick man's door. Ere long the steady strain on nerve and heart began to tell upon the manly form, and one day they carried him, pale and fainting, to his young wife, who hung over him with white, scared face and tender, ministering hands, through long days and nights of suffering.

The wind howled madly amid the oaks and turrets of Lishey Manor, moaning through the long corridors like a dying spirit, and sending shrill, death-like whispers through every crevice. Within, the firelight played softly over the hangings of violet velvet, lighting up the dead-gold paneling with a fitful, wavering light, and falling gently upon the invalid's silver hair and troubled, twitching face.

"Eunice."

She stood beside him instantly. The withered, trembling hands wandered helplessly toward hers, and the piteous, wavering voice came faintly and at long intervals.

"Eunice—my child—my more than daughter—you will be Diedrich's wife—promise me."

The lithe, slender figure bent low over the dying man, so low that the firelight struck upon the parted lips and glittering hair coiled like a great yellow serpent about her stately head. Her voice fell clear and evenly upon his ear.

"No, my lord, I cannot promise, for Lishey has a mistress now. Diedrich brought his bride home long ago—a fair, girlish bride, with tinted cheeks and lips like a scarlet berry. When you are gone, my lord, Eunice Dart is homeless!"

"Homeless!"

The old man started up and sat erect. The blood that had flowed pure and clean of all deceit for centuries surged through his veins once more, and the Chetwynde fire flashed from his sunken eyes.

"Homeless! Can this thing be? Has the stripling dared to deceive me thus? Let him learn that while a Chetwynde breathes, he can do justice. Bring me my will, Eunice, and summon witnesses. Make haste, child; I have not many hours to live, and you shall be mistress of Lishey," said the old man, in a determined voice.

The work was done. The heavy doors had closed upon them all. The sound of footsteps died away in the corridor.

Eunice Dart stood holding the icy hand and smoothing the damp white hair from the sufferer's brow. The fluttering eyelids fell, the troubled, sunken face sank into rest, and the haughty, silent woman stood alone with her dead.

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A funeral train swept down the long avenue, and an hour later the three young mourners were gathered in the lofty parlor of the old manor-house. Diedrich sat, haggard and gloomy, with one arm about his trembling wife, who sobbed convulsively upon his shoulder.

Eunice Dart paced slowly up and down the dimly lighted room, her black dress trailing over the carpet, and her eyes bent upon the floor. Suddenly she stopped before them, and looked into Diedrich's face.

"The Chetwyndes hate deceit," she said, with mocking sweetness. "Your uncle hated it even till his death, and I, who have lived so long upon their bounty, have learned to hate it, too, and strive to be clean-handed like the rest. The past is buried and forgotten; you and yours will always be welcome at Lishey Manor."

Her voice was full of withering scorn and triumph, and Diedrich started up as if he would have struck her. But she glided from him, and smiled back at them as the oaken door closed behind her.

* * * * * * *

Ten years of storm and sunshine had left no trace upon the gray towers of Lishey. The ivy ran riot over the stone walls, and hung itself in gay festoons from the heavy eaves, and the gorgeous October sunset flooded the diamond-paned windows with light, and threw the long shadows of the towering oaks athwart the hill, just as of old. Eunice Dart stood gazing down the long avenue, the same shadowy, spirit-like look in her face, and the heavy, serpentine coil of yellow hair as glittering as when she watched the heir of Lishey leave his birthplace. But the passionless gray eyes had lost some of their steadiness, and the delicate mouth had learned to quiver with remorse and pain.

A traveler, wan and dust-covered, entered the iron gate and came slowly up the slope. There were streaks of silver in his hair and beard, and his sunken eyes wandered over the old house hungrily. At last they fell upon the silent woman's figure standing there. He went up to her and held out both his hands.

"Eunice, there are two things I love above all others—you and Lishey Manor. Will you let me die here, with your hand upon my forehead?"

She took his wasted, feverish hands in hers, and the lonesome, yearning soul leaped to her eyes and voice—the woman's soul that had been hushed, beaten back so long.

"Diedrich—Diedrich, my darling, forgive me!"

The cry so long repressed came with a deep intensity of pain and tenderness, and when its echo died away, they two, who had so loved and wronged each other, stood with clasped hands and tender, restful gaze, beneath the shadow of the gray stone turrets that had well-nigh wrought their ruin.

GRETCHEN'S TOILET.

Pretty little Gretchen, kissed by the sunbeams! pleasant little maiden, waked from her fond dreams! whitely her arms show, goldly her hair gleams, as the bright morn ray o'er her sweet head streams; while with good-humor her bonny face teems, and, in her clear eyes, Love quite at home seems.

IRELAND'S SHAKESPEARE FORGERIES.

Mr. Samuel Ireland, originally a silk merchant in Spitalfields, was led by his taste for literary antiquities to abandon trade for those pursuits, and published several tours. One of them consisted of an excursion upon the River Avon, during which he explored, with ardent curiosity, every locality associated with Shakespeare. He was accompanied by his son, a youth of sixteen, who imbibed a portion of his father's Shakespearean mania. The youth, perceiving the great importance which his parent attached to every relic of the poet, and the eagerness with which he sought for any of his MS. remains, conceived that it would not be difficult to gratify his father by some productions of his own, in the language and manner of Shakespeare's time. The idea possessed his mind for a certain period; and, in 1793, being then in his eighteenth year, he produced some MSS. said to be in the handwriting of Shakespeare, which he said had been given him by a gentleman possessed of many other old papers.

The young man, being articled to a solicitor in Chancery, easily fabricated, in the first instance, the deed of mortgage from Shakspeare to Michael Fraser. The ecstasy expressed by his father urged him to the fabrication of other documents, described to come from the same quarter. Emboldened by success, he ventured upon higher compositions in prose and verse; and at length announced the discovery of an original drama, under the title of "Vortigern," which he exhibited, act by act, written in the period of two months. Having provided himself with the paper of the period (being the fly-leaves of old books), and with ink prepared by a bookbinder, no suspicion was entertained of the deception. The father, who was a maniac upon such subjects, gave such *éclat* to the supposed discovery, that the attention of the literary world, and all England, was drawn to it; insomuch that the son, who had announced other papers, found it impossible to retreat, and was goaded into the production of the series which he had promised.

The house of Mr. Ireland, in Norfolk Street, Strand, was daily crowded to excess by persons of the highest rank, as well as by the most celebrated men of letters. The MSS. being mostly decreed genuine, were considered of inestimable worth; and at one time it was expected that Parliament would give any required sum for them. Some conceited amateurs in literature at length sounded an alarm, which was echoed by certain of the newspapers and public journals; notwithstanding which, Mr. Sheridan agreed to give £600 for permission to play "Vortigern" at Drury Lane Theatre. So crowded a house was scarcely ever seen as on the night of the performance, and a vast number of persons could not obtain admission. The predetermined malcontents began an opposition from the outset; some ill-cast characters converted grave scenes into ridicule, and there ensued between the believers and the skeptics a contest which endangered the property. The piece was, accordingly, withdrawn.

The juvenile author was now so beset for information that he found it necessary to abscond from his father's house; and then, to put an end to the wonderful ferment which his ingenuity had created, he published a pamphlet, wherein he confessed the entire fabrication. Besides "Vortigern," young Ireland also produced the play of "Henry II."; and, although there were in both such incongruities as were not consistent with Shakespeare's age, both dramas contain passages of considerable beauty and originality.

The admissions of the son did not, however, screen the father from obloquy, and the reaction of public opinion affected his fortunes and his health. Mr. Ireland was the dupe of his zeal upon such subjects; and the son never contemplated at the outset the unfortunate effect. Such was the enthusiasm of certain admirers of Shakespeare (among them Drs. Parr and Warton), that they fell upon their knees before the MSS.; and, by their idolatry, inspired hundreds of others with similar enthusiasm. The young author was filled with astonishment and alarm, which at that stage it was not in his power to check. Sir Richard Phillips, who knew the parties, has thus related the affair in the "Anecdote Library."

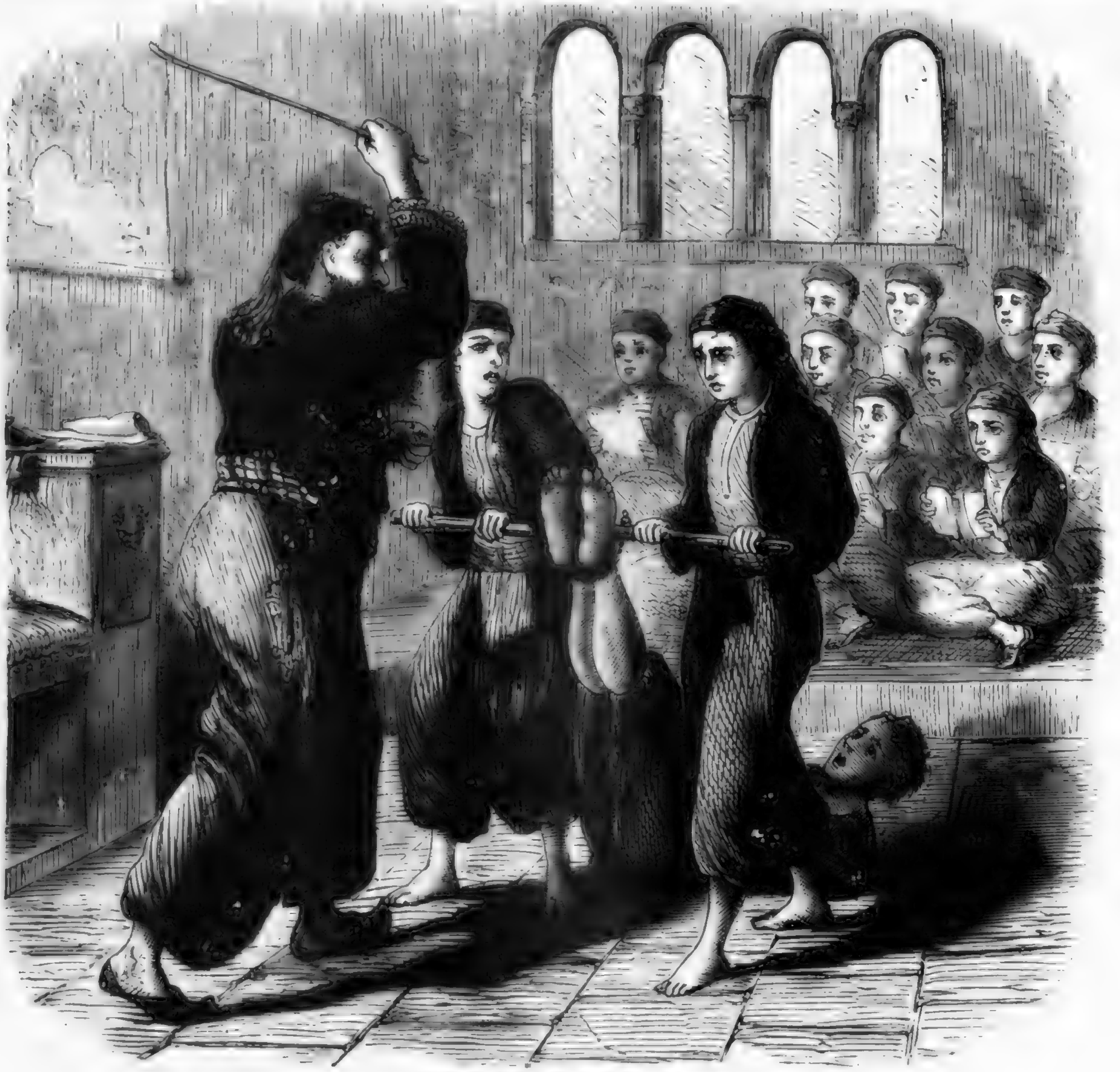
In the catalogue of Dr. Parr's library at Hatton (*Bibliotheca Parriana*), we find the following attempted explanation by the doctor:

"Ireland's (Samuel) 'Great and impudent forgery, called,' Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments, under the hand and seal of William Shakespeare, folio 1796."

"I am almost ashamed to insert this worthless and infamously trickish book. It is said to include the tragedy of 'King Lear,' and a fragment of 'Hamlet.' Ireland told a lie when he imputed to *me* the words which *Joseph Warton* used, the very morning I called on Ireland, and was inclined to admit the possibility of genuineness in his papers. In my subsequent conversation, I told him my change of opinion. But I thought it not worth while to dispute in print with a detected impostor.—S. P."

Mr. Ireland died about 1802. His son, William Henry, long survived him; but the forgeries blighted his literary reputation for ever, and he died in straitened circumstances, about the year 1840. The reputed Shakespearean MSS. are stated to have been seen for sale in a pawnbroker's window in Wardour Street, Soho.

XUM



FLOGGING IN A TURKISH SCHOOL.

A MOSLEM SCHOOL-ROOM

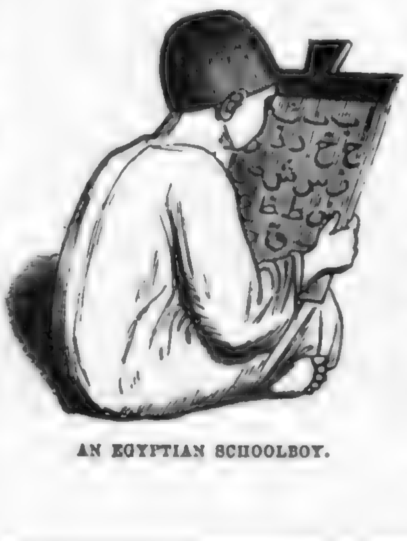
By Thomas W. Knox.

On my first day in a Mohammedan city, I came upon something which puzzled me considerably.

A room, ten or twelve feet square, contained about twenty-five boys and a man. The door was open, so that I could look inside and see the entire party. My attention was attracted by the noise of many voices, that reminded me of my school-days, when our teacher used to put a dozen of us on the platform, and have each one read or recite whatever he liked best. One would repeat "The Burial of Sir John Moore," another "Casabianca," another something from Shakespeare, and so we went on, each one according to his fancy. We used to think it very funny, and had many a laugh over it.

Now this noise that came to my ears in that far-off Moslem city, was exactly like the noise we boys used to make when we recited together. I asked my guide what it was, and he said it was a school. I stopped and looked into the room I have described.

The boys were seated on the floor, and they had no desks nor benches. Some of them had tablets like large slates; these tablets were of wood, painted white, and the lessons were written upon them with a coarse pencil, and in a very large hand. Other boys had boards, or loose leaves, and all were hard at work over their lessons. The master was seated on the floor at one side of the room, and there was a sort of desk in front of him, consisting of a board about a yard long, and raised not more than a foot above the floor.

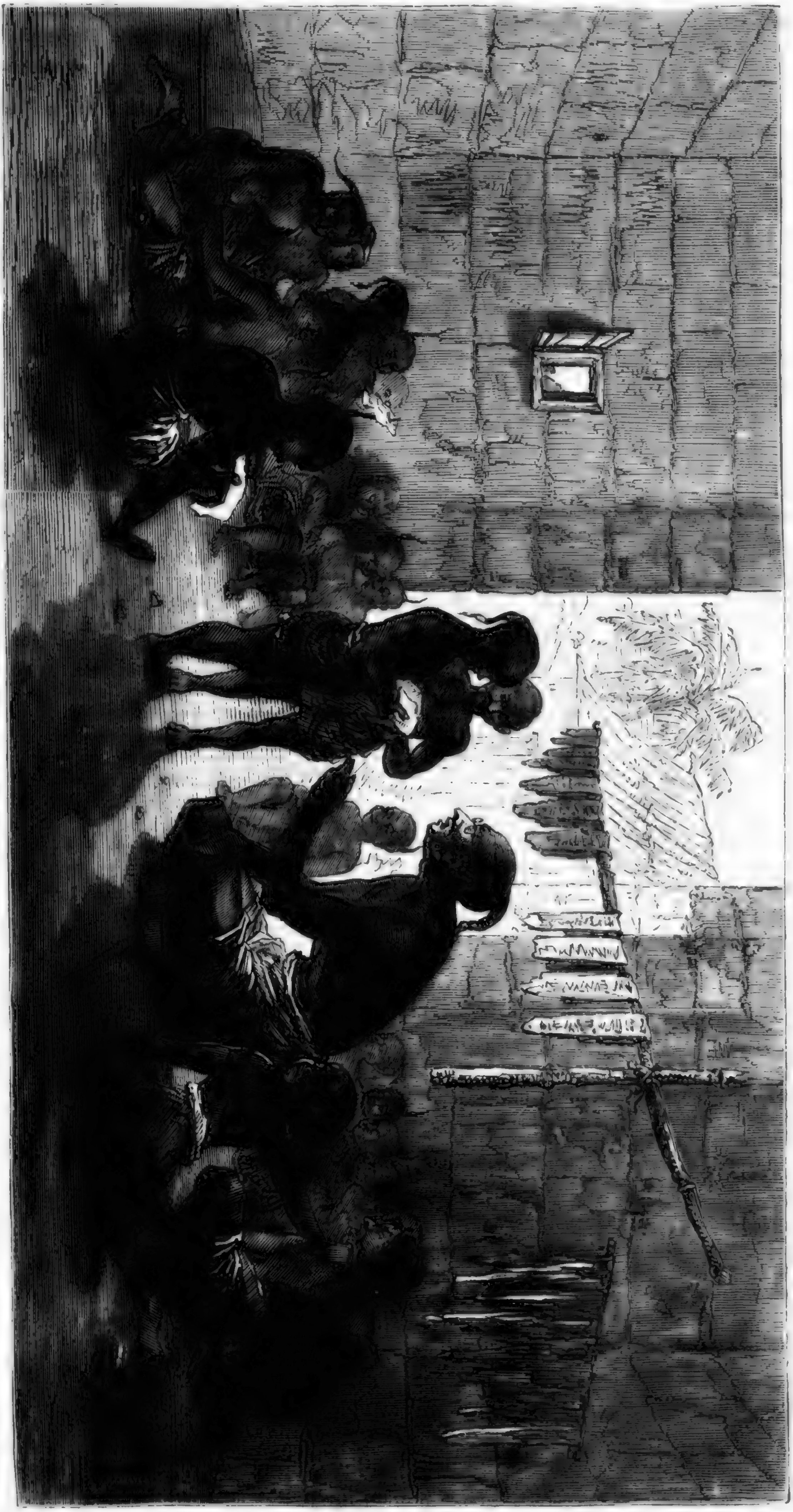


AN EGYPTIAN SCHOOLBOY.

The noise that I heard was made by the boys. In an Arab school every boy studies aloud, and he repeats his lesson again and again, till he has committed it to memory. You can imagine what a confusion they must make! And at the same time that the boy repeats his lesson, he rocks his body backward and forward, very much as if he were sitting in a rocking-chair. The habit thus formed in youth is continued through life. You will often see merchants sitting in their shops, and reading the Koran or Mohammedan bible; they accompany the reading with the rocking motion, which is thought to assist the memory.

Every Moslem village has at least one school, and in the cities and large towns, there are a great many schools. They are generally attached to mosques and sometimes to drinking fountains, a single room being provided for the school. The schoolmasters are appointed by the authorities of the place or by the chief priest of the mosque, and they are sometimes very ignorant. There is a story in Cairo that a man who could neither read nor write, managed to obtain the appointment of schoolmaster. He could repeat the whole of the alphabet and the Koran, so that he could hear the boys recite their lessons, and he employed the head boy, or monitor, of the school to write the lessons, pretending that his own eyes were very weak. It was some time before his deception was found out.

The schoolmaster does not have a large salary. Most of the schools have endowment funds, and from these funds the master receives a suit of clothes once a year, and each boy receives a cap, a pair of shoes, and a piece of cotton cloth large enough to make him a frock. Sometimes the



A MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL.

master gets five or ten dollars a year from the fund, but oftener nothing. The father of each boy gives the master four or five cents every Thursday, which is the last day of the Moslem week. Then, about once a month, the master writes on each boy's tablet a statement of its owner's progress. He sends it to the boy's father, and next day the tablet is returned, and with it five or ten cents. The schoolmasters in these countries do not get rich.

The schoolboy in the Orient begins, like all other schoolboys, by learning the alphabet. When he has learned it, he goes on with short syllables, and with the numerical value of letters, as the Arabic letters are often used to represent numbers. When he has learned all this, the master writes some simple words for him, such as the names of men and places, and particularly those of his friends and schoolmates. He is also required to learn the names of God, of which there are no less than ninety-nine. Then he learns the Koran, and does it in a way that will seem very curious.

The first lesson which is given in the Koran is the first chapter, and the boy is not allowed to go on until he can repeat it perfectly. Then he learns the last chapter, and then the next to the last, and he goes on in this way so that the last chapter he learns is the second in the book.

There are a hundred and fourteen chapters of the Koran, most of them very short, when compared with the chapters of our Bible. For most boys, the common school education ceases when they have learned to read and recite these chapters, and it is not often that the masters are able to teach them anything else. An Arab schoolboy knows nothing about geography, and cannot tell the population of his own country or anything else concerning it. His education is finished when he has learned the Koran.

The master of a common school does not teach writing or arithmetic, and the parents do not consider it necessary for their boys to study these things unless they are intended for some employment where such knowledge would be useful. There is another school for these accomplishments, where the study is much more quiet than in the reading schools. The teacher has an official appointment, and is paid something more than the teachers I have described.

Then there are schools and colleges attached to the great mosques, where students of religion and the professions go to complete their instruction. Some of these schools are very large, the one connected with the mosque of El Aghar, at Cairo, having nine thousand students, and more than three hundred professors. The students do not pay anything for their instruction, and the professors receive nothing but their food and clothing, which are given to them by the mosque. For their other wants, they depend upon copying manuscripts and giving instruction in private houses. Sometimes the students make them small presents, but this does not happen very often.

Somebody will ask why I have said nothing about schools for girls. I could give several reasons for neglecting to speak of them, but the first will be sufficient—there are no such schools.

The girls of poor parents receive no instruction, and it is not generally considered worth while to teach them to say their prayers. Among the wealthy people, teachers are sometimes employed to instruct the girls and women how to repeat the Koran, and in rare instances they learn to read and write. There are many schools for instructing girls how to sew and embroider, so that most women of the middle and upper classes are quite skillful with the needle.

Of late years, the rich inhabitants of Constantinople and Cairo have their daughters taught to speak and read French in addition to their own language, but this is not the case in Damascus, Bagdad, or any other inferior city, where there is very little foreign influence.

"MEN ARE BUT CHILDREN OF A LARGER GROWTH."

By Leigh Hunt.

Standing too near the fire the other day in a morning gown, a little girl admonished us of our peril; and upon our expressing a suitable remorse, and making our tone more and more serious for fear of producing a wrong effect respecting a point so dangerous, she said, with an exquisite mixture of archness and tenderness, "Good boy!"

This set us upon thinking what sort of a boy we should really make, if some supernatural circumstances or other were at once to keep us in our grown condition and yet reduce us to a state of childhood in comparison with certain new creatures our superiors; if a finer set of human beings, for example, were to visit the earth from another planet, and become to its present inhabitants what ourselves are to the children around us; people who should be as much our masters in wisdom and strength as Shakespeare compared with Tomkins, or a Cornish wrestler with an infant; who should good-humoredly smile at our little profundities in ethics and science; say, "Look at 'em!" as we sat in Parliament, playing at legislators; and put aside our army and navy as parents do "popguns"; in short, Brobdingnagians come to conquer and refine us.

Dear reader, what sort of a boy or girl should *you* make? a self-interrogation to that end might not be without its use as well as amusement. Of one thing you may be certain, and perhaps have anticipated it by thinking what sort of a child you *were*. The impulse was just. Your grown childhood, be assured, would be very like your ungrown; nay, is so. It is said that no man's nature is different from what it was at two years old, or at "two hours." We know not how that may be; but we think it would be very unaccountable if the case were much the reverse; and certain we are that all the grown people we ever knew in childhood were precisely the same individuals at both periods, modified, more or less, by experience and good sense. The tendencies had not altered a whit.

Among our domestic and school acquaintances, for instance, there was F., thoughtless, luxurious, and good-natured; P., didactic and authoritative, yet full of jest; M., conventional and lover of power, but with a manliness; B., dispassionate as to taking a part from the clearness with which he saw all sides of a question, and yet easily inclined this way or that by a friend; S., scholarly but violent; C., correcting his impulses by a sympathy with grace; G., a born gentleman; T., loud and generous, etc.

All this they were to a tittle in their early days; and precisely such they remained ever afterward, as far as we knew them. How should it be otherwise? Their fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, ancestors, nurses, servants, diet, breeding, health, sickness, and a thousand other circumstances, contributed to make them what they were; and how were they to get rid of all this, by a jerk, or by the substitution of habits to which they had no tendency for those to which they had been bent from the very first? Oh, happy are we, if, with assiduous cultivation of our better qualities, we can but succeed in keeping down our worse, without quarreling either with others or ourselves!

To this happiness we most assuredly have all the right which our original dependence can give us; and in sweet thoughts does a due consideration of it terminate; first finding nobody to blame and all to sympathize with. The discoveries of society may help the whole of us forward, and thus modify individuals hereafter far beyond what has been done yet, though ourselves have to struggle in harder nets of circumstance.

But we are getting out of our subject. An imaginary bit of Boswell shall bring us round to it. Supposing him asking

Dr. Johnson what sort of great, grown man-boy he would have made under the circumstances above imagined. If the doctor were in ill-humor, worried, perhaps, by a bit of skepticism or veal pie, he would angrily cry out, "Sir, why tease me by supposing what is impossible?" or worse, "Sir, why remind me that I am not a child—not innocent, sir?—nay, as to that matter, when was I? when are any of us innocent? Sir, I should doubtless be a very bad boy; peevish, sir, disobedient—violent. Sir, I shouldn't go to bed when I was told. I should be a thief and a liar; steal pie, sir, and say I hadn't done it; and I should neglect my prayers till I was frightened—I do it now. Let us have no more of this."

But if he was in a good humor, going to a capital dinner, perhaps, or just come from a successful argument with Burke, or thinking of the poor woman he relieved last night, he would very likely say, with a smile, "Why, sir, I should be a very *fair* boy; nay, sir, not pulcher—not flavicomous" (observing me smile at thinking of him as a pretty child with blonde ringlets); "but I should be decently good. Orderly, sir, if treated with love; though with outbreaks of sullenness. And yet, if the supernatural beings were infallible, or if I thought them so, I should be good always—I hope so." (Here he looked meditative and bland.) "For what do we require, sir, but certainty, to enable us to act like rational beings? Sir" (smiling), "I should go to bed without giving the supernatural beings the trouble of telling me twice. I should exchange my wig for a nightcap, sir, too happy to lay aside the pride of a man for the felicity of an infant, and to repose on the bosom of an infallible Glumdalclitch."

(Here Boswell, by dint of pushing the bottle, suppresses an immense desire to laugh at the idea of his illustrious friend taking off his wig and brown suit, and reposing with nightcap on the lap of a nurse from Brobdingnag.)

"And Cæsar, now, sir. What sort of a boy do you think Cæsar would have made?"

"Why, sir, Cæsar would have made as good a boy as any, if he thought his new masters infallible; but if he did not, I should not wonder if he ran away, sir. You know his ambition was to be chief everywhere, and that he would rather be the first man in a village than the second in Rome. He would have broken out of bonds, sir, and gone to head the Lilliputians."

"Mr. Burke, sir, would have said his lesson well?"

"Why, yes, sir. And perhaps have suggested an improvement in the new *quæ genus.* Nay, sir, there would be no end to Burke's mind, even in Brobdingnag. And he has a tendency to innovate, sir, has Burke; and in a degree, too, which would not be quite respectful to superiors in a less man. Except, indeed, when others show a like tendency, and then Edmund is for putting them down. His confidence in himself is naturally greater than it is in others. He knows what he knows, sir—a vast knowledge."

"Our friend Garrick can scarcely be said to know what he knows."

"Yes, sir, 'by heart,'" (laughing). "He would be whipped for making your men-boys laugh at his grimaces. Don't let us talk of Garrick, sir, when we are talking of mind!"

"Poor Goldy, however, sir, I may mention him. How would he conduct himself?"

"Why, sir, poor Goldy, as you call him, would very likely be one of the happiest and most honored boys in the school. He would not be quite cured of his failings. He would give away all his money to others; unless Glumdalclitch kept it for him. But, sir, he would not only know superiors in others, but they would know *him;* and Goldsmith, sir, is a ready-made innocent child with such man's wit as beings like these would honor."

Boswell is silenced at this; and Johnson, pitying him, does not proceed to show what sort of a boy *he* would have made.

Well, now, dear reader, have you made up your mind by this time as to yourself? For our part, we do not choose to say publicly what kind of bad-and-good boy we ourselves should be; though we should not much mind to confess it to some very charitable friend. Can you venture as much? Can you state candidly to the person sitting next you your opinion of your own puerile self? Are you too bad to confess it, too good, or too modest? And what is your opinion of those about you? What sort of little girls and boys do you think your grown kindred? Would your married brother shine in his pinafore? or your aunt in her bib and tucker?

Then again, to look a little more widely, what sort of boys would our leading statesmen make? Imagine a playground full of Wellingtons, Peels, Broughams, Lord John Russells, Spring Rices, O'Connells, Roebucks, Molesworths, and Humes; all, too, in their new Brobdingnagian jackets, coming in to breakfast or to school, or saying their lessons (for our new masters would have to re-educate us all; wonderful is the quantity of things we should have to unlearn!). How would they all behave? And the new ladies' boarding-school (we should like to go to school near it), containing the Blessingtons, Gores, Opies, Halls, Landons, Nortons, and Morgans? What would Glumdalclitch say to them? Which of these would have surreptitious pie for supper, or scramble over the garden wall?

It is no mean test of the characters of grown people to consider which among them you would *like* under this new aspect of children? With whom you could be most easy, sincere, loving, and independent. Or, suppose the whole race of mankind could come back to be retaught, all at once, whom would you pick and choose for playfellows?

Alexander the Great, methinks, would be but an overbearing "sort of chap." We should prefer Epaminondas, who loved his father and mother; or Cæsar, who would be all things. Washington would be well-behaved to a pitch of the provoking. It would seem as if he had not feeling enough to run out of bounds, or draw a face on his slate. If you asked him to come and play, he would say it wanted "two minutes to eleven." Addison, we should fear, might think it his duty to go and "tell the master." Steele, however, would never peach; he would be flogged first. Homer would be a "good fellow." Shakespeare, Cervantes, Ariosto, Sir Walter Scott would be capital playmates and companions; fine tellers of stories out of books; with a love of robust sport, while they were about it. We should admire Bacon prodigiously for his attainments in the new "Analecta Majora," but should not much like him. He would be one of the ushers. Chaucer, in the most compulsory of verses, speaks

> "Of Samson, Turnus, and of Socrätes";

three such personages as were never before brought together! Our favorite acquaintances at the English ladies' boarding-school (were we so happy as to know their brothers) would be

> Godiva, Nancy Finch, and Eleanora.

The first, the famous Countess of Coventry, everybody knows. The second (so familiar becomes the language of love!) is another Countess, not so famous, nor indeed very well known to any but a few lovers of poetry—Anne, Countess of Winchilsea, authoress (beside the poems in Mr. Dyce's collection) of a charming one entitled the "Petition for an Absolute Retreat," which shows her to be just the sort of woman to our taste, of a spirit at once social and sequestered, and fit to have lived in Arcadia. We do not

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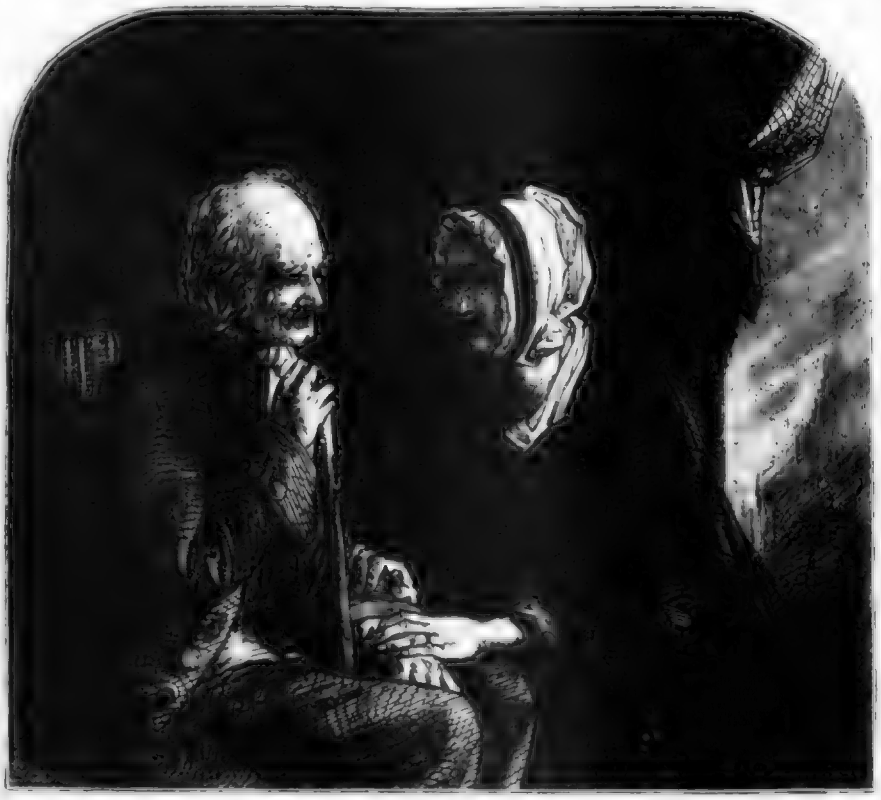
mean the Greek Arcadia, which is not the place it is taken for; but the real one—far more touching than your land of rocks and wild beasts—the Arcadia of Claude and the poets. As to Eleanora, she was a queen in times ante-Brobdingnagian—the wife that sucked the poison out of the wound of Edward I.

But we do not go upon that circumstance, though it was a right womanly action, for it was probably as safe as it was touching; though it may have required in that age a particular courage to venture upon it. We take it only as an evidence of those many congenial actions, those habits of love and beneficence, which made the fond Edward raise a cross in her honor wherever her body stopped on its way to Westminster, as though it rendered the ground precious. Which it did. For even our prosaic and matter-of-fact nineteenth century has not been insensible to the claim of this heroic woman of ages past, and in a spirit of poetry has done its meed to keep her memory green, by restoring her memorial at Charing Cross. Now the said Eleonora would make a fine hearty boarder in our Brobdingnagian school, with very little to learn over again, and willing to undergo any punishment for a friend.



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 362.

Godiva would be much such another. She would get up on Winter mornings without her flannel petticoat, to hurry up the rest of the school when late. We do not know that Lady Winchilsea's public virtue was ever put to the trial, but her good-will was unbounded, and she would be an especial lover of walks in the neighboring forest; which amounts to a virtue in our eyes. But all the new schools would be taught a love of Nature. Not a leaf nor a color would be lost upon them. And they would be as great singers as the birds.

We shall again, however, be getting too serious for our readers.

"Up, Charles William Augustus Maximilian Smith, and vindicate our facetiousness. Up on the table, Smith, and let the company see you."

Smith (as you will see the moment you look at him) is no Smith of any mark. He is not James nor Horace Smith, nor one of the Sidney Smiths, nor a Southwood Smith, nor any Northern, Eastern, or Western Smith of the least un-Smithianism; he is not a man of wit, nor of valor, nor of virtue; he is not any way original, not one who can turn a common name into uncommonness. But we have given this sort of caution before. Look at him, however. What a different opinion he evidently has of himself! How far superior he thinks himself to all the numerous and highly-respectable though not famous multitude who bear the Smithian cognomen. And yet, nevertheless, conceited as he stands there, Smith is at this present moment in a very puzzled state of mind; as indeed you may guess when you see what he has come to in his middle age—a pinafore!

Yes; Smith, aged five-and-forty, and some five feet eight inches in stature, is a little boy in a big tail-coat and pinafore, in the new school of the Brobdingnagian visitors. He is, or rather was, under the old dispensation (for he is beginning to be at a loss what to think of himself), as proud and sulky a fellow as he was a shallow one; and as the usher happens to have set him on the table to say his lesson, and has just gone out of the school to speak to somebody, we are taking advantage of his absence (not very wisely, I fear) to plague Smith, and to catechise him a little—he not answering a word, but looking very red and savage. But we have a vindictive recollection of the way in which he used to lord it over us upon the strength of his being *an epitome of commonplaces, except the good-natured ones.* This exception is the only thing we quarrel with him for, or with any one. But, situated as he is, the temptation is irresistible. All the livelier part of his schoolfellows are "having at him."

"Smith, I say, Smith, you'll have to go to bed before your time. You're a naughty boy, Smith; a bad middle-aged chap, and have been very sulky. Why didn't you learn your lesson, instead of doing nothing but make dumps all day, and stuff yourself? Look at his neckcloths and bibs, and how big he looks! and yet he does not know Brobdingnagian for 'charity,' nor 'modesty'; no, nor for 'sense.' Take your hand out of your pocket, and don't stand cluttering your dumps.

"Shall it then? Shall it have no more pudding and turtle-pap? Did they vex it, poor middle-aged thing, and expect it to have a little sense, and know a man when it sees one? Never mind 'em, Smith. Don't stand swelling so, and thinking of your 'gig,' poor respectable little fellow. Shall have another, it shall, and then all will be well. Shall ride in it to Banbury Cross—and look as big as you like, and speak loud, and be a man again.

"Here, see what I've got for you—a nice plaything, Smith; and a pretty watch. Come to me for it over the table—never mind your boots. Shall hold it to your ear, and see how time goes for little Smithy. Why, with a watch, and his dumps, and his gig, Smithy will be quite a little man again, and nobody shall plague him about 'sense' and 'modesty.'

"Ah! he! he! Say *ta* to the gentleman, Smith—oh, say *ta*.

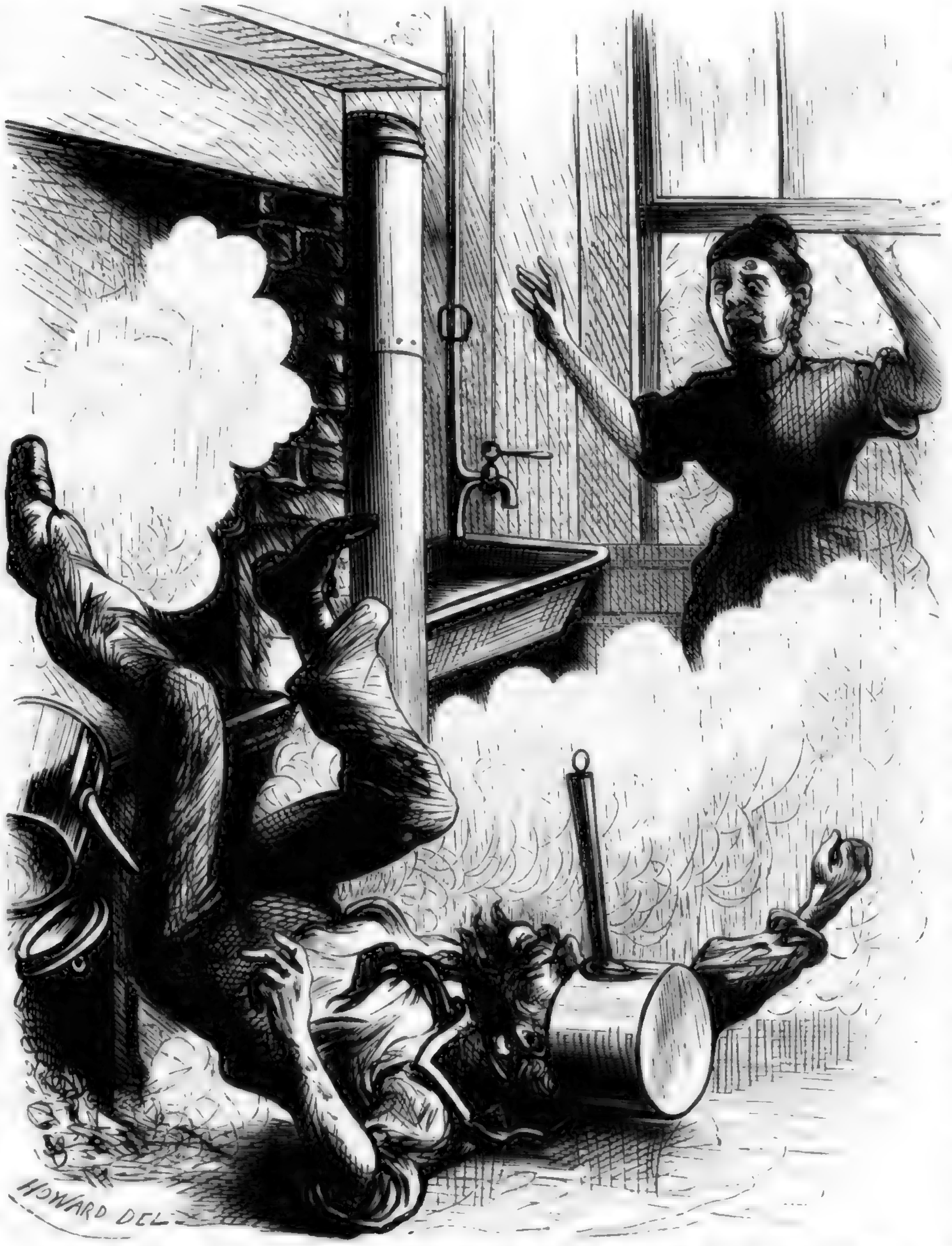
"Be a good middle-aged little boy. What, stamping, Smith?

"Oh, fie!—stamping on the nice mahogany table, and in boots! Hist, Smith! here's the usher coming."

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

By Barry Gray.

I had been to see my mother, leaving my husband in charge. I took the children, of course. For three entire days, after my return home, I was without a single servant in the house, and it took me from daylight to dark, during the whole of that time, to get things to rights. How in the world my lord and master, and his boon companions, contrived in one evening to disorganize the house as they did, is past my understanding. The first thing I did, on the morning following my arrival, was to look for a broom, but I might as well have looked for the proverbial needle in the hay-stack. Now a broom cannot be thrust into a hat-box, and shoved out of sight under the bed, or shut up in the side-board, or put into the stove-oven, unless, indeed, it is broken into several pieces. So, for several hours, I searched for a broom, but not one of the three which I had left when I departed to visit my mother could I find. Nor did I find them for a week, when, coming home one day from a visit to Fair and Forty, I discovered that they were doing duty as lightning-rods, above every chimney on the house. They made a pretty appearance, with their broom-end relieved against the sky, and were slightly suggestive of witches. When I asked my lord and master who placed them there, he replied he presumed it was the cook. Now the cook weighs two hundred, and is not given to climbing house-tops. Nor would Katie be likely to do such a thing, and I told him so. But he only shook his head, and said it was very curious, adding, "Perhaps they drew up the chimney through the fireplaces."



SINBAD THE SAILOR.—"'HE CAN'T DRINK IT NOW, TO SAVE HIS LIFE, MA'AM—NOT TILL HE GETS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE IRON POT, WHERE THE POTATOES WERE BOILING.'"

Some days elapsed after I discovered them before I could find a man willing, even for five dollars, to risk his life in attempting to get them down. But, one day, a sailor came along, who said that for a glass of grog he'd undertake the job, though it was a pity to house them. When he was in the Dutch navy, ever so many years ago, and sailed with Admiral Van Somebody—I've forgotten whom—they always had a broom at the mast-head, for luck, so that they might sweep the sea.

"This was all very well," I said, "for the sea; but, as I didn't propose to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky, I would rather have the brooms 'housed,' as he called it.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "remember it's a glass of grog."

I told him I didn't think I had any grog, but that if a glass of rum or gin or brandy would answer, I would give it to him.

He said that, as we had no grog, he would compromise the matter by taking a glass of each of the drinks I had mentioned—"one for each broom, you see—that's fair, ma'am."

And I acknowledged it was.

"Would it be convenient, ma'am," he asked, as he removed something from his mouth, which he dropped into his jacket-pocket, "to let me have a tumblerful of grog before I go aloft?"

"But you forget," I replied, "that I have no grog."

"Dash my eyes, ma'am, begging your pardon for using so strong an expression," he said, "but I'm a lubber to forget it. We'll call it a tumbler of brandy on deck, a tumbler of gin in the foretop, and a tumbler of rum, with lobscouse, in the cook-house."

"Just as you like," I said. "I'll agree to anything you propose; but I confess I don't exactly understand your language."

"My lingo, ma'am, I'll explain," he said; "a tumbler of brandy before I start, a tumbler of gin on top of the house, and a tumbler of rum, with something to eat in the kitchen, when the job is done."

"Certainly," I answered; "but how am I to get the glass of gin to you when you're seated on the roof?"

"Oh, I'll come down for it, ma'am," he said.

"But wouldn't that be giving you too much trouble?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it; it will give me pleasure, ma'am."

"But," I said, "it wouldn't be in accordance with our contract. You must have it on the house-top."

"Couldn't Biddy bring it to me, ma'am?" he inquired.

"I think not," I said. "Biddy would not like to leave the kitchen for fear the dinner might burn."

"Could you toss it up to me, ma'am?"

"I'm afraid not," I said.

"And you wouldn't trust me to carry it up myself, ma'am?" he asked. "I wouldn't spill a drop of it till I got to the top."

"Well, really," I replied, "if you will run the risk, I don't know that I have any objection."

So I gave him his glass of brandy, which he took down at one swallow, and handed him the glass of gin to carry up with him. He pretended to put it carefully in the pocket of his jacket, but a motion of his elbow, as he turned from me, satisfied me that he had drained the glass before putting it into his pocket.

Then, with the agility of a monkey, up the lightning-rod, hand-over-hand, he went; and running along the roof-tree, from chimney to chimney, he tore the brooms from their fastenings, and threw them down to the ground. Then he danced a hornpipe around the chimneys, and climbing to the top of one of them, where he looked like an overgrown cherub keeping watch over the fate of poor Jack, he sung, in a most boisterous voice, a sea ditty, from which I gathered the fact that:

"The boat Caroline was a-rolling on the main."

Suddenly his voice grew feeble, and looking up to ascertain the reason, I observed his heels disappearing down the chimney; and in a second or so thereafter, a loud scream from the cook in the kitchen, announced his arrival in that favored region.

"What's the matter, Biddy?" I asked, as she put her head out of the window and screamed.

"Oh, it's the divil himself, ma'am, or Santa Claus—I don't know which, I am sure—who's just come down the chimney, as black as soot!" she replied; "and he's asking for a tumbler of rum."

"Give it to him, by all means, Biddy," I said. "I'm so glad the poor man hasn't broken his neck!"

"But he can't drink it now, to save his life, ma'am," she said, wringing her hands—"not till he gets his head out of the iron pot, where the potatoes were boiling. Bad luck to him for spoiling the potatoes—we can't have any for dinner."

"Unless we take them mashed," I suggested.

"But what business had he, whoever he is, to mash our potatoes in this way; and we never have them mashed, but always take them with their jackets on?"

"But, Bridget," I asked, "hasn't the poor fellow got his head out of the kettle yet?"

"Yes, ma'am, he has," she answered; "and he's such a sight! and he's calling for his glass of rum. Shall I give it to him, ma'am?"

"Yes," I said; "two, if he wants them."

"And I'll take one myself, for the fright," she said.

When my old sailor had cleaned himself, he begged to see me, and apologized for the manner in which he had gone to the kitchen.

"But it was an accident, ma'am, and I didn't intend it; the chimney, somehow, gave a lurch, and down I went. I hope you'll excuse me, ma'am."

My old sailor staid to dinner—so as to eat, he said, the potatoes he had mashed. As he could not eat them all that day, he concluded to stay all night, and finish the balance of them in the morning, fried; and the result is, that, finding the potatoes agree, and the chimney corner he occupies so comfortable, he has remained ever since. Nor do I think Bridget is at all displeased at having his company. She makes him draw the water, scour the knives, pound the clothes, bring in the coal, and fifty other things. My only fear is, she may insist upon his mashing more potatoes, and that thereby—for no man could successfully do the same thing twice—he might break his neck; and a broken-necked sailor would not be an agreeable person to have in one's house.

My lord and master calls my old sailor Sinbad, and keeps him busy, when at home, blacking his boots and shoes, and those of the children. The old sailor takes much pleasure in arranging these articles along the side of the room, and then counting them. But he seldom is correct in his enumeration, and never records the same number in any two successive counts. He uses one of the boots as a mirror, and arranges his hair and pulls up his shirt-collar before it.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

By Robert Burns.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

THE BOBOLINK.

"Birds of a feather," says the old proverb; but it must have reference to some other kind of a bird than the one of which we treat, for of all birds, the bobolinks can, with the least regard for accuracy, be described as birds of a feather. In fact, the bobolink may be said to be two distinct and entirely different birds in one. When he is among the rice fields of the Carolinas, for instance, his name is rice-bird. He is then a common-looking bird, of a dusky brownish-yellow color in parts, and a yellowish-brown in others; his only song is a sort of unmusical "clink, clink," and his food, as his name indicates, is rice. He does immense damage, in fact, by visiting the rice fields, and devouring and destroying great quantities of that grain, so that he is by no means a welcome visitor. Not entirely unwelcome, however, for his being so good at eating gets him into excellent condition, and makes him very good to eat, and eaten he is accordingly by great numbers, being strung with others, like fish, on a string, and exposed for sale at the markets.

When, however, he makes his appearance amongst us, he gets himself a new suit of feathers, and appears in a showy uniform of jet black, relieved by cream-color, and picked out with white and pale yellow.

His diet, too, is changed, and he now luxuriates on such small game as beetles, butterflies, crickets, grasshoppers and spiders, and so does as much good to our farmers as he does harm to the Southern planters. He now obtains his gift of song, and bursts into that rapturous incoherence of harmony, as if there were a dozen birds trying to sing out of his one throat, so characteristic of the bobolink.

If the name he is best known by is now changed from the rice-birds of the swamps into our bobolink, he has various other *aliases*, besides some three or four Latin names. Every naturalist well knows that reputation in his profession is much enhanced by having his name tacked on at the end of a long Latin appellation, newly applied to some poor, unpretending little creature, that has, perhaps, already several others.

The ostensible object of giving Latin names to plants and animals is, that they may have one name by which they can be known all over the world; but if every new botanist, entomologist or ornithologist that comes along is to hang an entirely new set of names on everything he meets, I don't see how that object is to be attained.

Little cares bobolink, however, whether his name be called *Dolichonyx Oryzivorus*, after Swainson; *Emberiza Oryzivora*, after Wilson, or *Icteus Agripennis*, after Bonaparte. In the joy of his heart, as long as the substance of sunshine, food, mate, nest, eggs and brood are with him, he cares nothing for their names. "Mounting," says Mr. Alexander Wilson, "and hovering on wing at a small height above the field, he chants out such a jingling medley of short, variable notes, uttered with such seeming confusion and rapidity, and continued for a considerable time, that the ear can scarcely separate them."

The bobolink generally makes his appearance amongst us about the 10th of May. As is usual with many birds, the males are the first to arrive, an interval generally of about a week elapsing before they are joined by the females. The nest is not built before the end of the month. It is concealed beneath a tuft of grass, a bunch of weeds, or any shelter of the kind, and is little more than a bed of loose grass, upon which, in due season, repose four dirty-gray or light-brown eggs, splashed and blotched with darker color. But one brood is reared in a season. In the month of June the color of the male begins to change, gradually becoming like that of the female, until in August it becomes difficult to distinguish the sexes. About the first week in August the old and young birds collect in large flocks, and early in September they all depart for the South.

HOW FRANK DENNISON WAS CURED OF HIS "TURNS."

"Molly," said Dan McElroy to his young wife. "I have been sent for to sit up with Frank Dennison to-night; he has one of his turns; so let me have a hearty supper, like a good little woman, and I will be home to an early breakfast."

Molly answered, "All right, Dan," and she lost no time in preparing that supper.

Dan was surprised. The last time he had sat up with his friend, he had come home with a splitting headache, and his wife had declared that he should not go again—that next time Frank might call on some of his other friends. When he made this announcement, he expected to see her chin in the air, and to hear her little heels clattering over the floor; for the "gray mare" was a high stepper when excited. But nothing of the kind occurred, and he sat down to table well satisfied that things were going on smoothly.

Frank Dennison was a jovial bachelor, who lived about two miles from the village. He was a general favorite; but when it was known that he had a billiard-table in the garret, and smoking and card-playing, the women objected so stoutly to their husbands attending his suppers, that, on the principle of "anything for a quiet life," they remained at home.

As I said, he was a general favorite, and when he was taken suddenly ill, his *turns* excited great sympathy.

All his friends offered to sit up with him. Their wives volunteered advice to the old colored woman who was his cook and housekeeper; it stood to reason he would rather have one of his own color to keep him company, and—"nuss him."

The doctor was very attentive, and never grumbled, though he was frequently summoned about bedtime to grapple with one of these attacks. Before leaving in the early morning, he invariably prescribed, "Indian meal gruel, not too strong of the corn," and Romeo grinned from ear to ear, as he replied, each time, "Jes' so, doctor, 'zackly, sah."

But the jovial Dr. McElroy did not make as hearty a supper as usual, though his wife pressed the different viands upon him. He assured her he would make it up at the next meal, and named something tempting for breakfast. She accompanied him to the gate, told him he should never go again, and that she expected to see him home early.

"You may reckon on my being at home in time for breakfast at sharp seven o'clock," he replied; "but, Molly, what is the flag flying for?"

"I thought it needed freshening, like myself," she said "Take good care of yourself; steal a nap if you can, and remember that this is your last night of watching up at that house."

As soon as her husband was out of sight, Molly went up to her room. First she took a handsome lavender silk out of the press, then laid it upon the bed; then a delicate lace collar, with rose-colored ribbons, was laid beside it, with a pair of white kid gloves. Then she went to the kitchen, and told Cynthia that she was going out to spend the evening, and expected some ladies to call for her.

While she is making her toilet we will discover the secret of her amiability.

She had had her suspicions for some time; and when Romeo came to her house on an errand, a few days previous, she determined to satisfy her doubts. So she called him into the parlor, and told him she was going to give him a new sensation.

He stood twirling his hat in his hand, and wondering what she meant; but he replied:

"Jes' so, missus, that's what I've been wanting some time."

She opened her case of homœopathic medicine, and took out a little bottle, and poured some of the contents into her hand.

"Do you see these little sugar-plums, Romeo?" she asked.

"Yes, missus," he replied, "an' dat's jes' all about I can do. If they was a speck smaller, they would be nowhers."

She put two or three into her mouth, and bade him hold his hand for the remainder.

He put them into his mouth, and his good-natured face wore a puzzled expression.

"What's this you said you were gwine to gib me, missus?"

"A new sensation, Romeo."

"Oh, yes, 'zackly, I see now, missus. When will it be along, for I must be gwine."

"In a few moments now, Romeo—and I want you to understand before it comes that I am your friend, and the only person who can save you; and, unless you speak the

XUM

honest truth, you are doomed; and, as a proof that I have the power to annihilate you, I command that you be seized with a racking headache."

Romeo passed his hand over his brow.

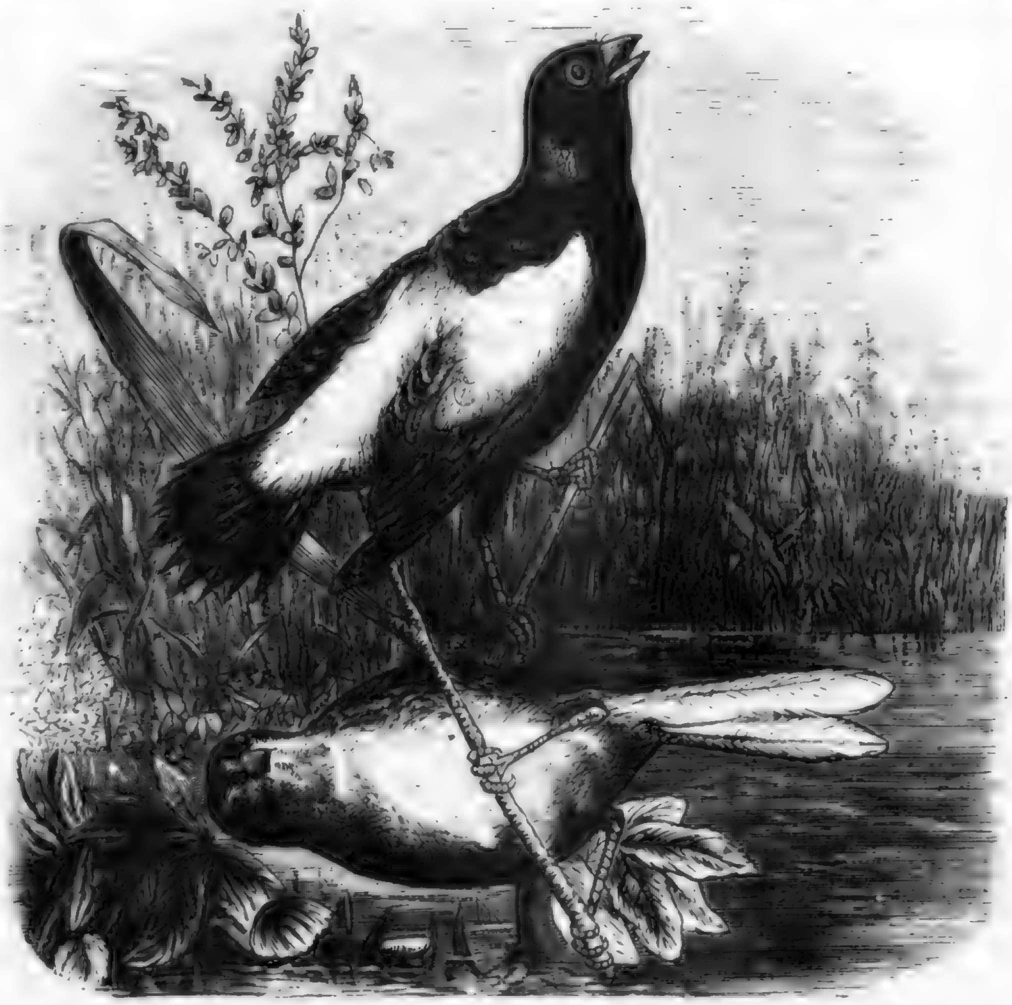
"I've neber had a headache in my life, missus; I dunno what he's like."

"The knowledge will soon come to you," replied Molly, in a solemn tone.

Suddenly she noticed his expression change, and his eyes were fixed in horror upon something her sailor-brother brought with him from the African coast. She remembered now that he had told her that their conjurers used it in their incantations; and she saw by the fear depicted in Romeo's face that she had here a powerful ally.

She took it in her hand, and advanced toward him, when he dropped upon his knees in abject terror, exclaiming:

"O Lord, missus, come no nigher! come no nigher!"



THE BOBOLINK.—SEE PAGE 362.

"I am not going to hurt you," she said; "all will be well if you only tell me the truth; if you do not, you see I have the power to compel it."

"Yes, missus, I see it—leastwise, if I hab power to see anything; for I'se gone dark, and sumfin' is knockin' in my head as ef it wanted to get out. Oh, oh! I'se dyin' now, shuar!" And he fell in a heap upon the carpet.

Molly muttered some gibberish over him, and then said:

"In five minutes you will feel better, Romeo, and I will talk to you; but you must remember that I have power to compel the truth, so, for your own sake, do not try to deceive me."

"No, missus; I'se jes' gwine to 'fess de whole trufe, if you only stop dis knockin' in my head 'fore I go crazy."

"Begin now, and tell me all about these 'turns,'" said Molly: "and as you tell the truth, the knocking will stop."

"Is that so, missus?" And Romeo straightened himself up, and began: "You see, you ladies would not let your gen'elmen come to my massa's suppers; and he felt bound to hab 'em, so he hit on this 'spedient, and the doctor lent hisself to it, and they was all mighty jolly. You see, two gen'elmen would be sent for to watch along of him, and Mr. Hopkins would be summoned on jury duty in the next town, and hab to be there the night afore, for the case would be called early in the morning, and Lawyer Downing would hab mighty urgent law-business in de city, or sumfin' of that 'scription, and it all worked to satisfaction."

And poor Romeo passed his hand over his forehead and scalp, and appeared to be assuring himself that his head was properly placed upon his shoulders.

"Very well," said Molly. "And when is the next attack expected, Romeo?"

"I dunno, missus. Massa has not had any symptoms yet. Can't say when he may be took; p'r'aps, suddenly."

"What are the symptoms like, Romeo?"

"Provisions, missus, and a basket of champagne, and such-like."

"Ah, I see!" replied Molly. "As soon as you see any symptoms you are to come and let me know. If you fail to do so, you will be seized by violent pains—much more violent than those you have just experienced; and as I will not be near for you to confess to me, and the pains will increase in violence if you tell any one else, there will be no help for you. Now, I will give you something to make your head feel better, and if you are deceiving me, and keeping anything back, you will find out before you get to the turn of the road that this has told me all about it." And she laid her hand upon her brother's gift.

"Yes, missus—sartin shuar I 'fessed all I had to say; an' I won't disremember to let you know, missus."

And Romeo put the tiny sugar-plums in his wide mouth, and shuffled out of the house, mentally determining never to set foot in it again.

Molly watched him as he passed through the gate at a swinging pace, and on toward the turn of the road. Suddenly he came to a standstill, seized his head with both hands, and, uttering a yell which startled the grazing cattle in the meadow, he sprang over the fence, and made a bee-line for the house.

Cynthia heard it, and saw him coming. She rushed to the kitchen door and secured it, screaming to her mistress:

"Lock up the house, Mrs. McElroy, for your life; that nigger of Dennison's has gone crazy, and is coming straight here!"

"I don't think he will hurt us," replied Molly; "probably he has forgotten something.."

"I'll not risk it, ma'am. For the love of heaven, don't open the door! Just look at his eyes; he looks more like a mad bull than a human creature."

And, as her mistress put her hand on the lock, Cynthia rushed upstairs, and secured herself in an upper room.

"Come inside out of the sun, Romeo," said Molly, as she opened the door. "Why did you make it so hard for yourself? *It* was just telling me about you."

Romeo looked up, and, as his eye fell on what she held in her hand, he gave a howl which curdled Cynthia's blood, in the upper room, and sent her to her knees in mortal terror.

"Begin, Romeo," said Molly; "tell me the whole truth, and the pain will leave you."

"Yes, missus, yes. I jes' got dere by de meadow, when I done remembered dat massa would be took *Friday night*, missus, and I came back to say so, missus: and I 'clare to mercy I'll never keep anything back any more."

Molly dropped some medicine into a tumbler of water.

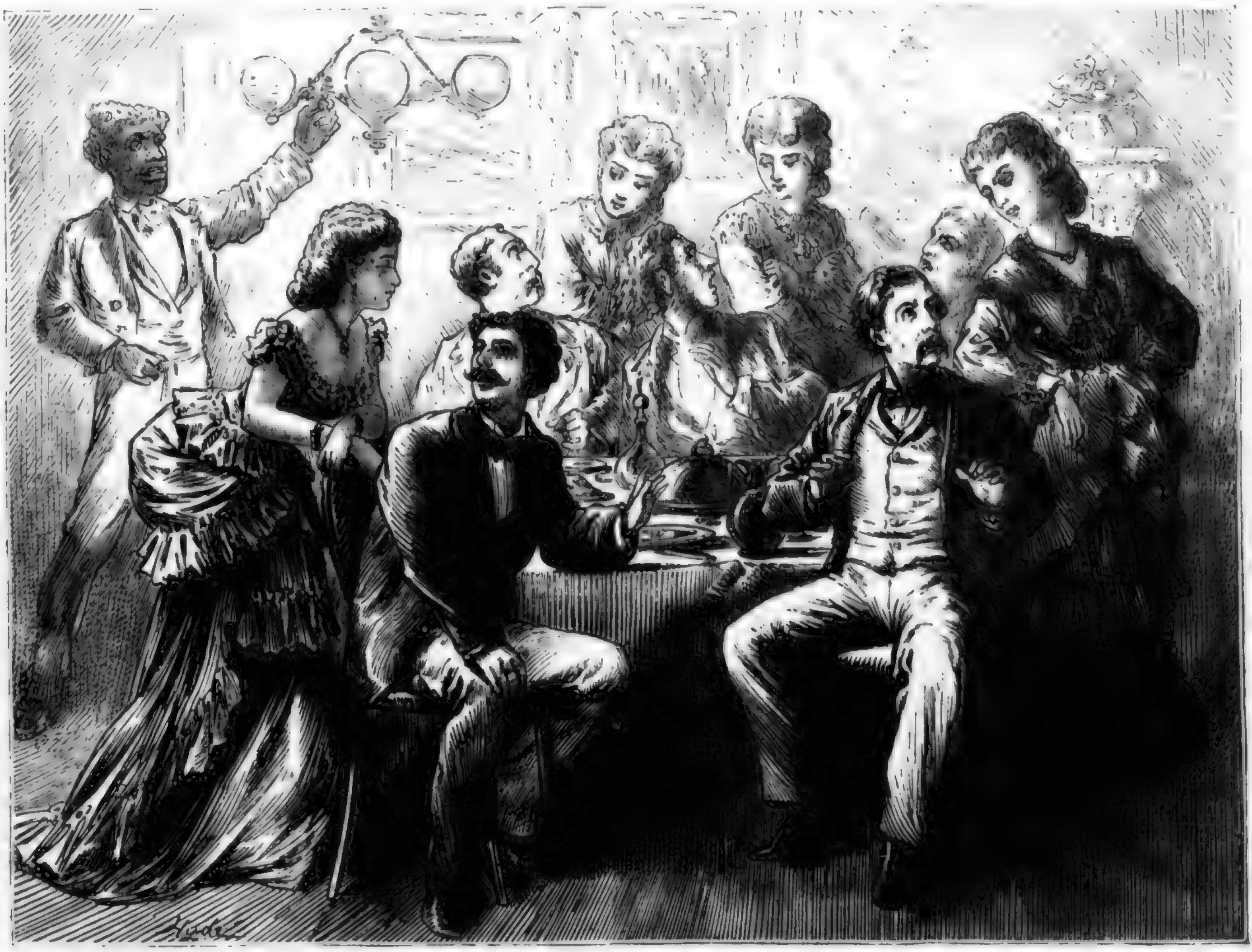
"Drink this, Romeo," she said; "and then I will tell you what you are to do."

"Bress you, missus! and stop de knocking, or my head will pop, shuar."

"It will stop by degrees, as I am talking to you, and as you answer truthfully," replied Molly. "When does your master sit down to supper?"

"Jes' as de clock goes ten, missus."

"Very well. I will be at the house ten minutes before ten. You are to be watching for me at your pantry-window, and to admit me quietly. I will give you something for the dog, which you are to see that he takes at half after nine. It will not kill him—only make him sleep. Is your head better?"



HOW FRANK DENNISON WAS CURED OF HIS TURNS.—"'GENELMEN, I HAB HIM NOW,' AND AS THE BLUE FLAME OF THE MATCH ROSE TO THE CHANDELIER, ALL EYES FOLLOWED IT; AND THE ILLUMINATION WHICH SUCCEEDED DISCLOSED THAT EACH MAN'S WIFE STOOD BEHIND HIS CHAIR."—SEE PAGE 363.

"Yes, missus. T'ank de Lord!"

"I shall be very sorry for you if you have a return of the pain for the third time—it will be very severe; but if you do exactly as I tell you, it will not return. Only remember, if you ever speak of this to any one, I would not give a button for your life."

"You can count on me, missus—'deed you can. This darkey will neber 'varicate any more. Leastwise, not to you, missus."

And Romeo shuffled off again, and Cynthia descended from her voluntary imprisonment, to learn that the poor fellow was only suffering from a bad pain in his head, and had come back to see if Mrs. McElroy could not give him something to relieve it.

That afternoon Molly spent in making calls. Her spirits seemed to rise with every visit, and as she shook hands at the door with her friends, the parting injunction to each was, "Look out for the flag!"

There it was waving now over her head, and she knew while she made her toilet that her fair friends were occupied in the same way, and her heart was very light, and overflowed in merry snatches of song, as she thought of the tableau she was preparing for the lords of creation.

Not so poor Romeo. His heart was proportionately heavy; and Dinah's curiosity was excited and patience worn out. At last she went to her master with the intelligence that "if that boy was not seen to, he would be no account at all to wait on table in the evening, and that she suspicioned he had been drinking, or had had confusion sent in his mind, somehow or another, she couldn't say how."

So Romeo was summoned to his master's presence, and went with teeth chattering, and knees knocking together like castanets.

"Why, the poor fellow is ill, Dinah," said his master; "he has a chill on him now. Go to bed, my man, and I will send you a strong toddy. I dare say you will be all right by evening."

"Yes, sah; I s'pects I will, ef my head don't pop, and I keep myself quiet."

So Romeo went off to lie down, and Dinah, who had her own ideas on the subject, quietly tossed off the toddy prepared by her master, and mixed another for Romeo out of a little bottle which she kept for emergencies, excusing herself by saying:

"Ef he's sick, it's a pity to throw away good liquor on him; an' ef he's well, it will sarve him right for playing 'possum."

Meanwhile, the evening wore on, and precisely at nine o'clock Squire Hopkins's carry-all stopped at Mrs. McElroy's door, and in a few moments a merry party were on their way to Mr. Dennison's mansion.

Molly explained her plan of attack, which was approved of, and she was unanimously elected leader of the party.

Fortunately, there was no moon. The ladies left the carriage at the gate, and told the man to wait there twenty minutes, and then drive to the stable. The shutters were closed, but a light could be detected in the billiard-room. Molly led the way to the pantry window, where Romeo was awaiting her. In a tremulous voice, he whispered:

"Is dat you, missus? and is all dese yer you too?"

"No, Romeo. These are the wives of the gentlemen who sup here to-night. Open the door, and I will explain what you are to do."

So they stole softly into the house, Molly leading the way to the butler's pantry, where, through the glass door, they could see the position of each one when seated at the table.

"We must be careful not to let our dresses rustle," said Molly.

"Humph!" said the doctor's wife, as she saw one delicacy after another deposited upon the table by Romeo's trembling hands. "If I had known as much as I do now, I should not have worried myself about coaxing the doctor's appetite after the fatiguing nights he had spent up here."

Poor Mrs. Ransom said nothing, but her thoughts went back to the night when little Arthur was born, and she was left to the care of the doctor's assistant, as Mr. Dennison was in such a critical state that the doctor could not possibly leave him.

"They are coming!" whispered Molly.

And in they came, bright and joyous, all unconscious of the surprise which was awaiting them.

"Well, Romeo, my boy," said the doctor, "how goes it? Your master tells me you had a *turn* to-day."

"Yes, sah, I believe I had. I never wants to 'sperience anoder."

They took their seats at the table, laughing and talking.

"Now for the regulation toast," said Mr. Dennison, as he passed round a decanter.

Glasses were filled, and "Our absent wives" was drank, standing, which the present wives enjoyed very much, of course.

Romeo stepped into the hall, turned off the gas, and returned unnoticed.

"Get ready!" whispered Molly.

"Why, thunder and Mars! what the deuce are you about, boy?" roared Mr. Dennison, as the party were left in total darkness.

"Excuse me, genelmen," stammered Romeo. "It was a mistake. I light him in one second—hab matches right here in my pocket"; and he began to scrape the wrong end of a match, as Molly had directed, upon the carpet.

"Are you going to keep us in the dark all night, sir?" roared his master.

"No, massa, no. Genelmen, I hab him now," and as the blue flame of the match rose to the chandelier, all eyes followed it; and the illumination which followed disclosed that each man's wife stood behind his chair!

They sat like so many petrifactions.

"Mr. Dennison and gentlemen," said Molly, "allow me to introduce myself—Dr. Molly McElroy, and her medical staff. As this is such an obstinate case, I propose to change the practice altogether—under my treatment it will yield readily, and my first prescription is, *a wife!*"

"Three cheers for Dr. McElroy!" exclaimed the host.

And they were given with hearty good will.

"Our present wives," said Dan, as he glanced deprecatingly at Molly's face.

It was drunk with all the honors.

And now the ladies were seated, and the host was calling for Romeo to make the necessary additions to the table; but no Romeo appeared, for that demented creature, as soon as he had relighted the gas, had rushed into the kitchen, where Dinah had just settled herself to enjoy a quiet smoke, seized her around the waist, and was now executing the wildest kind of a war-dance about the room; and, as if to assure himself that his head was all right, he brought it down repeatedly, with full force, upon her neck and shoulders.

"Out o' dat, you ill-conducted, heathen nigger! What d'ye mean, I say, knocking de bref out ob a decent woman dis a way? Stan' still, I tell ye! Dere goes my new pipe Lem me go, I say! I'll holler for massa!"

But Romeo's frenzy seemed to increase instead of subsiding, and old Dinah never went over a kitchen floor as rapidly as she did that night.

Finding that scolding was of no use, almost breathless, and fairly frightened, she began to coax him.

"What's got you, honey? Tell ole Dinah. Hab de dog done bite you? Oh, sakes, my bref is gone!" and she seized the edge of the dresser as he whirled her past.

This brought him to a standstill, and they stood looking at each other. At last he gasped:

"It is the last turn. They are all in there. The wives, and *it* is in my pantry."

"Last turn! wives! *it* in the pantry! What is *it?*" asked the bewildered Dinah.

Romeo stooped forward, and whispered something in her ear.

"Not in dis yer house!" exclaimed the trembling woman.

"Yes, Dinah, and de Lord knows I've been witched for tree days."

Dinah sank upon the floor, and, in answer to a peremptory summons from his master, Romeo made his appearance in the dining-room.

"Fear nothing, Romeo," said Molly, taking compassion on him. "Your master has forgiven you for admitting us and turning off the gas."

"Yes, that is all right," said his master; "you could not have done otherwise. Now get some more plates."

"Yes, sah; thank you, sah; but——" and he made an imploring sign to Molly, which she understood.

"I believe I have left something of mine in his pantry; as it may interfere with the performance of his duties, with your permission I will remove it, and give you the history of it some other time."

The doctor was the most uncomfortable member of the party. He did not relish the glance of his wife's eye, and he suspected what was in little Mrs. Ransom's mind. So it was a great relief when Molly turned to him and said, in her winning way, that after supper they would consult together upon this critical case, that there might be no after heart-burnings.

Mr. Dennison made a neat speech after supper, acknowledging his miraculous cure. Then Dan called for a speech from Dr. McElroy, and Molly rose.

"Gentlemen and ladies: I do not belong to the ranks of the strong-minded, and I confess I am something of a coward; but where the welfare of those I love is at stake, I will dare anything. We have been obliged to meet artifice with artifice. We have much to forgive, therefore we should be forgiven. Let us keep our secret, and bury the hatchet. Let us be generous, for we have won the victory; and, above all, let us be grateful that our host is cured of his 'Turns'!"

THE AUSTRALIAN DICÆUM.

The beautiful little dicæum, although very common throughout the whole of Australia, and a remarkably interesting little bird, was, when Mr. Gould wrote his animated description, so little known among the colonists that there was no popular name for the bright little creature.

This tiny bird is fond of inhabiting the extreme summits of the tallest trees, and habitually dwells at so great an elevation that its minute form is scarcely perceptible, and not even the bright scarlet hue of the throat and breast can betray its position to the unaccustomed eye of a passenger below. The song of the dicæum, although very sweet and flowing, is very soft and faint, and seems to be an inward warbling rather than the brilliant melody which is flung so energetically from the vocal organs of many singing-birds. The little bird, however, is possessed of considerable endurance, for its strain, although weak, is long continued.

The dicæum is mostly found among the thick foliage of the casuarinæ, and Mr. Gould relates that he frequently saw it flitting about the branches of a remarkably beautiful parasitic plant termed scientifically the loranthus, which it seemed to visit either to eat the soft, viscid berries, or for the purpose of preying upon the little insects that come to feed on the flowers. Mr. Gould prefers the latter supposition.

The flight of the dicæum is very quick and darting, and it makes more use of its wings and less of its feet than any of the insect-hunting birds. The nest is remarkably pretty, being woven, as it were, out of white cotton cloth, and suspended from a branch as if the twigs had been pushed through its substance. The peculiar purselike shape of the nest is shown in the illustration. The material of which it is woven is the soft, cottony down which is found in the seed-vessels of many plants. The eggs are four or five in number, and their color is a dull grayish-white, profusely covered with minute speckles of brown.

The two sexes differ considerably in the coloring of their plumage, the male bird being much more brilliant than his mate.

The head, back and upper parts of the adult male are deep black, with a beautiful steely-blue gloss, the sides are brownish-gray, and the throat, breast and under tail-coverts are a bright, glaring scarlet. The abdomen is snowy-white, with the exception of a tolerably large black patch on the centre. The female is more sombre in her apparel, the head and back being of a dull, sooty-black, and the steel-blue reflection only appearing on the upper surface of the wings and tail. The throat and centre of the abdomen are buff, the sides are pale grayish-brown, and the under tail-coverts scarlet, of a less brilliant hue than in the male. In its dimensions, the dicæum is hardly so large as our common wren.

THE DRACHENFELS.

This famous ruin, situated on the Rhine, and nearly opposite Bonn, is one of the most picturesque spots on that beautiful river, which has always been so precious to the German heart. There is a legend that, in the olden time, there dwelt on the banks of the Rhine a terrible dragon, who carried off a beautiful damsel and all her treasures, and that he hid both the beauty and the gold in these rocks, hence the title of the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock; but that a gallant knight slew the monster, and carried off the maiden. The fact is, doubtless, that this is an allegorical way of stating that there was once an avaricious old father who would not let his lovely daughter marry, but kept her closely guarded in his baronial castle, from which she eloped with some adventurous lover, by the aid of a rope-ladder, or a devoted handmaiden.

This is the most celebrated of the Siebengebirge, or seven-hill range, on the right bank of the Rhine, near Bonn. The ascent of the mountain, which is 1,056 feet high, is fatiguing, from its steepness, but amply rewards the traveler by the majestic beauty of the scenery of the river and valley beneath, and of the adjoining panorama of the ruin-clad mountain. Upon the summit of the Drachenfels are the ruins of a castle of the twelfth century; a monument, erected in 1814, by the Siebengebirge militia to their leader, Genger, who died on the battlefield; and another, in August, 1858, in commemoration of the German war of independence.

The beauty of this far-famed mountain has been a fruitful theme with poets of every land, but to English readers it is familiar chiefly from the well-known verses of Byron:

A SCENE ON THE RHINE.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
  Frowns o'er the wide and widening Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
  Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
  And fields which promise corn and wine;
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
  Whose fair, white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
  And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
  Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
  And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
  Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
  Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must wither'd be,
  But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
  Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
  When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
  The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
  Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
  Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
  To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.

XUM

FORTUNEE.

A Fairy Story.

There was once upon a time a poor husbandman, who, feeling himself at the point of death, did not wish to leave behind him any subjects of dispute between his son and daughter, whom he tenderly loved. So he said to them :

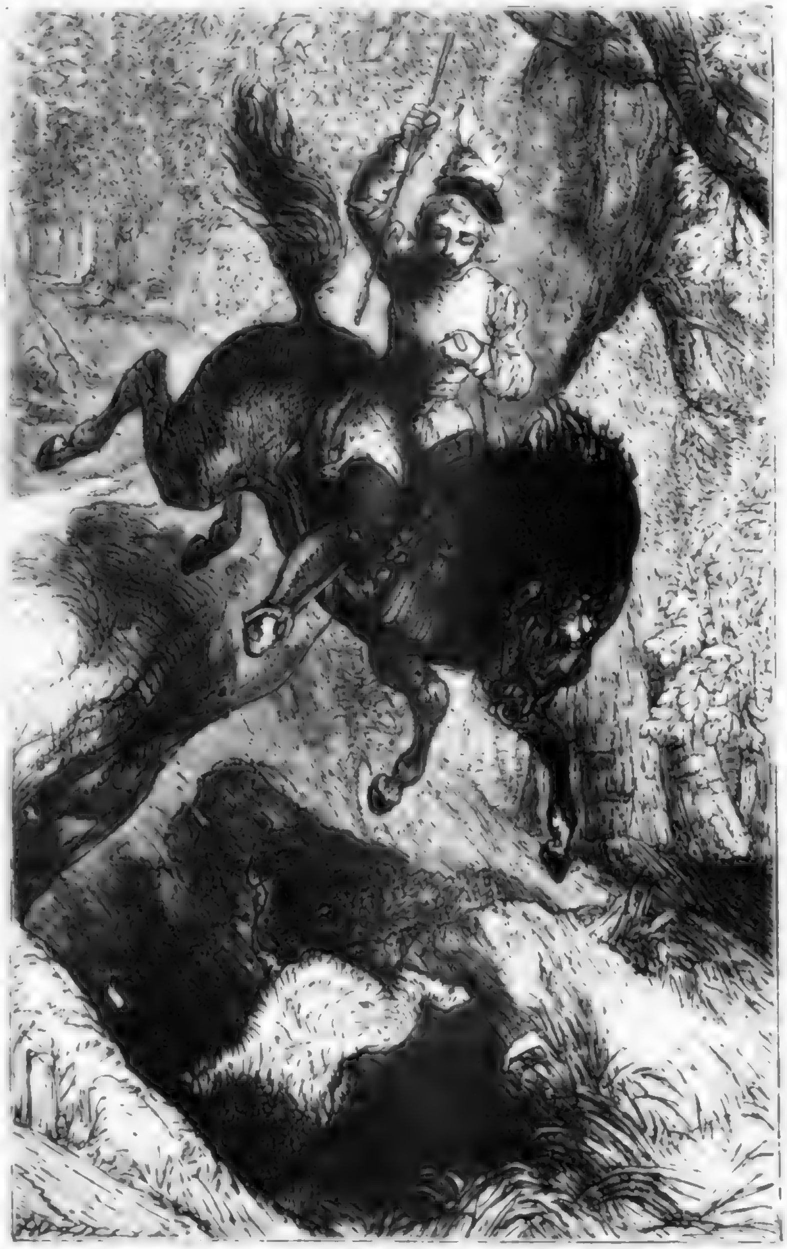
"Your mother brought me as a wedding-portion two joint-stools and a straw mattress. There they are, with my hen ; also a pot of pinks, and a plain silver ring, which were given me by a great lady who once lived in my poor hut. She said to me at parting, 'My good man, there is a present I make you ; be careful to well water the pinks, and to lock up safely the ring. In addition to this, your daughter shall be incomparably beautiful. Name her Fortunée, and give her this ring and these pinks to console her for her poverty.' Thus," continued the good man, "my dear Fortunée, you shall have both the one and the other ; the rest shall be for your brother."

The two children of the husbandman appeared contented ; he died ; they wept, and a division of property was made without an appeal to the law.

Fortunée thought that her brother loved her, but one day that she had taken one of the stools for a seat, he said, with great fierceness :

"Keep your pinks and your ring, but do not disarrange my stools ; I like order in my house."

Fortunée, who was very gentle, began to weep silently, and remained standing whilst Bedou (that was her brother's name) was seated in state like a judge. Supper-time arrived. Bedou had an excellent new-laid egg from his only hen, and he threw the shell at his sister.



FORTUNÉE.—"THE CAPTAIN RAISED HIS JAVELIN TO SMITE IT, WHEN, SUDDENLY, THE GROUND OPENED, AND THE BOAR DISAPPEARED IN THE CHASM."

"There," he said, "I have nothing else to give you ; if that does not suit you, go and hunt for frogs ; there are plenty in the neighboring marsh."

Fortunée made no answer ; she only raised her eyes to heaven, wept again, and then went to her own room. She found it filled with perfume, and never doubting that it was the scent of the pinks, she approached them sadly, and said :

"Beautiful pinks, whose variety is so charming to my sight, you who console my afflicted heart by the sweet perfume you exhale, do not fear that I shall let you want for water, or with cruel hand that I shall tear you from your stem. I shall cherish you, for you are my only treasures."

As she ceased speaking, she looked to see if the plants then required watering—they were very dry. She took her pitcher, and hastened by the light of the moon to the fountain, which was at some distance. As she had walked fast, she sat down by the side of the fountain to rest ; but she had scarcely been there a moment when she saw a lady approaching, whose majestic air was in perfect accordance with the numerous attendants who accompanied her. Six maids of honor carried her train ; she leaned on two others. Her guards walked before her, richly dressed in amaranth velvet, embroidered with pearls. They carried an arm-chair, covered with cloth-of-gold, in which she seated herself, and a field-canopy, which was quickly arranged. At the same time, they set out the buffet. It was covered with vessels of gold and vases of crystal. They served an excellent supper by the side of the fountain, the sweet murmurs of which seemed to accompany a number of voices that sang very sweetly.

Fortunée remained in a corner, not daring to move, so much was she surprised at all that was passing. In a few moments, this great queen said to one of her equerries :

"I fancy I see a shepherdess near that thicket ; let her approach."

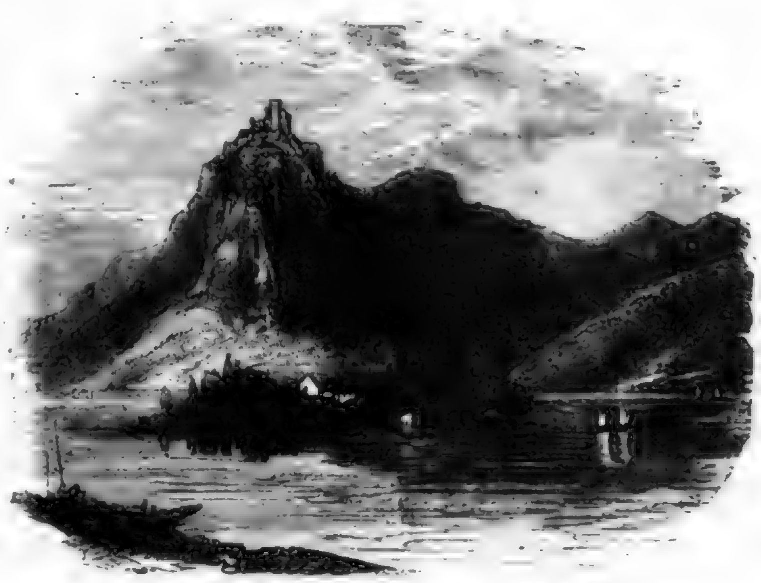
Fortunée immediately advanced, and though she was naturally timid, she did not omit to make a profound courtesy to the queen, with so much grace that those who saw her were perfectly astonished. She took the hem of the queen's robe and kissed it, and then stood erect before her, her eyes modestly cast down, and her cheeks colored with crimson, which heightened the brilliant whiteness of her complexion. It was easy to remark in her manners that simplicity and sweetness which are so charming in young maidens.

"What are you doing here, pretty girl ?" said the queen. "Are you not afraid of robbers ?"

"Alas ! madame," replied Fortunée, "I have not a linen gown ; what would they take from a poor shepherdess like me ?"

"You are not rich, then ?" said the queen, smiling.

"I am so poor," answered Fortunée, "that I only inherited from my father a pot of pinks and a silver ring."



THE DRACHENFELS ON THE RHINE.—SEE PAGE 367.

"But you have a heart," said the queen. "If any one wished to have that, would you give it them?"

"I do not know what it is to give my heart, madame," she replied; "I have always understood that without a heart we could not live; that if it is wounded, we must die; and, notwithstanding my poverty, I am not sorry to live."

"You are quite right to defend your heart, my child; but tell me," continued the queen, "have you had a good supper?"

"No, madame," continued Fortunée; "my brother ate it all."

The queen commanded a cover to be laid for her, and, desiring her to be seated, helped her to the very best. The young shepherdess was so lost in admiration, and so charmed with the goodness of the queen, that she could scarcely eat a morsel.

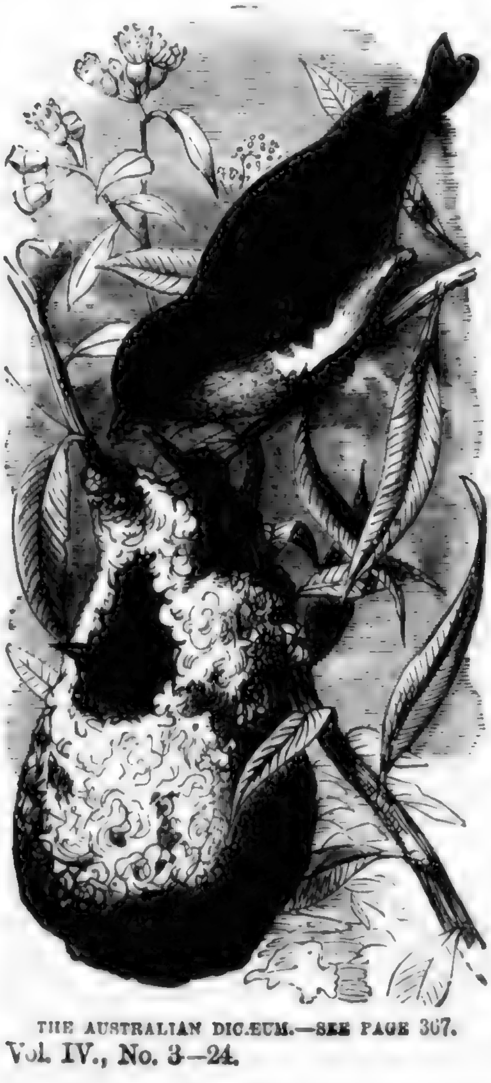
"I am very anxious to know," said the queen, "what has brought you so late to the fountain."

"Madame, there is my pitcher; I came to fetch water to water my pinks."

Saying this, she stooped to pick up the pitcher which was near her, but, as she showed it to the queen, what was her astonishment to find it was a golden one, covered with large diamonds, and filled with water which had a delicious perfume! She dared not take it, thinking it could not be hers.

"I give it you, Fortunée," said the queen. "Go and water the flowers you take such care of, and remember that the Queen of the Woods would be numbered among your friends."

At these words the shepherdess threw herself at the queen's feet. "After having offered you my most humble thanks, madame," she said, "for the honor you have done me, I venture to take the liberty to ask you to remain here a moment. I wish to fetch you the half of my goods—my pot of pinks—which can never be in better hands than yours."



THE AUSTRALIAN DICÆUM.—SEE PAGE 367.

"Go, then, Fortunée," said the queen, gently patting her cheek; "I consent to remain here till your return."

Fortunée took her golden pitcher and ran to her little room, but during her absence Bedou had entered, taken away her pot of pinks, and put in their place a large cabbage. When Fortunée saw this wretched cabbage, she was plunged into despair, and hesitated about returning to the fountain at all.

At length she determined she would do so, and, throwing herself on her knees before the queen, said:

"Madame, Bedou has stolen my flowers; I have nothing now remaining but my ring; I hope you will accept that in proof of my gratitude."

"If I take your ring," fair shepherdess," said the queen, "you are completely ruined."

"Ah, madame," she answered, with an air of great intelligence, "while I possess your good opinion I can never be ruined."

The queen took the ring, placed it on her finger, and then mounted a car of coral, enriched with emeralds, and drawn by six white horses, more beautiful than the steeds of the sun.

Fortunée gazed after her as long as she could. At last a turn of the road in the forest hid her from her sight, and she then returned to Bedou's cottage, full of this adventure.

The first thing she did, on entering her chamber, was to throw the cabbage out of the window; but she was much astonished to hear a voice cry:

"Ah, I am killed!"

She could not tell what to make of this exclamation, as in general cabbages do not speak. As soon as it was light, Fortunée, uneasy about her pot of pinks, went down into the garden to search for them, and the first thing she found was the unhappy cabbage. She gave it a kick, saying:

"What dost thou here, thou that didst presume to take in my chamber the place of my pinks?"

"If I had not been carried, it would never have entered my head to go there," replied the cabbage.

Fortunée trembled, for she was very much frightened; but the cabbage said again to her:

"If you will carry me to my companions, I can tell you in two words that your pinks are in Bedou's straw mattress."

Fortunée, in despair, knew not how to recover them. She kindly planted the cabbage, and then taking up her brother's favorite hen, she said to it:

"Naughty thing! I will make you pay for all the misery which Bedou has caused me."

"Ah, shepherdess," said the hen, "let me live; and as my fancy is to cackle, I will tell you some wonderful things. Do not imagine yourself the daughter of the husbandman who brought you up; no, beautiful Fortunée he is not your father; but the queen who gave you birth had already six girls, and, as if it was in her own power to have a boy, her husband and father-in-law threatened to stab her if she did not bring them a son and heir. The poor queen was again about to become a mother; they shut her up in a castle, and placed round her guards, or, more properly speaking, executioners, who had orders to kill her if she gave birth to another daughter. The queen, trembling at the fate which awaited her, could neither eat nor sleep. She had a sister a fairy. To her she wrote, informing her of her just cause of alarm. The fairy, who was also near her confinement, knew that she would have a son, and as soon as the boy was born, she loaded the zephyrs with a cradle, in which she put her own son, and ordered them to carry the little prince into the queen's chamber, and change him for the daughter which would be born to her; but this forethought was of no avail, for the queen, receiving no answer from her fairy sister, profited by the goodwill of one of her guards, who, out of pity, allowed her to escape by a ladder of ropes. As soon as you were in the world, the afflicted queen, trying to hide herself, came to this cottage nearly dead with grief and fatigue.

"I was the husbandman's wife, and a good nurse. She gave you in charge of me, and told me her misfortunes, by which she was so overwhelmed, that she died without having time to give us any directions respecting what was to be done with you. As I loved gossiping all my life, I could not help telling everybody this adventure; and so one day I told all I knew about it to a beautiful lady who came here. She instantly touched me with a wand, and I became a hen, without power to speak any more. My grief was excessive, and my husband, who was absent at the time of the metamorphose, knew nothing of it. On his return he looked everywhere for me; finally he thought I was drowned, or that the beasts of the forest had devoured me. This same lady who had done me so much mischief passed by here a second time; she then ordered him to call you Fortunée, and made him a present of a pot of pinks and a silver ring; but whilst she was here, there arrived five-and-twenty soldiers of the king, your father, who sought you for evil purposes; she uttered some words, and changed them all into green cabbages—all but one, the captain of the band, who, suddenly seeing a wild boar cross his path, spurred his horse, and raised his javelin to smite it, when, of a sudden, the ground opened, and the boar disappeared in the chasm. The captain, who was a very wicked man, and a desperate enemy of the beautiful Fortunée, was unable to stop himself, and was swallowed up in the hole with the wild boar, a terrible instance of righteous retribution. It is one of them you threw out of the window yesterday evening. I never heard him speak till now, nor could I speak myself; I know not how our voices came back to us."

The princess was greatly surprised at the wonders which the hen related to her. She was full of kind feeling toward her, and said:

"I pity you very much, my poor nurse, to think you should become a hen! I would gladly restore you to your own form if I could; but do not despair. It appears to me that all the affairs you have just acquainted me with cannot be allowed to remain as they are at present. I shall go now and look for my pinks, for I love them dearly."

Bedou had gone into the forest, never imagining that Fortunée would think of hunting in his mattress; she was delighted at his absence, and flattered herself that she would meet with no obstacle, when she suddenly saw an immense number of enormous rats, armed for battle. They formed themselves into battalions, having in their rear the famous mattress, and one of the stools on their flank; many great mice formed a *corps de reserve*, determined to fight like Amazons. Fortunée, struck with surprise, dared not approach. The rats threw themselves on her, and bit her till she was all over blood.

"What!" she exclaimed, "my pinks, my dear pinks, must you remain in such bad company?"

It suddenly occurred to her that perhaps that perfumed water which was in the golden vase might possess a peculiar virtue. She ran to fetch it, and threw some drops of it on the host of rats and mice. Immediately the rascals ran away, each into his hole, and the princess quickly laid hands on her beautiful pinks, which were nearly dead for want of water. She at once poured on them all the water she had in the golden vase, and was smelling them with much pleasure, when she heard a sweet voice come from the stalks, which said to her:

"Incomparable Fortunée, this is the happy day so long wished for, in which I may declare to you my sentiments. Know that the power of your beauty is so great that it can even inspire flowers with love."

The princess, trembling and surprised at having heard a cabbage, a hen and a pink speak, and seen an army of rats, turned pale and fainted.

Bedou came in at the moment; labor and the heat of the sun had put him in such a fever, that when he found Fortunée had come to search for her pinks and had found them, he dragged her to the door and flung her outside. She had scarcely felt the coldness of the earth, before she opened her beautiful eyes and perceived near her the Queen of the Woods, charming and magnificent as usual.

"You have a bad brother," she said to Fortunée. "I saw with what inhumanity he threw you out here. Would you like me to revenge you?"

"No, madame," answered Fortunée; "I have no feelings of anger, and his bad disposition cannot change mine."

"But," rejoined the queen, "I have a presentiment which assures me that this rough peasant is not your brother. What do you think?"

"All appearances persuade me that he is, madame," replied the shepherdess, modestly, "and I ought to believe them."

"What!" continued the queen, "have you not heard that you were born a princess?"

"I have just been told it," she replied; "but how can I venture to boast of that of which I have no proof?"

"Ah, my dear child," replied the queen, "how I like to see you in this mood! I know now that the mean education that you have received has not extinguished the nobility of your blood. Yes, you are a princess, and it has not been in my power to save you from the misfortunes which you have suffered up to this hour."

She was here interrupted by the appearance of a youth more beautiful than the day. He was attired in a long robe of gold and green silk, fastened by large buttons of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. He had a crown of pinks, and his hair covered his shoulders. As soon as he saw the queen, he bent one knee to the ground, and saluted her respectfully.

"Ha, my son, my amiable Pink," she said, "the fatal time of your enchantment is over, thanks to the aid of the beautiful Fortunée. What joy to see you!"

She pressed him closely to her bosom, and then turning to the shepherdess, she said:

"Charming princess, I know all that the hen told you; but what you do not know is, that the zephyrs whom I had ordered to put my son in your place, laid him in a bed of flowers whilst they went to find your mother, who was my sister. A fairy, from whose knowledge it was impossible to conceal anything, and with whom I had quarreled for some time, watched so well for the moment that she had foreseen from the birth of my son, that she changed him on the spot to a pink, and, notwithstanding my science, I could not prevent the misfortune. In the grief in which I was plunged, I employed all my art to discover some remedy, and I could find none better than to bring Prince Pink to the place where you were nursed, foreseeing that when you had watered the flowers with the delicious water I had in the golden vase, he would speak, he would love you, and in future nothing would disturb your happiness. I had also the silver ring which it was necessary I should receive from you, being aware that that would be the sign by which I should know that the hour approached when the spell would lose its force in spite of the rats and mice whom our enemy would place in battle array to prevent your recovering the pinks. Thus, my dear Fortunée, if my son marries you with this silver ring, your happiness will be permanent. See if this prince appears sufficiently amiable for you to receive him as a husband."

"Madame," replied she, blushing, "you overpower me with favors. I know you are my aunt; that, by your power, the guards sent to kill me were metamorphosed into cabbages, and my nurse into a hen; and that in proposing to me an alliance with Prince Pink, it is the greatest honor you can do me; but shall I tell you the cause of my hesitation? I do not know his heart, and I begin to feel, for the first time in my life, that I could not be happy if he did not love me."

"Banish all uncertainty on that point, sweet princess," said the prince. "Long ago you made as much impression on me as you could wish at the present moment, and if the use of my voice had been granted me, what would you not have heard of the passion which consumed me? But I am an unhappy prince, for whom you can feel only indifference."

He then told his story. The princess seemed well pleased with the prince's gallantry. The queen, who had borne her shepherdess's dress with great impatience, touched her, and wished for her the richest clothes that were ever seen. In a moment her white linen changed to silver brocade, embroidered with carbuncles; from her high head-dress fell a long vail of gauze, mixed with gold; her black hair was ornamented with a thousand diamonds; and her complexion, whose whiteness was dazzling, assumed so rich a color that the prince could scarcely support its brilliancy.

"Ah, Fortunée, how beautiful and charming you are!" exclaimed he, sighing. "Will you be inexorable to my pain?"

"No, my son," said the queen, "your cousin will not resist our prayers."

While they were thus talking, Bedou, returning to his work, passed them, and seeing Fortunée attired like a goddess, he thought he was dreaming. She called him to her with much kindness, and begged the queen to have pity on him.

"What! after having so ill-treated you?" replied the queen, in astonishment.

"Ah, madame," replied the princess, "I am incapable of vengeance."

The queen embraced her, and praised the generosity of her sentiments.

"To gratify you," she rejoined, "I am going to enrich the ungrateful Bedou."

His hut became a palace, well furnished, and full of money; his stools and his mattress remained unchanged, to remind him of his former state; but the Queen of the Woods refined his spirit, amended his manners, and improved his appearance. Bedou then found himself possessed of gratitude. What did he not say to the queen and princess to prove it on this occasion? Finally, by a stroke of the queen's wand, the cabbages became men, the hen a woman. Prince Pink remained the only person discontented. He was sighing beside the princess; he conjured her to take a resolution in his favor. At length she consented; she had never before seen any lovable object, and all that was most lovable was less so than this prince.

The Queen of the Woods, delighted at so fortunate a marriage, neglected nothing to make it sumptuous. The *fêtes* on this occasion lasted many years, and the happiness of this tender couple as long as they lived.

THE ROYAL POWER OF CURE—TOUCHING FOR THE KING'S EVIL.

It was long a belief in England and France that their royal rulers could cure scrofula by touching those afflicted with that disease, which, in consequence, took the name of king's evil.

It is usually supposed that Queen Anne was the last of England's rulers who exercised the practice of touching for the cure of the king's evil. With Edward the Confessor this singular custom commenced, and apparently originated in the belief of his superior sanctity, and consequent power over disease, which power was afterward considered to have been handed down to his lineal descendants.

The Jacobites, however, doubted the privilege of Mary, William and Anne in this matter, asserting that they did not possess a full hereditary title, and did not occupy the throne by divine right. Anne was, therefore, induced to exhibit her power in this way, to establish the fact of her lineal descent from Edward. Her brother, the Prince of Wales, while at St. Germains, is said to have performed many cures, and thus to have given proof of his divine right, which still further stimulated his more successful sister to assert her power in the same way.

By Henry VII., the custom of presenting the patient with a small gold or silver coin was introduced; and as Queen Anne bestowed upon each person touched a golden angel, it may be easily imagined that applicants for relief were not wanting in her time. A certificate was, however, required from some disciple of Æsculapius as to the person presented being in truth afflicted with the disease.

The celebrated Samuel Johnson, in 1712, when only thirty months old, was one of those touched by Queen Anne, and in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, an engraving is given of the identical "touch-piece" presented to him on the occasion.

The first four Kings of England of the Norman race do not appear to have exercised this power; but Henry II. is spoken of by his chaplain as performing cures, and the physician of Edward II., John of Gaddesden, who attained great eminence as a writer on medical subjects, recommends that in cases of scrofula, after the failure of professional treatment, "the patient should repair to the Court in order to be touched by the King."

Testimony to the antiquity of the custom is borne by Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.; and among the Cotton manuscripts in the British Museum is one named "Defense of the Title of the House of Lancaster," written by Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in the reign of Henry IV., mentioning the privilege as having belonged to the Kings of England for centuries.

Several proclamations are now existing in the State Paper Office relating to this matter in Charles I.'s time; and Charles II., in council, gave out orders appointing times for the "Publick Healings," which were thereby fixed to take place from All Hallowtide until the week preceding Christ-

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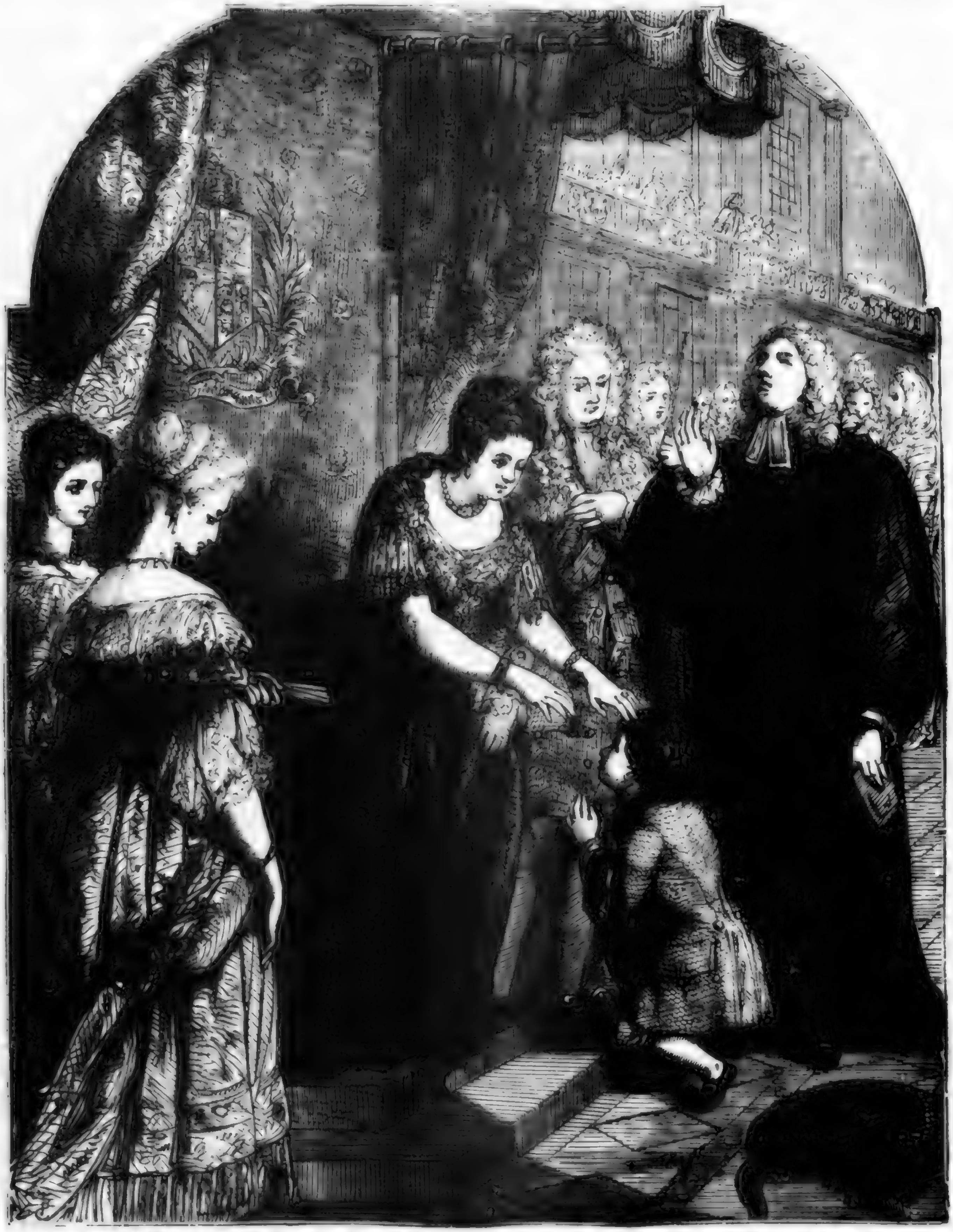
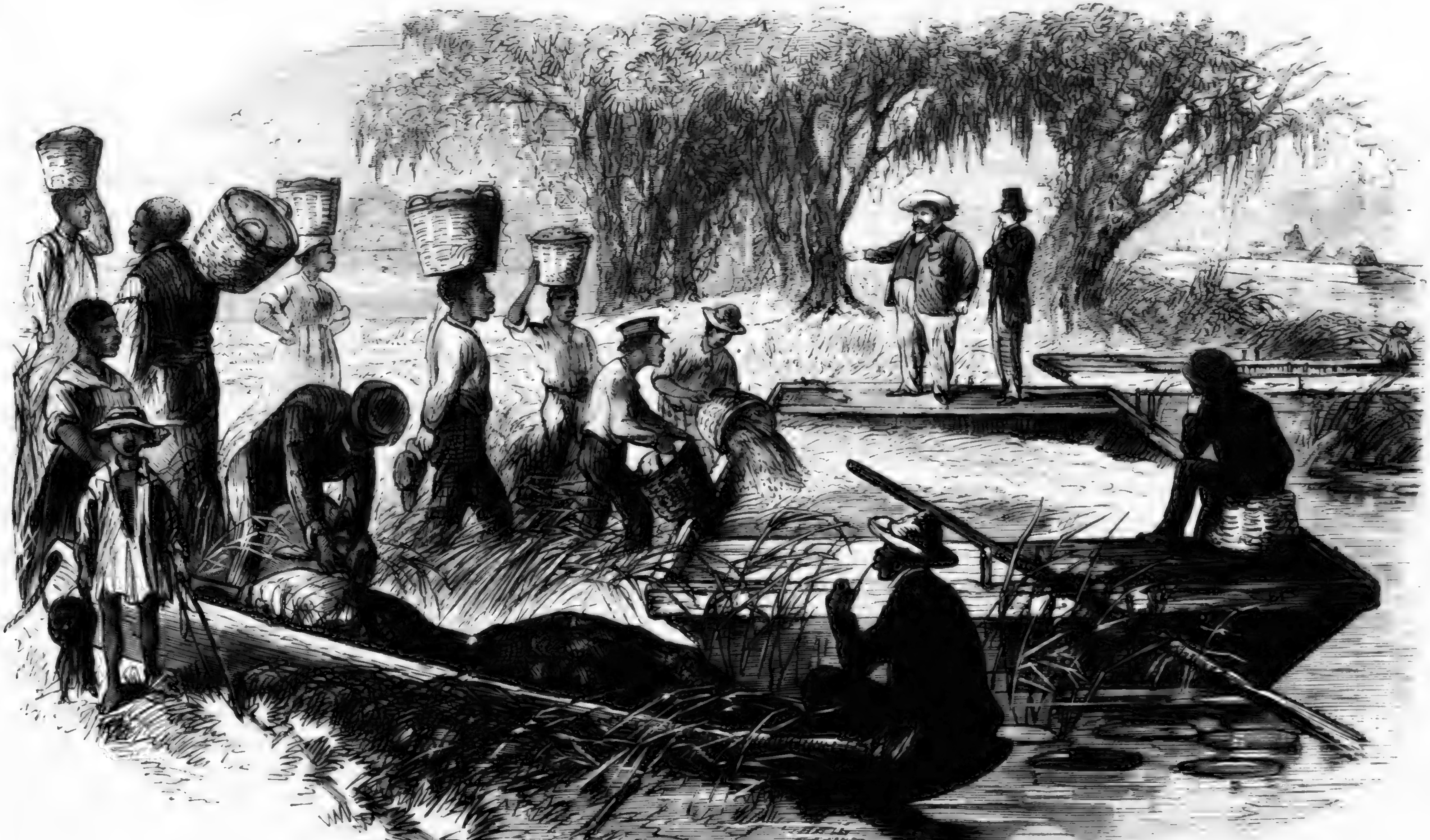
mas, and after that feast until the first week in March, then ceasing until Passion Week. During this reign, when this curious practice appears to have reached its height, the cures were frequently performed on Sundays at Whitehall. After the restoration of Charles II., no less than 24,000 persons were touched during the first four years. In 1686, an advertisement was published in the *London Gazette*, to the effect that the healing would take place every Friday; and orders were given to the royal physicians and surgeons to attend on the previous day at the Mews, to verify cases and distribute tickets. In Queen Elizabeth's time, the regal power of cure seems to have caused religious doubts of the force of the Papal authority, as a Roman Catholic, having been afflicted with king's evil, and restored to health by her Majesty's touch, after her excommunication by the Pontiff, is said to have asserted his belief that the thunders of Rome had been of no effect, since they had not removed from their recipient the power of healing.



THE ROYAL POWER OF CURE—QUEEN ANNE TOUCHING DOCTOR JOHNSON, WHEN A BOY, FOR THE KING'S EVIL.—SEE PAGE 371.

The ceremony was always accompanied by a religious service, and, after the art of printing was discovered, it was



SOUTHERN SCENES.—SHIPPING RICE FROM A PLANTATION ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA.—SEE PAGE 374.

published on a separate sheet; but in 1684 it was included in the Book of Common Prayer. The first Gospel was that for Ascension Day, and as each person was touched, these words were said, "They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover." The second Gospel commenced at the first verse of the first chapter of St. John, and ended with the fourteenth verse, "Full of grace and truth." When the coin or angel was hung about the neck of the sufferer, these words were repeated, "That light was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Then followed the ejaculations, "Lord have mercy upon us," "Christ have mercy upon us," and the Lord's Prayer; and after a few short sentences, this collect was said: "Almighty God, the eternal health of such as put their trust in Thee, hear us, we beseech Thee, on the behalf of these Thy servants, for whom we call for Thy merciful help, that they, receiving health, may give thanks unto Thee in Thy Holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." The blessing was then given, and the service thus concluded.

This form may be seen in the editions of the Prayer Book published in 1707 and 1709. It was slightly altered in the large edition brought out at Oxford by Baskett, in 1715, but continued to form part of the liturgy of the Church as late as the year 1719; the sovereigns of the House of Brunswick, however, never having tried their supposed power in this way, the form has since been altogether omitted from more recent editions.

It does not appear that this faculty of healing—if we may so term that very uncertain power, probably made effective only by the credulity of the patient, acting upon a depressed nervous system—was not wholly confined to English rulers, for we read that two hundred years after Edward the Confessor had first practiced it, it was used by the Kings of France, who traced its origin to Clovis. Louis XIV. is said to have touched no fewer than 1,600 persons on Easter Sunday, 1686, saying these words: "Le roi te touche, Dieu te guérisse."

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Shipping Rice from a Plantation on the Savannah River, Ga.

There is a belt of land stretching from Virginia down the coast to the Gulf of Mexico, and most of the distance it lies low, very little above the level of the ocean; some of this land is covered with water by every high tide. The greater portion of it may properly be called swamp land—not altogether given up to the domain of the water, but always damp, and too wet for any grain except rice It is not every swamp or wet piece of land that is fit for the cultivation of rice. The alluvial swamp lying along the banks of rivers, having a deep soil composed of decayed vegetation, is best fitted for the purpose; but it must be so located that it can be overflowed at high tide, or it is useless for the purpose. The land must also be protected from the salt water and from the rapid currents occasioned by freshets.

South Carolina is the great rice State, more being cultivated here than in all the United States besides The rivers flowing down from the table-land of the interior reach this low land, and force their way to the sea, spread out, and have, generally, a deep, broad channel. There is a volume of water sufficient, so that the tide will cause it to set back for many miles. Along many of these rivers the land is as level as the sea, and it can be flooded at pleasure. Gates are constructed through artificial embankments along the banks of the river, and when the tide is high the water is let in, the land flooded and the gates closed. When it becomes necessary to draw the water off, the gates are opened at low tide. Some of these fields are very large, and interesting when being prepared for a crop, and are very beautiful when the rice comes up through the water and throws out its needle-like spears. These fields must have a secure embankment along the river, and must be thoroughly drained by artificial channels, so as to take the water entirely away when necessary. In large fields some of the channels have capacity enough to float a flat-bottomed boat, which is used to convey the harvest to the place of storage.

The land is plowed in Winter, and in the first warm days of Spring is flooded. The preparation of the ground commences in March. The ground is made as mellow as a garden. The seed is sown in trenches about fifteen inches apart. It requires about three bushels of seed to an acre. The seed is lightly covered with soil, and the water let in, and remains about a week, by which time the grain sprouts, when the water is drawn off; the grain is then allowed to grow for four or five weeks, when it is cultivated and the ground thoroughly stirred, and once more water is let on, and it is flooded for a few days, and then gradually drawn down and again cultivated. After the second cultivation the water is again let on, to remain till the crop matures, which takes about two months, when the water is drawn off, and is harvested, very much as we harvest buckwheat. The crop, in a favorable season, is a profitable one. The grain is threshed and cleaned in mill. It is frequently sent to market before the hulls are removed.

There are extensive mills in Liverpool and New York for hulling the rice, enabling the dealer to put it on the market fresh and white. There are mills at Savannah and Charleston where the rice is hulled for the local market. The best hulling machines cost from $15,000 to $18,000, and have very intricate machinery. The rice, before hulled, is called paddy The machine takes off the hull and sorts the grain. After the hulls are removed, it is moved out on inclined screens, which are fine at first, and all the small and broken rice passes through, and then a little coarser, and the rice called "middling rice" drops through, and the last the "prince rice." The latter quality is passed through another screen, which is called polishing, and in that process is swept clean and bright.

Rice is cultivated in all the warm countries of the world, and is used for food by more people than any other cereal, except wheat.

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

In 1851 there lived in a small town in the State of New York the deacon of a certain Christian Church, who was noted for his liberal qualities, who was in the habit of giving large wine suppers amongst his brotherhood of the Church, and, as a general thing, the guests would return home rather more than slightly inebriated, or rather more intoxicated than they would have been if they had staid at home and enjoyed the pleasure of their own families, and saved themselves the trouble of carrying the big head upon their shoulders, on the following day, as was the case. The scene which I wish to represent was one of a similar kind.

Upon a Christmas day of '51—it was the marriage of the only daughter of the deacon—it was a night of joy and glee. After the marriage had been performed, the bottles of wine were brought forth; all present filled their goblets full of the poisonous nectar, except one, who stood like a marble statue—it was the bride—whilst the words were spoken by one of the crowd, "Pledge with wine!" "Pledge with wine," cried the the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "Pledge with wine," ran through the crowd.

The beautiful bride grew gale; the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the deacon, in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expect it; do not so infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please, but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bride, for Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends had noticed the change in his manners, the difference of his habits—and to-night they watched to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming goblet, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every one was attracted by her piercing exclamation of: "Oh, how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had carried the glass to her arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it was some hideous object.

"What?" she answered, while an inspired light shone from her eyes; "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one of her jeweled fingers at the sparkling liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowded with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the motion of the breeze. But there a group of Indians gather, and flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows, and in their midst lies a manly form—but his dark cheek how deathly—his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, I should say kneels, for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast. Genius in ruins on the high, holy-looking brow—why should death mark it, and he so young! Look how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands; hear his shriek for life; how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together, as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land! See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their grasp, and the deacon fell overpowered into his seat—"see, his arms are lifted to Heaven; he prays how wildly for mercy. But fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping. Awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears streaming into the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its extension, and the glass, with its little troubled waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute; her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct. She still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now, the great white moon is coming up, and her beams fall gently on his forehead. He moves not, his eyes are fixed in their sockets; dim are the piercing glances. In vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister; no soft hand and no gentle voice bless and soothe him. His head sinks back, one convulsive shudder—he is dead."

A groan ran through the assembly. So vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom had hidden his face and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and her voice more broken—"and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth—the only son of a proud father, the idolized brother of a fond sister; and he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son, my own twin-brother, a victim of this deadly poison! Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rolled down her beautiful cheeks—"father, shall I drink the poison now?"

The form of the old deacon was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered, "No, no, my child, in God's name, no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and, letting it fall suddenly to the floor, it was dashed to pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying:

"Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine, or any other poisonous venom. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the terrible poison. And he, to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that land of gold—will sustain me in this resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer. The deacon had left the room, but when he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to see that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and for ever from that princely home.

Reader, this is no fiction. I was there and heard the words, which I have penned, as near as I can recollect them. This bride, her husband and her brother, who died in the gold regions of California, were schoolmates of mine. Those who were present at that wedding of my associates never forgot the impression so solemnly made, and all from that hour forswore the social glass.

QUAKER JUSTICE.

Two QUAKERS resident in Philadelphia, applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide the following difficulty:—*A*, uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets *B*, an insurer, and expresses a wish to have the vessel insured. The matter is agreed upon. *A* returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should *B* hear of the matter soon, it is all over with him. He therefore writes to *B* thus: "Friend *B*, if thee hasn't filled up the policy, thee needn't, for *I've heard of the ship.*" "Oh! oh!" thinks *B* to himself—"cunning fellow—he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to *A*: "Friend *A*, thee bee'st too late by half an hour—the policy is filled." *A* rubs his hands with delight. Yet *B* refuses to pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them. This may be even-handed justice, though unquestionably it is an odd decision.

WHAT men are deficient in reason, they usually make up in rage.

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POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

By pottery, is generally understood an infusible mixture of earths, which is refractory in the kiln, and continues opaque after the baking.

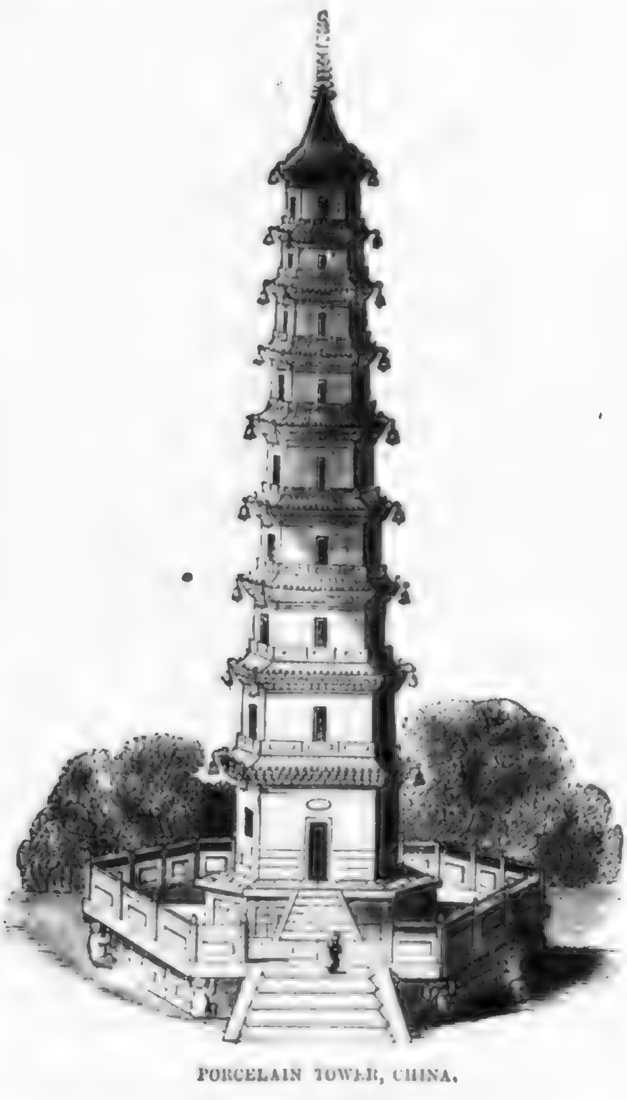
Porcelain is composed of a fusible earthy mixture, along with an infusible, which, when combined, are susceptible of becoming semi-vitrified and translucent in the kiln.

Pottery is opaque, porcelain transparent; but the gradations in the degree of transparency are often so gradual that it is difficult to trace the boundary line where one begins and the other terminates. Glass, on the contrary, is composed of entirely fusible constituents, and is worked up in a pasty state.

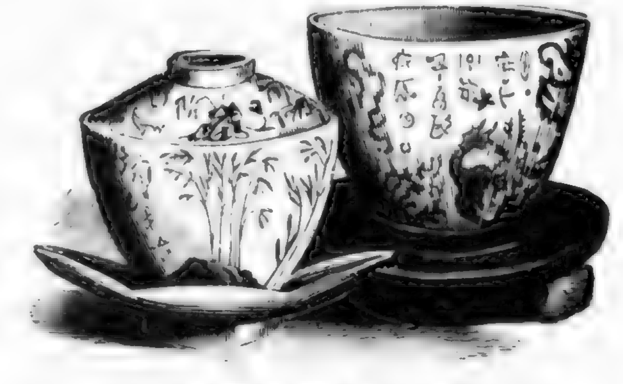
All pottery wares may be divided into unglazed and unvitrified varieties, which are permeable to water, and glazed and partly vitrified, which are impervious.

It would also be possible to classify them into hard and soft ware, according to the materials used and the temperature at which they are solidified in the furnace, which results in a marked difference of texture.

The varieties of pottery are very numerous, and it will scarcely be possible to allude to more than a few of the best known and most highly prized wares. Why the Portuguese, in 1508, when they introduced the white, transparent earthenware from China, should have called it porcelain, has never been satisfactorily explained. Various derivations are given to the word. Some say that the ware was so called from its resemblance to a beautiful shell called porcellana, but there is some probability that the shell was so named from its resemblance to porcelain; another interpretation is, that porcelain means a little cup; finally, the word is traced to an abbreviation of the French *pour cent années*, as there was a tradition that some of the materials required one hundred years to ripen. Whatever may be its derivation, there is no doubt that the word is of comparatively recent origin.



PORCELAIN TOWER, CHINA.



ANCIENT CHINESE PORCELAIN.

The manufacture of pottery is an art which dates back to the most remote antiquity. It is evident that one of the first things attempted by man for the increase of his comfort was the baking of earthenware into vessels suitable for cups, dishes, and cooking utensils.

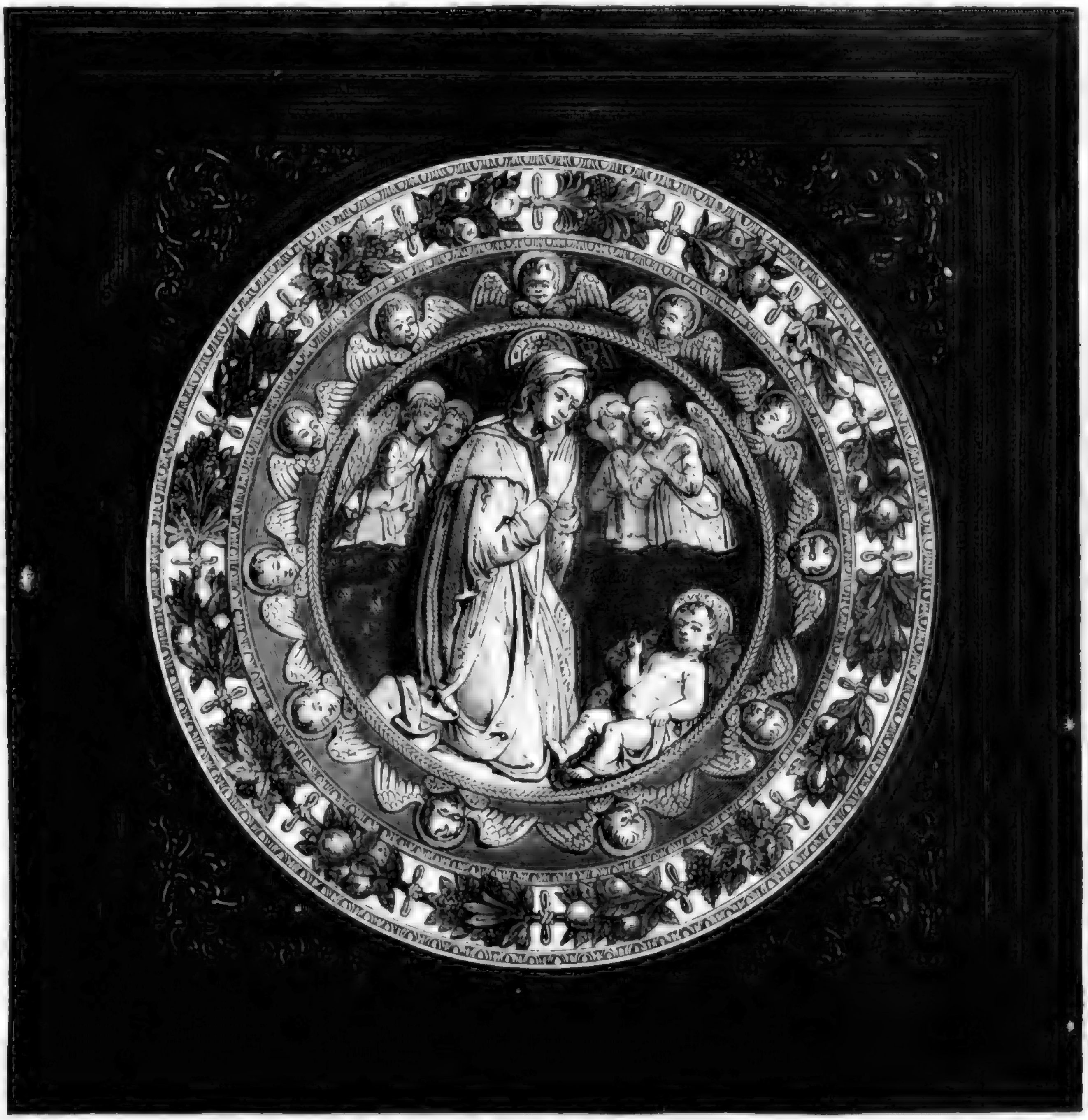
Enormous accumulations of earthenware have been found near some oriental cities, and in the mounds of races long extinct; so that the origin of the art would appear to have been contemporaneous with the creation of man himself. In fact, the antiquity of the human race is carried back by some ethnologists to more than twenty thousand years, on the basis of calculations on the length of time that must have elapsed to account for the deposition of mud in the Nile when fragments of pottery have been brought up from deep boring. The Chinese claim that as far back as the year 2600 B. C., under the Chun dynasty, porcelain was not only made, but there was a government superintendent of potteries.

There is a variety of porcelain highly prized by collectors, and, indeed, worth more than its weight in gold, which was made in the era of the Soung dynasty, which reigned in China from the year 960 to 1279. The most valuable varieties of this ware are the azure crackle, which imitates the sky; next comes the blue crackle, next the blue and rose, next the pale blue or red, and last the white, red, brown, and black colors. The famous egg-shell porcelain was not made in China until near the close of the fifteenth century, about the time that the first specimens were brought to Europe by the Portuguese.

The appearance of white porcelain in Europe created a great sensation, and the attention of the alchemists was for a season directed from a search for the philosopher's stone to the more practical question of how to imitate this ware.

Among those who were most zealous in the pursuit of the new prize, was Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, who employed John Frederic Böttcher to try to unvail the mystery. Böttcher had been expelled from Berlin on the suspicion that he was a follower of the black art, and in league with the devil. The Elector received the exile most willingly, and shut him up in his laboratory, with strict injunctions to devise some way of replenishing the greatly depleted State treasury. As a preliminary to the melting of gold, the alchemist went to work to prepare some refractory crucibles. When these vessels were fired, he found to his surprise that they resembled some of the porcelain in the possession of his patron. He immediately made known the circumstance to the Elector, who promptly appreciated the fact that there would be more money to be made by the sale of such ware, if they could make it, than in any vain search for gold. He immediately locked up Herr Böttcher and his secret in the strong fortress of Albrechtsburg, and then and there embarked in the pottery trade. But all that Böttcher could produce was a red and white stone-ware of considerable fineness, but still much inferior to porcelain.

In the meantime an intelligent ironmaster of the neighborhood, named Schnorr, discovered one day, by accident, from the circumstance of his horse getting stuck in it, some exceedingly white mud, which he examined and dried, and decided to be valuable for powdering the wigs of the gentry, according to the custom of the times. Schnorr went to work to develop his mine, and was at once very successful; the powder sold well, and in the course of time some of it reached the wig of Böttcher himself. It attracted his notice from its inconvenient weight, from its greasy feel and pure white color, and the idea at once presented itself to try the powder in the kiln. No sooner said than done, and the result was pure porcelain.



SPECIMEN OF ENAMELED MAJOLICA WARE, BY LUCCA DELLA ROBBIA.

Thus the discovery was made. The workmen were sworn to secrecy, under penalty of death, and the pledge, "Geheim bis ins Grab" (be secret to the grave), was posted everywhere in large letters, to remind them of their duty. Even the Elector took the oath, and, to make it more impressive, it was repeated every month.

Thus was founded, 1715, the celebrated factory at Meissen, which was destined to become the parent of a numerous progeny, for, in spite of the strict watch maintained over the imprisoned operatives, one of the number succeeded in escaping and betraying the secret.

The French sought long for the white earth, until, in 1768, it was accidentally discovered by a woman living near Limoges, who, being poor, tried to use a white, unctuous earth which she found in a ravine, as a substitute for soap. Some of this earth fell into the hands of a chemist, who at once recognized it as being the same material as that found at Meissen, and soon the now famous factory of Limoges, and shortly after the equally renowned works of Sèvres, were established.

Twenty years afterward, Mr. Goodworthy revolutionized the English porcelain business by finding the necessary white earth in Cornwall. In the south of Europe the art was brought by the Arabs into Spain; from there it traveled into Majorca, in which island it was prosecuted with great success. The articles made on this island, and known as majolica, have long been highly prized in Europe.

The first manufactory established by the Italians was at Fayenza, whence the French term *fayence* is derived. The

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body of the ware was usually a red clay, and the glaze was opaque, being formed of the oxides of lead and tin, along with potash and sand.

The ancients knew how to glaze earthenware, as is shown in the bricks from Babylon and the tiles from the ruined cities of the Desert, but the art was lost in Europe until it was rediscovered about 1445 by Lucca della Robbia, "after experiments innumerable."

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, France, succeeded, after infinite labor, in inventing a glaze by means of which he was able to imitate in the most perfect manner animals, plants, shells, and other natural objects. Lizards, frogs and other animals are raised on the pieces, and the exquisite grace and beauty of the imitations have given to this ware a celebrity not excelled by any other.

The life of Palissy is a charming episode in the history of porcelain. He sacrificed everything to the attainment of his object. His wife's jewels were sold or pawned, his furniture was burned for kindlings, until he was reduced to the extremity of poverty and despair. In the midst of it all, he had to encounter the persecutions of the Catholics, for he was a Protestant; but at last success crowned his efforts, and his productions were eagerly sought for by the wealthy nobles of the time.

On the fatal night of St. Bartholomew, when so many Protestants were massacred, Palissy's life was saved by one of the Catholic noblemen, who had him cast into prison. As he alone possessed the secret of the glazing, his life was deemed too precious to be sacrificed to religious intolerance, and he was concealed in jail as affording the safest asylum. He lived to an advanced age, but was never released from prison.

England, also, had its pioneer in the ceramic art. Josiah Wedgwood was the first to erect magnificent factories, where every resource of mechanical and chemical science was made to co-operate with the arts of painting, sculpture and statuary, in perfecting this valuable department of the industry of the nations. "So sound were his principles, so judicious his plans of procedure, and so ably have they been prosecuted by his successors in Staffordshire, that a population of upward of 100,000 operatives now derives a comfortable subsistence within a district formerly bleak and barren." Within an area of 8 miles long and 6 miles wide, there are more than 250 kilns, and the district is very significantly called The Potteries.

The manufacture of porcelain in the United States is of comparatively recent origin. A company was established at Greenpoint as early as 1850, but it did not meet with much success. In 1862, the works fell into the hands of Mr. Thomas C. Smith, who determined to put the business on a firm footing. He traveled in Europe to see how the process was conducted there, and comprehended at once that it is impossible to arrive at perfection until after years of patient trial.

Porcelain is a fabric demanding such incessant care, such universal thought, such scrupulous attention on the part of the humblest employés, such dexterity in the workmen, such skill in the decorators, that it requires more than one generation to place a factory on a good footing, and many generations to make it famous. The foreign factories have been the slow accretions of hundreds of years, and millions of dollars have been sunk by governments and kings to bring them to their present perfection.

Considering all these things, Mr. Smith determined to restrict his efforts at first to the hardware branch of the manufacture; to fabricate such things as door-knobs, bell-handles, the scalps of picture-nails, casters, wheels, finger-plates, and other little articles which demand peremptorily the conditions of extreme durability and perfect purity. Commencing in this way, and gradually enlarging the factory, the works have steadily improved, until they are able to produce some lines of goods quite as good as any to be found in Europe.

In New Jersey and Pennsylvania there has been equal progress in the manufacture of porcelain, and at the time of the Centennial Exhibition the display from this country was in every way most encouraging—the chief superiority of the foreign products being in greater beauty of pattern and more exquisite display of decoration. This is quite natural, as decorative art has not attained to the same perfection in this country that it has in Europe.

The Materials of Pottery.

First in importance is clay. This is cleansed as much as possible by hand and freed from loosely adhering stones at the pit where it is dug. For the manufacture of the finer kinds of earthenware a peculiar kind of clay called kaolin is required, of which we must make separate note hereafter. In the factory the clay is cut to pieces and then kneaded into a pulp, with water, by engines. It is thrown into cast-iron cylinders, in the axis of which an upright shaft revolves, bearing knives so arranged that by the revolution of the shaft they not only cut through everything in their way, but constantly press the soft contents of the cylinder obliquely downward, on the principle of a screw. Another set of knives stands out motionless, at right angles from the inner surface of the cylinder, having their edges looking opposite to the line of motion of the revolving blades. Thus the two sets of slicing implements, the one active and the other passive, operate like shears in cutting the clay into small pieces, while the active blades, by their spiral form, force the clay, in its comminuted state, out at an aperture at the bottom of the cylinder or cone, whence it is conveyed into a cylindrical vat, to be worked into a pap with water.

Whenever the pap has acquired a cream consistence, it is run off through a series of wire, lawn and silk sieves, of different degrees of fineness, which are kept in continual agitation backward and forward by a crank mechanism; and thus all the grosser parts are completely separated, and hindered from injuring the ware. This clay liquor is set aside in proper cisterns, and diluted with water to a standard density. In a mountain near Kinglehsehin, China, is a large deposit of decomposed feldspar, and as the mountain is called *Kaolin*, the earth obtained from the quarry received the same name. Kaolin earth is the principal constituent of porcelain and china—it is also extensively employed in paper manufacture, possibly for the adulteration of candy, and in other industries.

Besides occurring in China, extensive deposits of it have been found in England and the United States, also in Germany and France. The kaolin, when first raised, has the appearance and consistence of mortar; it contains numerous grains of quartz, which are disseminated throughout in the same manner as in granite. After the clay has been properly assorted, it is placed in a heap on an inclined platform, on which a little stream of water falls from the height of about six feet; the workman constantly moves it and turns it over with a *fizzle* and shovel, by which means the whole is gradually carried down into an oblong trench beneath, which is also inclined, and which ends in a small channel that leads to a catch pit. The grains of quartz are caught in trenches, while the clay, in consequence of its greater levity, is carried away in a state of suspension. The clay is gradually deposited in the pits until it becomes a thick paste; it is then further consolidated by drying before it is fit for the market.

When the clay is in a fit state, it is cut into oblong masses and carried to the drying-house, and there packed up into casks to be shipped to the potteries. The porcelain earth thus prepared is of a beautiful and uniform whiteness, and is perfectly smooth and soft to the touch. The other materials required in the manufacture are flints or their equivalent; chert, a flinty substance found in limestone; feldspar, bone ashes and soapstone. Clay alone cannot form a proper material for pottery on account of its great contractibility by heat and the consequent cracking and splitting in the kiln, for which reason a silicious substance incapable of contraction must enter into the body of the pottery. For this purpose ground flint or ground quartz is preferred. The nodules of flint extracted from the chalk formation are washed, heated red-hot in a kiln, like that for burning lime, and thrown in this state into water, by which treatment they become exceedingly brittle. They are then reduced to a coarse powder in a stamping mill or a crushing mill. The product is put through a process very similar to the one described above, until, in an absolutely pure condition, it is reduced to a pap of standard density.

The standard clay and flint liquors are now mixed together in such proportion by measure that the flint powder may bear to the dry clay the ratio of one to five, or occasionally one to six, according to the richness and plasticity of the clay; and the liquors are intimately incorporated in a revolving churn. The mixed liquors are now evaporated, until a uniform, doughy mass is obtained; this mass is cut into cubical lumps, piled in heaps, and left in a damp cellar for many months. Here the dough suffers disintegration, promoted by a kind of fermentive action apparently due to the organic matter taken up in its preparation; it becomes black, and exhales a fetid odor. All of the constituents of porcelain are prepared with the same care as the above, in order that the workmen may have to deal with materials of a fixed and certain composition, and of absolute purity. In order to remove every particle of iron that the materials may contain, the liquid pap is made to flow between magnets before it is dried to the consistence of the dough described above—this diminishes the risk of having black spots appear on the snowy surface of the finished china. Besides the material found ready stored in the mountains, all broken china can be ground and worked over again to great advantage.

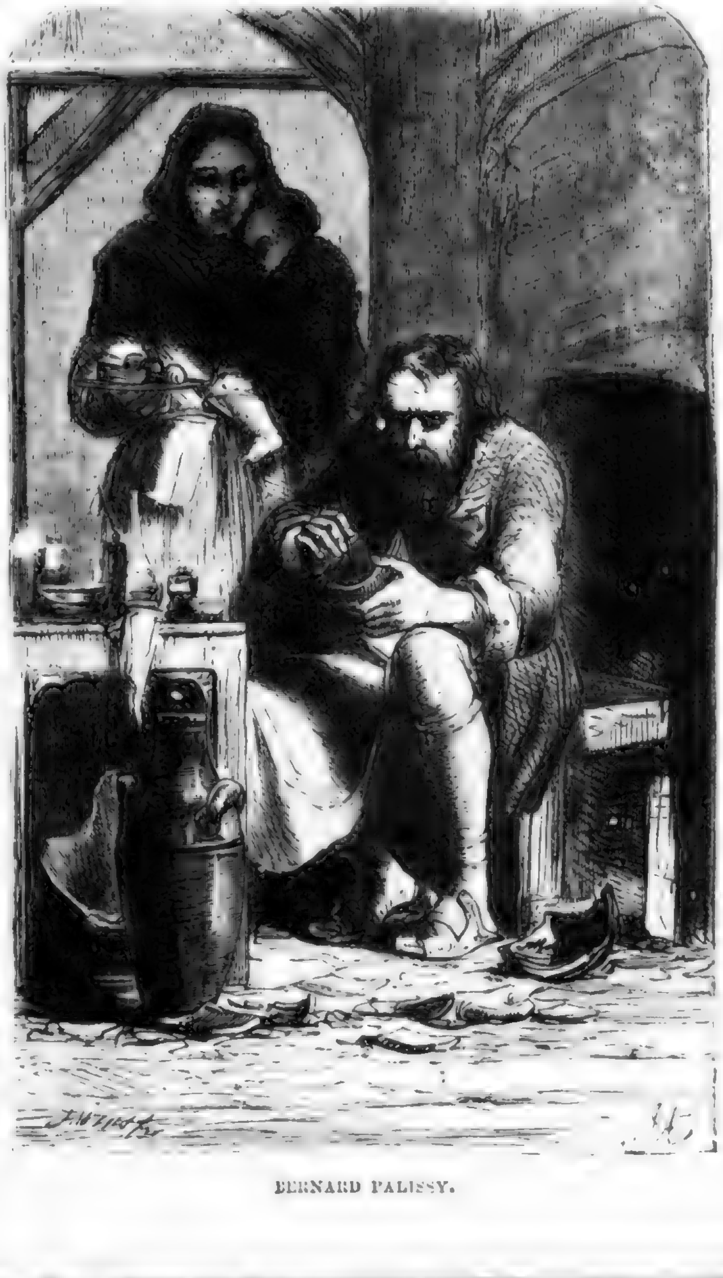
DETAILS OF THE MANUFACTURE.

Having given a short history of the art, and of the materials employed in it, we must next pass to the consideration of the manufacture.

The clay being prepared, is submitted to the potter, who employs at the present day a wheel of the same description as that used in the days of Moses. *Throwing* is performed upon a tool called the potter's lathe; this consists of an upright iron shaft, about the height of a common table, on the top of which is fixed, by its centre, a horizontal disk or circular piece of wood, of an area sufficiently great for the largest stoneware vessel to stand upon. The lower end of the shaft is pointed, and runs in a conical shape, and its collar, a little below the top board, being truly turned, is embraced in a socket attached to the wooden frame of the lathe. The shaft has a pulley fixed upon it, with grooves for their speed, over which an endless band passes from a fly-wheel, by whose revolutions any desired rapidity of rotation may be given to the shaft and its top-board. This wheel, when small, may be placed alongside, as in the turner's lathe, and then it is driven by a treadle and crank; or, when of larger dimensions, it is turned by some kind of power.

In large potteries, the whole of the lathes, both for throwing and turning, are put in motion by a steam-engine. The vertical spindle of the lathe has a bevel wheel on it, which works in another bevel-toothed wheel, fixed to a horizontal shaft. This shaft is provided with a long, conical, wooden drum, from which a strap ascends to a similar conical drum on the main driving shaft. The apex of the one corresponds to the base of the other, which allows the strap to retain the same degree of tension, while it is made to travel horizontally, in order to vary the speed of the lathe at pleasure. When the belt is at the base of the driving cone, it works near the vertex of the driven one, so as to give a maximum velocity to the latter, and *vice versa.*

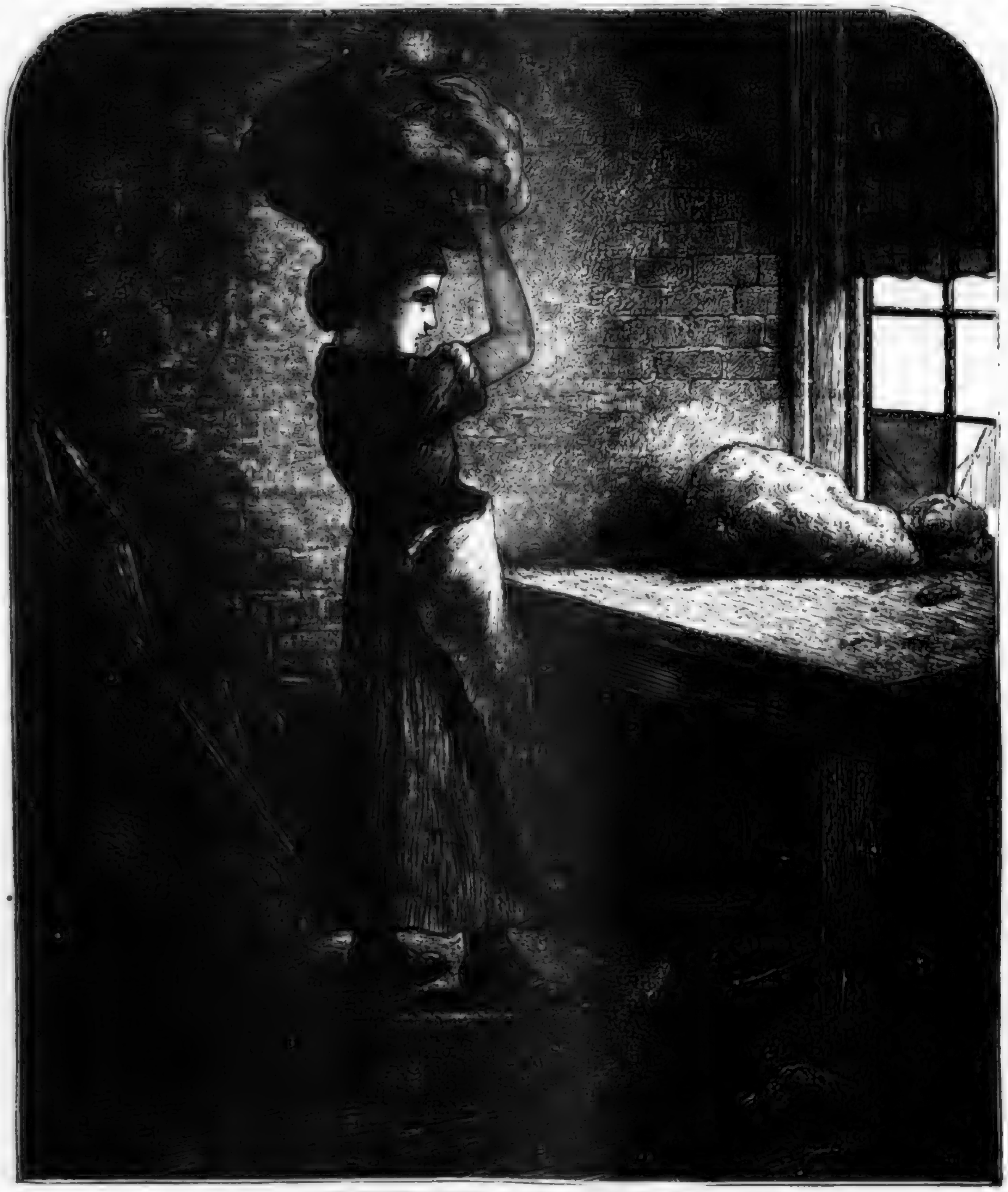
During the throwing of any article, a separate mechanism is conducted by a boy, which makes the strap move parallel to itself along these conical drums, and nicely regulates the speed of the lathe. When the strap runs at the middle of the cones, the velocity of each shaft is equal. By this elegant contrivance of parallel cones reversed, the velocity rises gradually to its maximum and returns to its minimum, or slower motion, when the workman is about to finish the article thrown. The strap is then transferred to a pair of loose pulleys, and the lathe stops. The article made is now cut off at the base with a small wire; is dried, turned on a power-lathe and polished as above described. The same degree of dryness which admits of the clay being turned on the lathe also suits for fixing on the handles and other appendages to the vessels. The parts to be attached, being previously prepared, are joined to the circular work by means of a thin paste, which the workmen call slip, and the seams are then smoothed off with a wet sponge. They are



BERNARD PALISSY.

XUM

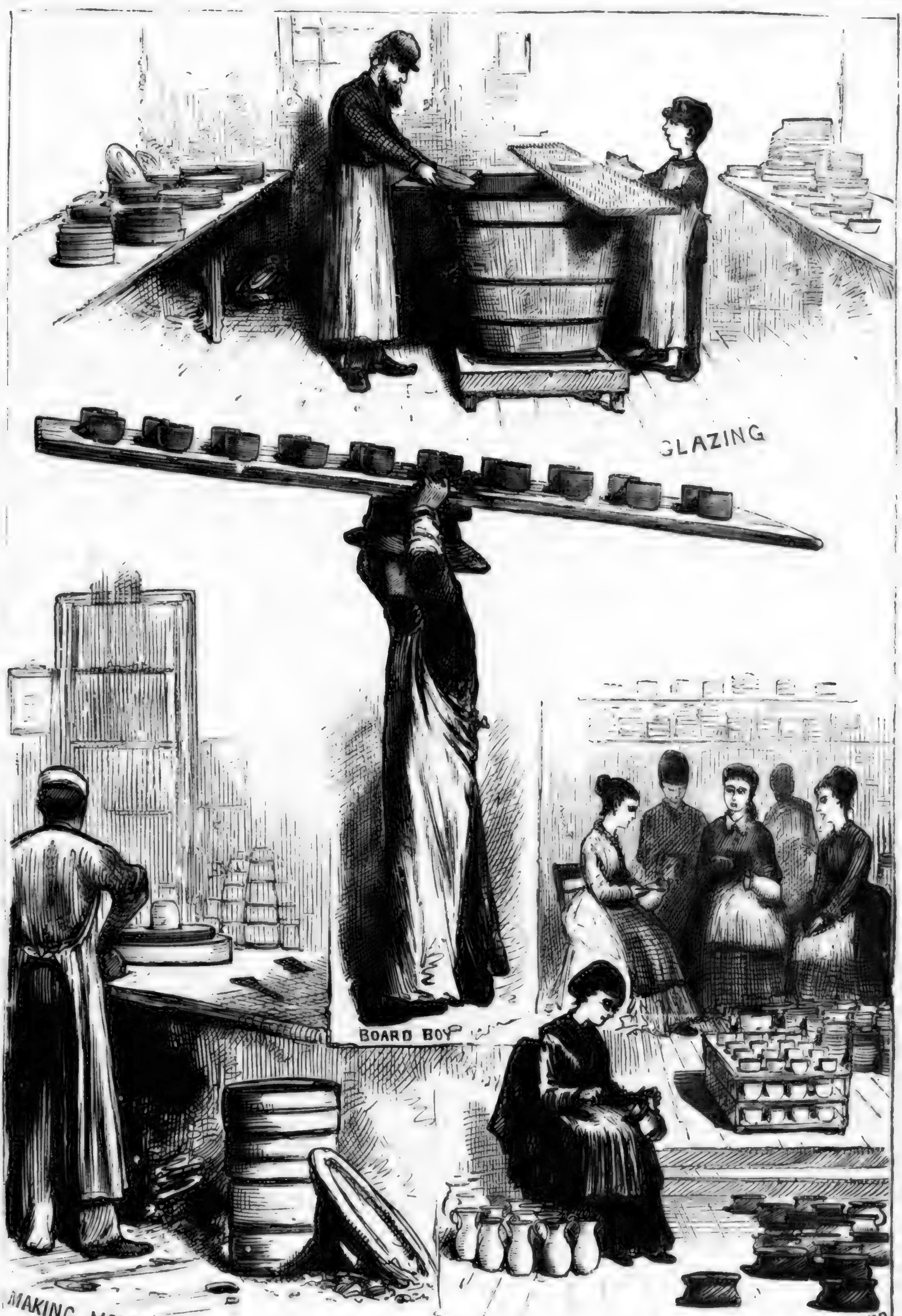
now taken to a stove-room, heated to 80 deg. or 90 deg. Fah., and fitted up with a great many shelves. When they are fully dried, they are smoothed over with a small bundle of hemp, if the articles be fine, and are then ready for the kiln, which is to cement the tender clay into the hard biscuit.



GIRL THROWING LUMP-CLAY TO DRIVE OUT THE AIR.

The other method of fashioning earthenware articles, is called casting, and is, perhaps, the most elegant for such as have an irregular shape. This operation consists in pouring the clay, in the state of pap or slip, into plaster-molds, which are kept in a desiccated state. These molds, as well as the pressure ones, are made in halves, which nicely correspond together. The slip is poured in till the cavity is quite full, and is left in the mold for a certain time, more or less, according to the intended thickness of the vessel. Imitations of flowers and foliage are elegantly executed in this way. This operation, which is called furnishing, requires very delicate and dexterous manipulation. To prevent the unbaked porcelain from adhering together, the pieces are put upon refractory supports called seggars. The bottom of the upper seggar forms the lid of its fellow below; and the junction of the two is luted with a ring of soft clay applied between them. These dishes protect the ware from being suddenly and unequally heated, and from being soiled by the smoke and vapors of the fuel.

At the Greenpoint works, the seggars are made of the red clay of New Jersey. This red mud is mixed to a thick, plastic mass in a pug-mill, and subsequently pressed in molds to


GLAZING
BOARD BOY
MAKING MOLDS
CLEARING OUT SAND

POTTERY PROCESSES.

any desired form. Baking follows, and the finished seggar emerges, looking like a piece of coarse, red earthenware.

The potter's lathe, described above, is also somewhat obsolete in this country. In its place is a long table, with a row of horizontal disks. The workman takes his place, and by a mere pressure of the knee on a lever, can set the disk in motion.

There are very many objects which do not require the use of the revolving head, and are simply pressed into molds, some by machinery, others by hand alone. The machine used for door-knobs, for example, is simply a screw-press, which forces the clay, in the condition of moist powder, into a properly shaped die. The knob, however, on emerging, is not everywhere round, and is, therefore, placed on a horizontal, revolving spindle and turned. China heads for nails, casters, mouths of speaking-tubes, and a great variety of porcelain goods for the hardware trade, are made in a similar manner.

The kilns in which the ware is converted into biscuit, are cylindrical structures 15½ feet in diameter and having two stories, the lower one 11½ and the upper one 9 feet in height. The walls, which are of brick, lined with refractory bricks, are nearly four feet in thickness. Directly beneath the lower story is a grate, covering the entire area and accessible by several doors. When fired, a kiln uses about ten tons of coal to a baking, and combustion is continued for twenty-eight hours. It takes three days for the interior to cool. The ware for the first baking is placed in the upper story, which is subjected to a less degree of temperature than the compartment below, the exhaust heat being used. The seggars now come into use, each one being filled with as many articles as can be placed in it without touching each other, small pieces of fire-clay serving as supports. The filled seggars are then ranged in piles from floor to floor. As many as 30,000 articles may be included in one baking. The fires are now urged for the proper time; and after the kiln has cooled, the ware is removed in the shape of a hard, brittle, porous body, called biscuit.

The next operation is glazing. The glaze of hard porcelain is feldspar rock; this being ground to a very fine powder, is worked into a paste with water mingled with a little vinegar. All the articles are dipped into this milky liquid, which is continually stirred by an attendant, and, as they are very porous, they absorb the water greedily, whereby a layer of the feldspar glaze is deposited on their surface, in a nearly dry state, as soon as they are lifted out. Thick pieces, such as knobs, have to be dipped in water first to prevent their taking up too much of the glazing liquid. Glaze pap is afterward applied with a hair brush to the projecting edges, or any points where it had not taken; and the powder is then removed from the part on which the article is to stand, lest it should get fixed to its support in the fire.

After these operations, the articles are again packed in seggars, to undergo the intense heat of the glass oven. For this purpose, the lower story of the kiln is employed, and the heat generated is far more than sufficient to melt iron. The heat is so intense that the director of the Berlin porcelain manufactory has succeeded in making, artificially, a large number of crystalline minerals, by putting the constituents, as ascertained by chemical analysis, in the seggars of the kiln. Among others, artificial feldspar has been made in this way.

The seggars and their contents glow with an intense white radiance, and this continues until vitrification ensues. It is at this point that great skill is required in managing the fires, for the difficulty is to accomplish the vitrification and yet have the ware stand up in the kiln. In other words, the fires must be checked at a point a little beyond that at which the glaze vitrifies, and just before the articles themselves run and melt. There are openings by the side of the sealed doors, which admit of a survey of the interior of the kiln by which the workmen can decide when to slacken the heat.

The porcelain is now finished, and nothing remains but to sort it over for imperfect pieces, which are consigned to the grinding mill to be pulverized and made over, or, if not too defective, are sold at a reduced price.

Tender porcelain, or soft china ware, is made with a vitreous frit, rendered less fusible and opaque by an addition of white mud or bone ash. Its manufacture is longer and more difficult than that of the hard; its biscuit is dearer because many pieces split asunder or become deformed in the kiln.

The best English porcelain is made from a mixture of the Cornish and Devonshire kaolin, ground flints, ground Cornish stone, and calcined bones in powder, besides some other materials, according to the fancy of the manufacturers.

The decoration of porcelain is usually done by hand. The colors used are formed by the combination of metallic oxides and salts with fluxes. The oxides chosen are necessarily such as will bear the high heat of the muffle furnace without volatilizing. Fugitive colors will be of no value in this process. The most prized oxides are those of chromium, iron, uranium, manganese, zinc, cobalt, antimony, and also compounds of platinum, iridium, gold. The salts and fluxes are ground up with fatty turpentine and painted on in the ordinary manner. It is not until the heat of the furnace has driven off the oil, and chemically combined the ingredients of the colors, that the effect can be judged of; for the hues at first are dingy and unpleasant, and give no idea, to the inexperienced eye, of the intended effect.

Gold is applied by dissolving the metal in aqua-regia, expelling the acid, and applying as before.

After the ware is decorated, it is enclosed in a muffle furnace, and heated until the proper fusion of the fluxes has taken place. After the colors are developed the articles are removed and the metallic portions are finished by hand-burnishing.

Printing upon china is accomplished by two distinct methods. One is transferred on the bisque, and is the method by which the ordinary printed ware is produced, and the other is transferred on the glaze. The first is called "press printing," and the latter, "bat printing." The engraving is executed upon copper plates, and for press printing is cut very deep, to enable it to hold a sufficiency of color to give a firm and full transfer to the ware. The copper plate is charged with color mixed with thick, boiled oil, by means of a knife and dabber; the engraved portion being filled, the superfluous color is scraped off the surface of the copper by the knife, and further cleaned by leather.

The "bat printing" is done upon the glaze, and the engravings are, for this style, exceedingly fine, and no greater depth is required than for ordinary book engravings. After the plate has been properly oiled and prepared with glue, the color is dashed on, and the ware is ready to be fired in the enamel kilns.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THERE is considerable activity in scientific research everywhere at the present time, and an encouraging degree of success has attended the efforts of investigators to produce new and valuable results. It usually requires time for a new discovery to ripen into practical importance, and a really good thing grows in value the more it is studied and understood.

PRESERVING THE COLOR OF DRIED PLANTS.—A successful but expensive way is to add one part of salicylic acid to six hundred parts of alcohol, then set the spirits to boil, and draw the plant slowly through it, shake off the excess of the liquid, put between blotting paper, changing the pad occasionally until the plant is perfectly dry. The salicylic acid is said to preserve the color intact, while the alcohol serves to rapidly remove the water.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF SODA-ASH.—Liebig once said that soap was the index of the civilization of a people. He did not refer in this aphorism to the value of cleanliness as being akin to Godliness, but had in his mind the bearing on the arts and industry of a country, of the vast number of manufactures which were sustained and built up by the trades that are associated with the production of soap. The most important industry affiliated with soap is the manufacture of soda-ash. This article enters into so many trades that it is indispensable, and its loss would unquestionably be a serious blow to our present civilization; hence, the discovery of new and improved methods of manufacture must be regarded with interest everywhere. The latest advance made in this direction is to fill a vat with concentrated brine, and to suspend in it a basket containing carbonate of ammonia, and another filled with common salt, and allow them to react on each other. Soluble chloride of ammonium and insoluble bi-carbonate of soda result; the latter settles on the bottom of the vessel, and can be drawn off and dried. This process is cheaper than the old method devised by Le Blanc, and is said to have been introduced into Germany and France.

THE GERM THEORY OF DISEASE.—It is now the fashion to attribute contagious diseases to the existence of minute germs in the air, so small that they can scarcely be perceived with a microscope. These germs have actually been filtered through gun-cotton, and have been collected for study and growth. There seems to be no doubt that the disease-producing particles are living things. Tyndall says that if we chop up a beef steak, steep it in water, and filter it, we get a perfectly clear liquid; but that liquid stored in a bottle and exposed to the air, soon begins to get turbid, and the cloudy liquid, under the microscope, is found to be swarming with living organisms. If the beef-tea is previously heated, and then hermetically sealed, everything will be killed that is able to generate these little organisms, and the liquid can be preserved, clear, indefinitely. The moment the liquid is exposed to the air, it takes up from that medium the destructive particles, and in a short time will be found to swarm with life. This experiment seems to prove the existence of the minute forms of life claimed by the advocates of the germ theory.

A STUDY OF CATERPILLARS.—The study of insect life is much in vogue at the present time, in consequence of the ravages many of them commit on vegetables and plants. A curious kind of sociable caterpillar has been found near Mentone, in Italy. It lives in a sort of wigwam, with one compartment, apparently for the economy of building, also for the pleasure to be derived from social intercourse. When the proper time comes, the different tribes separate and build nests in trees. When one member of a colony leaves the encampment, other members are certain to follow in his track, usually in single file. If the leader is picked up, the procession comes to a halt, there is a brief consultation, and a new leader is chosen. On returning the former leader to his place at the head of the procession, he is no longer accepted as a suitable chief, but is degraded to a lower position in the line, as if his removal had been a proof of incapacity. This kind of processional caterpillar frequents, in preference, pine trees.

DIGESTIVE ORGANS OF PLANTS.—M. Morren maintains that a plant is an animal not possessed of the power of locomotion. It has digestive organs, and consumes its food in a manner analogous to that of an animal. In proof of his theory, he cites the case of carnivorous plants. Meat-eating plants, after they have closed on the food and devoured it, open their leaves, and the *débris* of the repast will be found upon them in the shape of indigestible portions. The rains wash off these remains, and the plant is ready for a fresh supply. There is certainly something very remarkable in the habits of carnivorous plants; and as they have the habits, if not the organs, of animals, they appear to belong to something very akin to the animal kingdom.

PRESERVATION OF RENNET.—It was chiefly owing to researches of Prof. Liebig that our knowledge of cheese-making was put upon a scientific basis. He found that mucic acid was contained in the secondary stomach of the calf, and that by using this membrane, milk could be coagulated and the whey separated. The stomach of the calf is now universally employed in cheese-making, but one of the difficulties hitherto encountered has been to keep it from undergoing putrefactive decay. It has recently been discovered that, in order to preserve the membrane from fermentation, it is well to keep it in dilute glycerine. The ferments kept in glycerine have retained their strength for two years.

CALCIUM LIGHT WITHOUT OXYGEN.—If a blow-pipe jet of ordinary illuminating gas be fed with a blast of hot air, the heat of combustion will be found sufficient to melt platinum. By making such a jet impinge upon a lime cylinder, the lime will become intensely hot, and will glow as vividly as it does when the oxy-hydrogen blast is employed. A simple contrivance has been invented, by means of which the air entering a blast lamp can be heated to a high temperature on its way to mix with the illuminating gas. In this way all the effects of a Haro blow-pipe are attained without the cost of oxygen.

NEW USE OF THE MAGIC LANTERN.—The magic lantern has been impressed into the service of advertising. An ordinary gas lantern, with a good burner, is suspended over the door of a restaurant or public-house, and a slide prepared in the usual manner is inserted at a proper focus under a lens. The words of the slide are projected in large letters on the sidewalk, thus attracting the notice of passers-by. As the slides can be made amusing and grotesque, the advertisement is pretty certain to succeed; and it would be impossible for any one to pass the establishment without having his attention called to it.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Why is one who cleverly falsifies like a person deeply in debt! —Because he has great li-abilities.

A lady calls the little memorandum her butcher sends in with the meat, "pencilings by the weigh."

The married ladies of a Western city have formed a Come-Home-Husband Club. It is about four feet long.

An author says that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. This is true, particularly at the knees and elbows.

A young poet of the realistic school writes: "Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."

An editor lately sent back a tailor's bill, accompanied by a neatly-printed slip, informing the tailor that his MS. "was respectfully declined."

A lovesick girl, who had married against her father's wishes, came back after the first conjugal tiff. "Kill the prodigal!" exclaimed the father, "the calf has returned!"

The *Hawkeye* man says: "A gifted contributor sends us a poem beginning, 'Open the door to the children.' You'd better, if you don't want all the paint kicked off the panel."

Dean Swift held the doctrine that there were three places where a man should be allowed to speak without contradiction—viz., on the bench, in the pulpit, and at the gallows.

A negro Methodist idea of ministerial qualification: "De new preacher is mo' larnt dan Mistuh Boles was; but Lor' bless you, sah! he ain't got de doleful sound like Mistah Boles hed. No, indeedy!"

One of the discoveries made by the last Arctic explorers is, that the Polar night is 142 days. What a heavenly place that would be in which to tell a man with a bill to call around the day after to-morrow and get his money!

At a balloon ascension in Nashville, a few days ago, an old negro, who thought the balloon was going to heaven, cried out from the crowd, as it ascended, "Tell Emoline I'll be dar after a while; tell Sallie I'm coming."

At an inn in Sweden there was the following inscription in English on the wall: "You will find at Trolhathe excellent bread, meat, and wine, provided you bring them with you" This might be copied in many places of entertainment for man and beast

A Scotch witness somewhat given to prevarication was severely handled by a cross-examining counsel. "How far is it between the two farms?" said the counsel. "By the road it's twa mile." "Yes, but on your oath, how far is it as the crow flies?" "I dinna ken; I never was a crow."

Jamie, having come into the possession of considerable wealth through the death of relatives, was thus addressed by one of his neighbors: "Ay, Jamie, it was a gweed thing for you that your rich freens were born afore ye." "Weel," replied Jamie, "I'm no sae sure about that: but it was a gweed thing that they dee'd afore me!"

Somebody asked Victor Hugo if he could write English poetry. "Certainly,' he replied, and forthwith produced the following:

Pour chasser le spleen
J'entrai dans un inn;
O, mais je bus le gin,
God save the Queen!

The Burlington *Hawkeye* tells of two commercial travelers comparing notes:—"I have been out three weeks," said the first missionary, "and have only got four orders." "That beats me," replied the second commercial evangelist, "I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's an order from the house to come home."

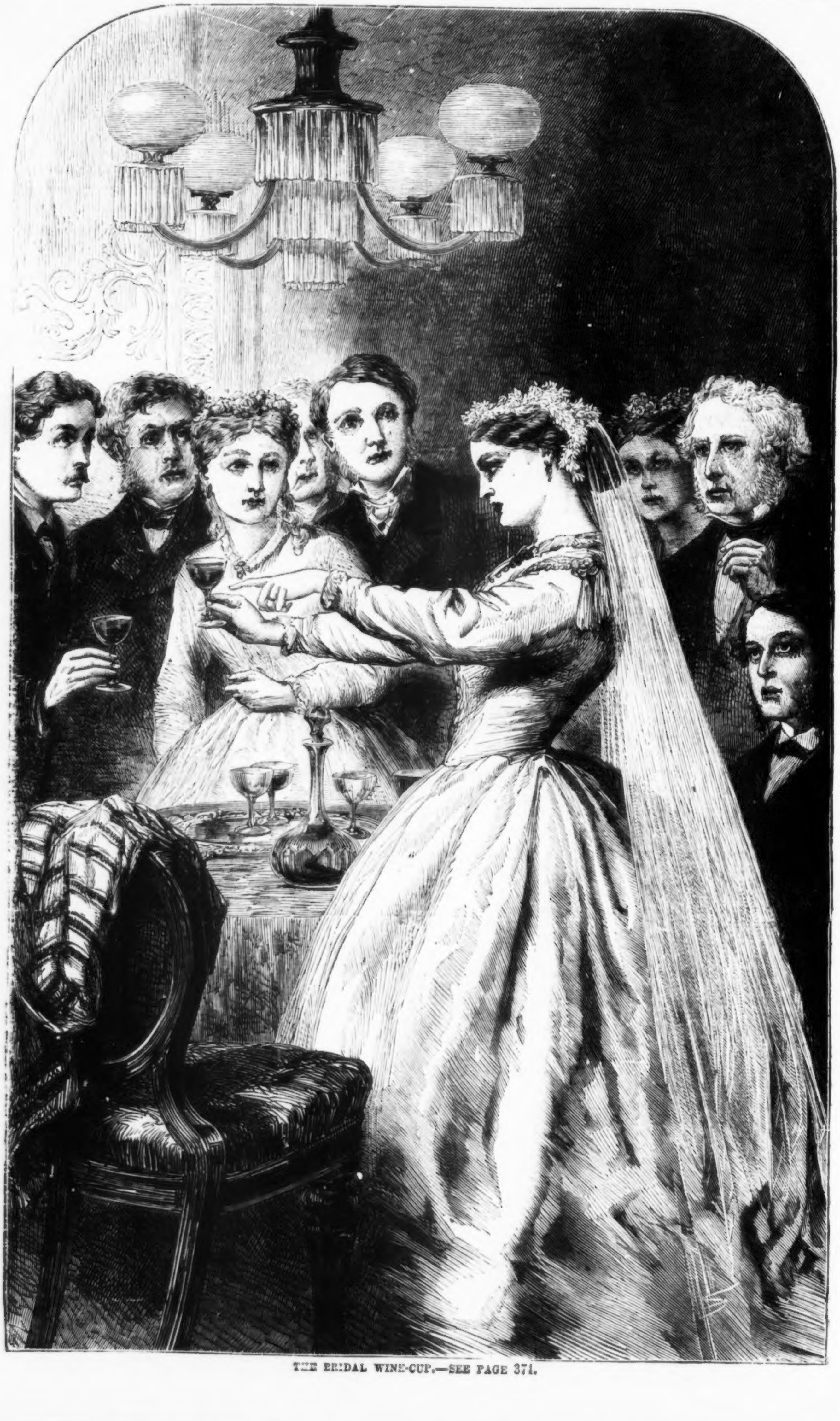
An American lady coming from Canada assured the Customs officer that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunk, but he went to the bottom of the article and found a dozen bottles of brandy stowed away. "Madam," demanded he, sternly, "do you call these wearing apparel?" "Yes," the lady demurely replied, "they are my husband's 'night-caps.'"

"ONE OF THE RATHERS."

She rather struck me when we met,
As rather pretty of the two—
One of a rather pretty set
Whom we had rather taken to.
Her hair was rather gold than red,
Her eyes were rather blue than green;
But rather bolder than, I said,
I'd rather rather they had been.

"One of the rathers," men incline!
Rather to call her, as I learned;
Still she was rather to my mind,
And for a wife I rather yearned.
So rather a bold plunge I tried,
And rather hinted on the spot
I'd rather like her for my bride;
And she replied—she'd rather not!

XUM



THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.—SEE PAGE 371.

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